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Number 52 "Don't ask us how we do it"

AUGUST 1998

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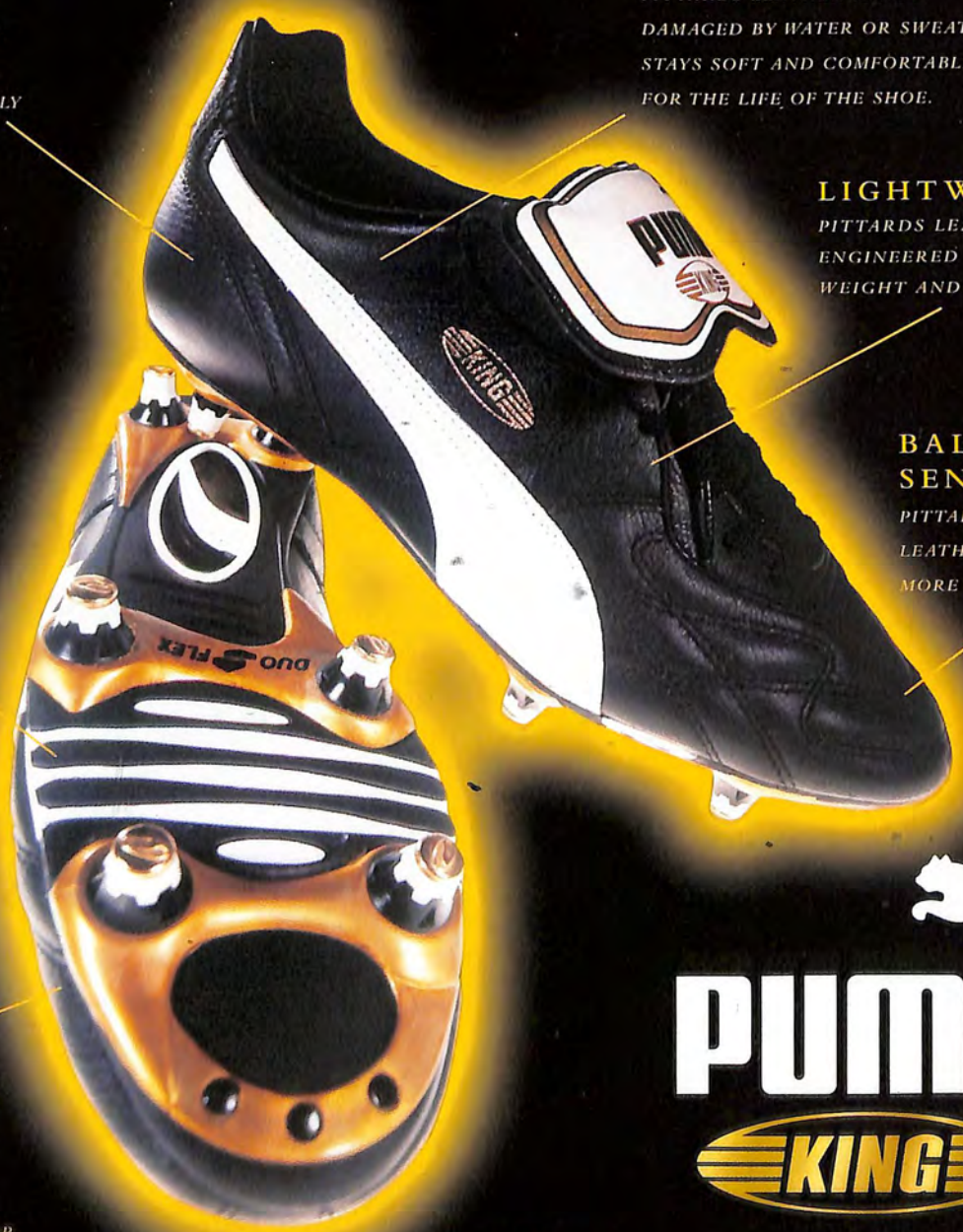

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Summer's here and the search for a clean pair of pants is on!

PICTURE: CAMERA PRESS

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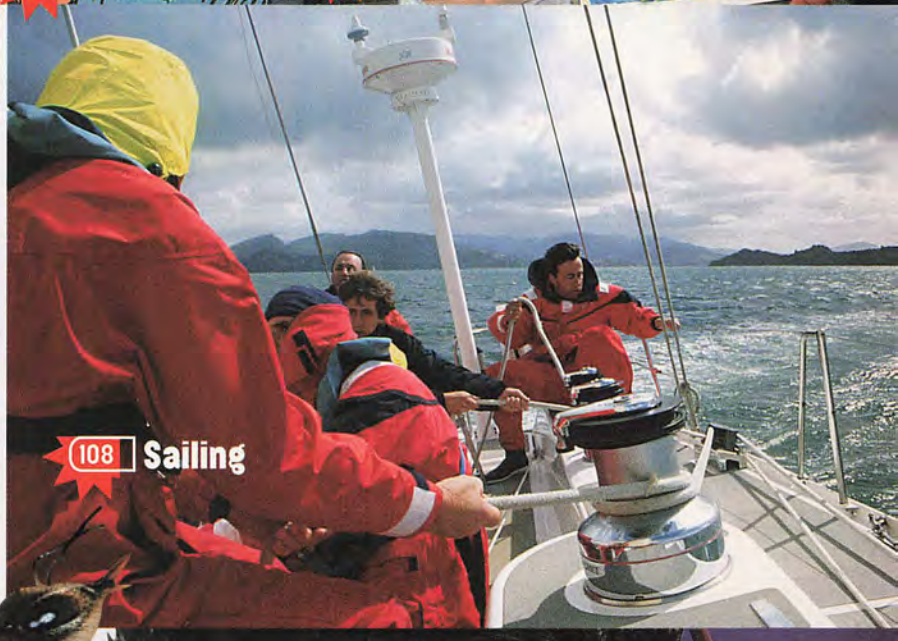

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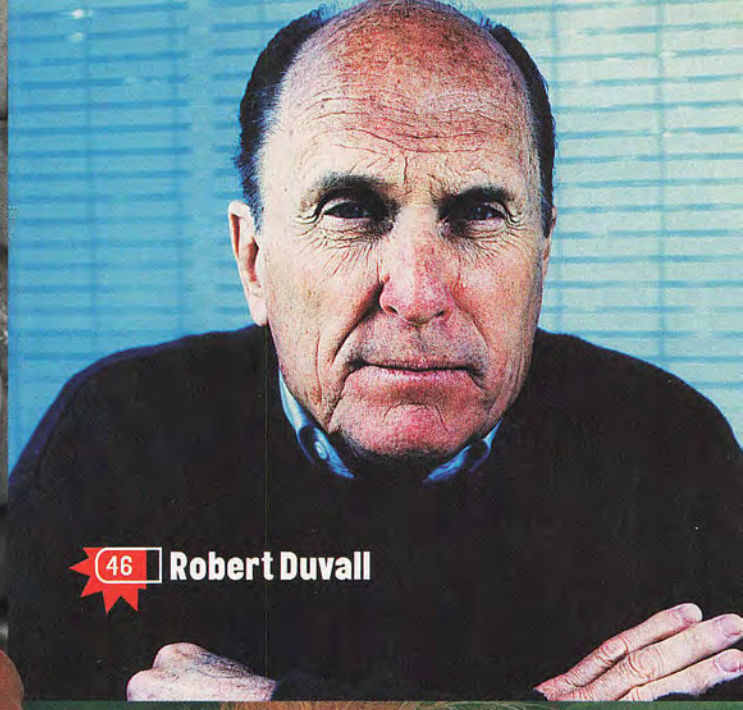

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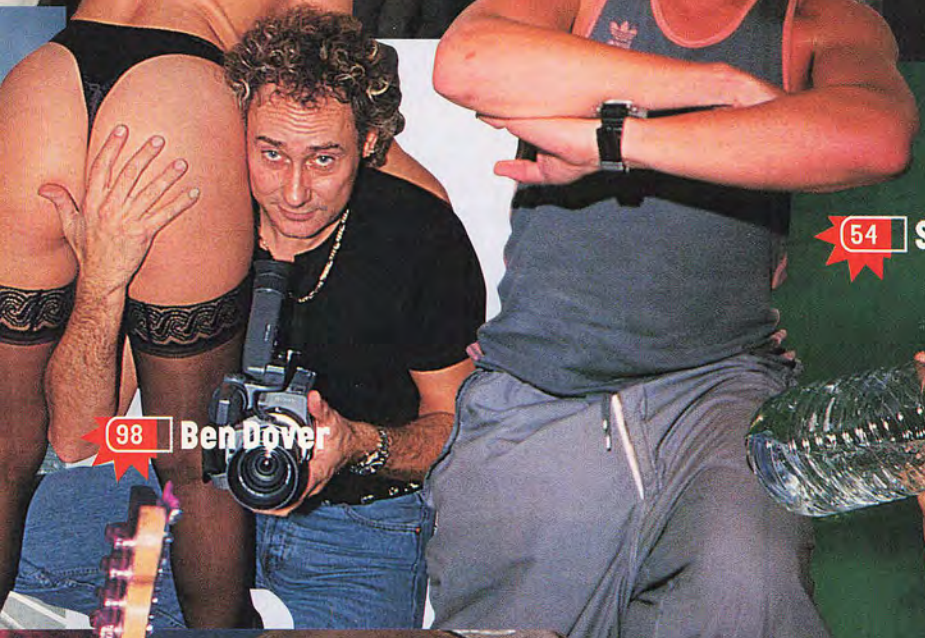

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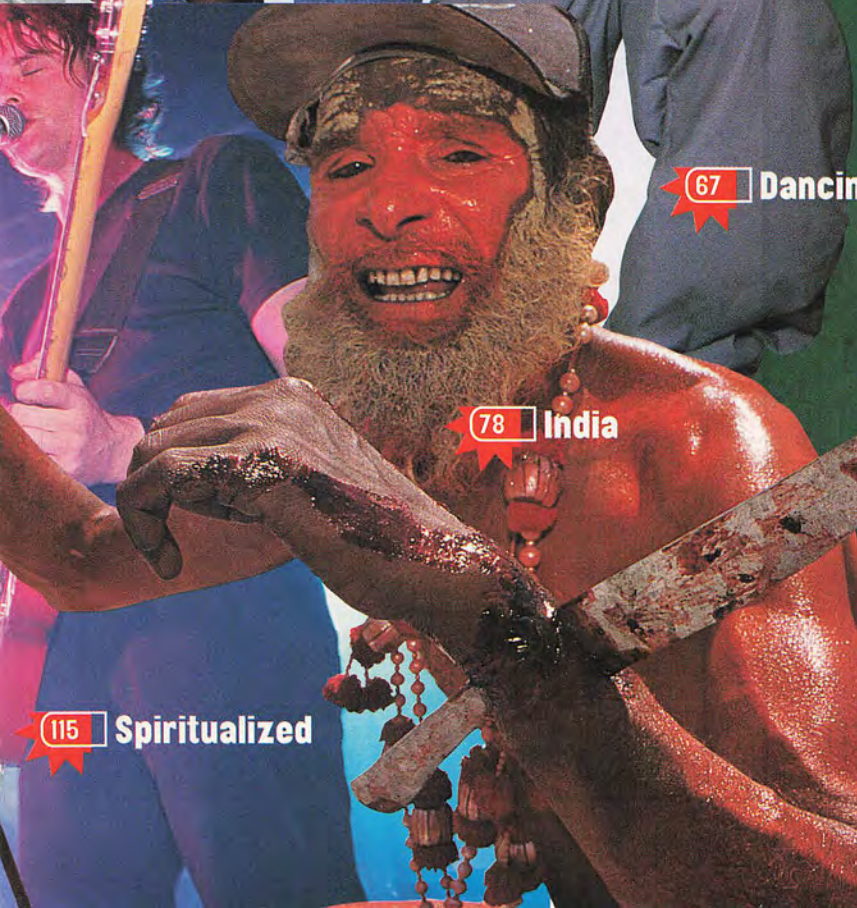

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Meet The Contributors
This month: Design Vice Marshal Jim Parry enjoys a bit of a "layout"

SOS THE HOSEPIPE BAN
JORDAN AND GABRIELLE START THE SUMMER
bees report dyeall dancing spiritualism
rioting swimwear religion ship's biscuits

issue 52 August 1998
cover photo of Gabrielle & Jordan by Tony McGee; styling by Marcella Martinelli; make-up by Emma Osborne at Muse using Club Monaco; hair by James McMahon

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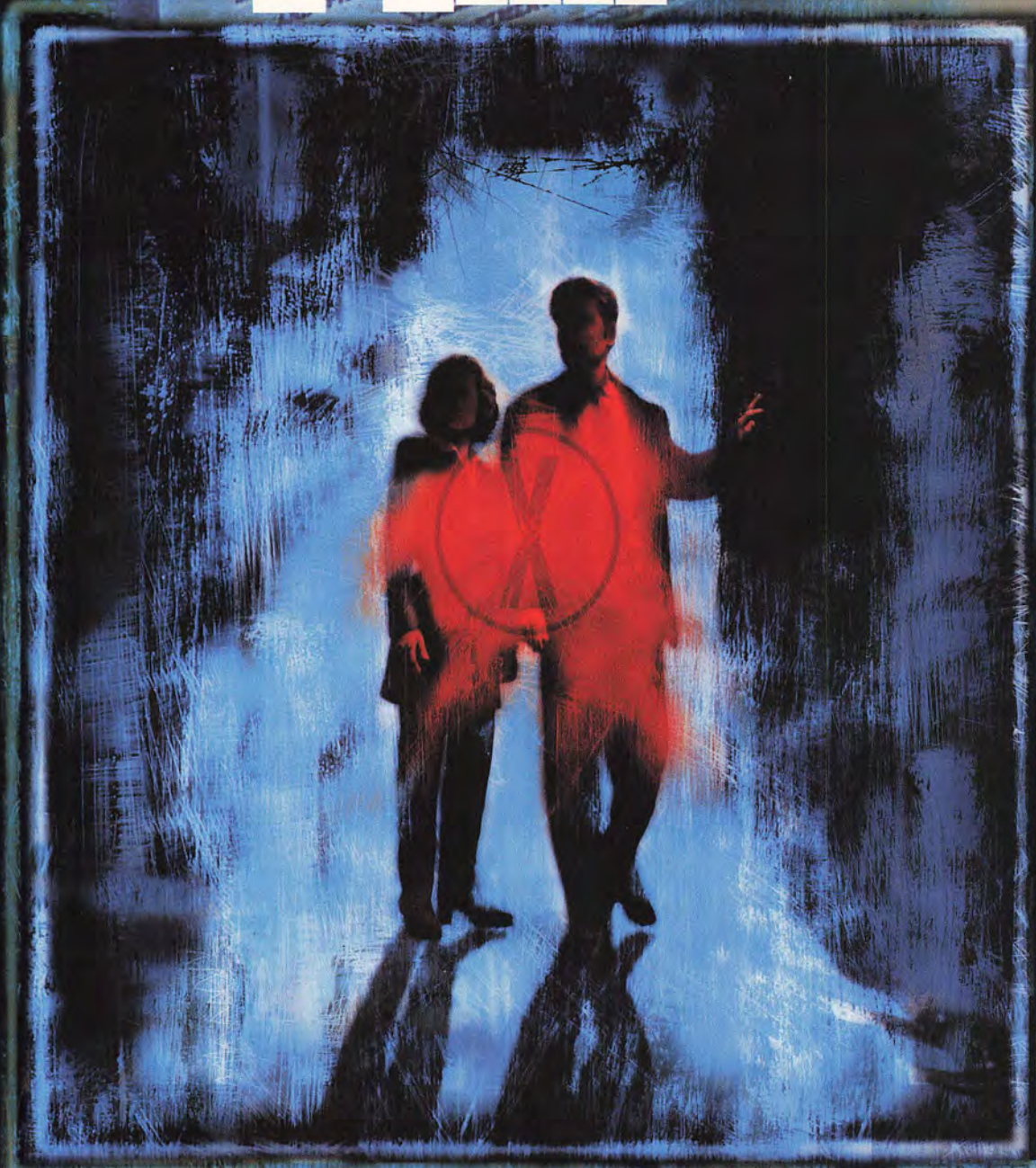

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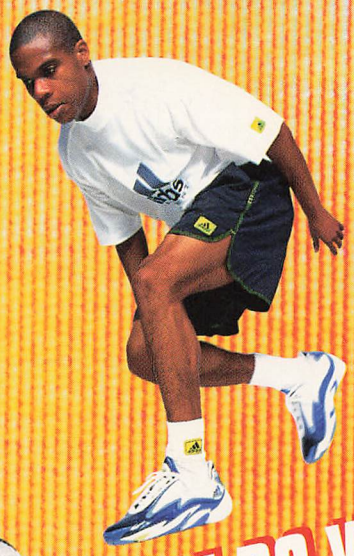
LOST IN SPACE
PG
THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF THE SUMMER
WILL NOT TAKE PLACE ON EARTH
GET LOST FROM JULY 31
AT CINEMAS NATIONWIDE



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These are the women – and this is their world. Buy a ticket and fly there now

Cash (opposite page) By insisting on wearing only what the sea provides, Cash curries favour with the fishing communites of her native Italy. As she frolics in the shallows hoping for a cocktail dress, locals pray that she is successful. On a good day Cash retrieves so much clothing from the Mediterranean that she is able to donate a sizeable amount to charity, and a percentage of the profits from her "aqua–jumble" are ploughed back into local causes. Sometimes though she comes up covered in tar and old condoms, just like anyone else.

Shona (right) Shona's recent stint as a freelance naked defensive wall in France 98 seems to have taken its toll. At each game, managers were given the option of replacing a conventional defensive wall at a free kick with Shona instead. None accepted, but the months of practice and qualifying have left their mark on her posture. She only has to hear a whistle of any kind, and she's naked in a semi-crouch with her hands between her legs. Good news for her husband though, who models himself on professional whistler Roger Whittaker!

Estelle (below) Looking a bit like one of Motley Crüe is no obstacle to Estelle ,who keeps her head in the modelling world by holding on to her chin at all times. She hopes to patent her unique "elbow bra"(pictured) in the near future, although copyright lawyers insist that the technique is nothing new, and not really worth getting out of bed for. "If she doesn't put some clothes on soon," said one local mayor, "people will think she's some kind of statue. Then anything can happen."

PHOTOS: MAX ERCOLI; TDR; PHILLIPPE ROBERT

Send your nominations to World Of Women, loaded, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS

rogue

platinum rogues

The Premier League of bad behaviour: high rollers and low life

re-entry **1**

Brigitte Nielsen

The 6ft 3in Danish nut cruncher went on a Viking-style rampage on Skinner and Baddiel's *Fantasy World Cup* show. She was called on the show to manage her country's fantasy football side, but instead drunkenly attacked Frank for a snog. "I would have snogged her but I couldn't face the hangover," he said. Still heavy with booze, Brigitte followed this by grabbing Dave's hand and rubbing it against one of her hugely inflated fake breasts. Producers stepped in, Frank was hit in the face with a Danish pastry and Brigitte was eventually hustled off the set – her minder demanding her £1,000 fee and thumping one of the crew in the meantime.

re entry **2**

George Michael

The former Wham! frontman has been back on the prowl again – stunning innocent families with young children by pulling his Range Rover into a popular "gay" layby on the A1081. "Everyone knows it's a popular place for homosexuals – and George was there!" said a local. Police were quick to calm the situation, stating that if the public were worried they could always pull into any one of Britain's 4,000 heterosexual laybys.

new entry **3**

Shane Ritchie

The light-entertainment genius is cheating on his Nolan sister wife Colleen with a succession of night club beauties. Shane grabbed hold of one blonde while out partying with the cast of his touring freak show *Boogie Nights* – currently playing to society's underclass in only the worst places. Shane explained: "I'm not the best-looking guy in the world and a lot of it has to do with the fact that I'm Shane Ritchie." Ahhhh... the magic is explained.

new entry **4**

Teddy Sheringham

Teddy shocked England fans by going on a bender just days before the start of the World Cup. Teddy was snapped with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth and canoodling with a blonde hostess, despite knowing full well that cigarettes are a major cause of cancer. "I wasn't drunk. I wasn't stumbling and I definitely wasn't smoking," he said. This has come on the back of recent allegations suggesting Glenn Hoddle might have been harbouring a secret supply of pear drops and Curlywurlys throughout the tournament.

new entry **5**

Mad public school boy (Sent in by Paul Reid, Sheffield)

Enraged when his mother was charged for speeding, maddened son Giles Norton dressed up as an army captain, stomped into the local nick and demanded that the charges be dropped. As Captain Crispin Cashmore he explained that his mother was a secret agent and must therefore be immune. Giles was fined £600 after rozzers searched his car and discovered a blue flashing light and CS gas. Police are now targeting kids' favourite *Mr Benn*, and have pledged to get tough on all forms of fancy dress.

new entry **6**

Inept robber (sent in by Gary Taylor)

A drunken Leeds man got himself a three-year suspended sentence after robbing a local restaurant. The manager had seen Martin Brannigan looking through his window for 10 minutes before entering the shop – where he then threatened diners and demanded "all the money" from the till. The manager swiftly instructed an employee to hand Brannigan £10 which he was promptly made to give back afterwards by another customer. Brannigan has since agreed to undergo psychiatric treatment.

new entry **7**

Violinist

A beautiful semi-finalist in the *Young Musician Of The Year* has been sent down for smuggling £460,000 worth of cocaine from Brazil. Things began to go wrong for 25-year-old Hannah Thompson when she started going out with 50-year-old ne'er do well called Dave and swiftly became addicted to crack, speed and booze. During her arrest, Thompson told officers that she was "completely off her head". Rumours abound that Classic FM's offices are really a camouflaged crack factory run by the Turkish Mafia.

new entry **8**

£80,000 lager

A trial lasting three days and costing £80,000 has been thrown out of the Old Bailey. Three students, each accused of stealing two cans of Stella Artois from a nearby convenience store, all employed their own legal teams of solicitors and QCs using money from legal aid. One QC said: "It is an absolute nonsense, it should never have got to the Old Bailey." Monday's public hanging of a man accused of slipping a porn mag into a copy of *The Sun* has been suspended until next week.

new entry **9**

James Bond Junior

A 12-year-old boy destroyed his family's home in a fire while trying to mimic a scene from *Live And Let Die*. Having experimented with the aerosol flamethrower that Roger Moore uses to kill a snake, young John Gray retired downstairs to watch television, not realising that a towel he'd used to put out the flames was on fire. Firemen spent four hours getting the blaze under control. John has recently tried to push the blame onto his arch-nemesis Jaws.

new entry **10**

Barman with sore knob

A barman won £3,300 worth of damages after his penis was bitten by his pub landlady's pet Doberman. Chris Heads had opened the door to his boss's living quarters to call on her when the animal attacked, biting him twice in the leg and groin. Judge Taylor told Chris that he was "foolish to move towards the dog". Chris claimed the attack had put him out of work for six months and put him off sex. Obviously he won't be doing it 'doggy' style for some time. Arf!

new entry **11**

Bangkok rozzers (sent in by Jason O'Sullivan, Windsor)

Twelve Bangkok police officers were fired on misconduct charges that included the discharging of firearms, not turning up to work for two weeks, manufacturing and dealing whizz and selling impounded vehicles. Experts believe it can only be a matter of time before they find work round here.

key:

romp, mad, ruck, bird, food, ill, nice tits, singer, plane trouble, marriage, book thrown, footy, dope, booze, coupla nicker, education, swearing, australian, sprog, slammer, high jinx, shocker, shooter, drug testing, alien, rozzers

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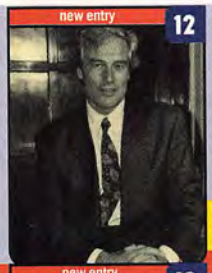
new entry **12**



Robert Kilroy Silk

TV's Kilroy kicked newspaper columnist AA Gill up the arse during a recent society drink at a toff jeweller's new shop. On initially being slapped in the face, Gill promptly told Robert Kilroy Pest to "fuck off". Silk was apparently annoyed at Gill's constant criticism of his show and rewarded Gill's honesty with wanton violence. "I grabbed him by the upper arm," said Silk, "and held it very hard so he didn't walk away." Something he's probably well used to doing.

new entry **13**

Castle Pole (sent in by Dave Maxwell, Edinburgh)

A castle owner in north-west Poland can't get to his property after a team of thieves sliced the 18-ton steel bridge leading to it with a welding torch and hauled it away. Peter Fenkle hadn't been there since March and returned last month to find that he could no longer access his property, as it is surrounded by a large moat. He let himself in two days later after borrowing an ancient Byzantine siege tower from his brother-in-law.

new entry **14**

Psychotic Loner

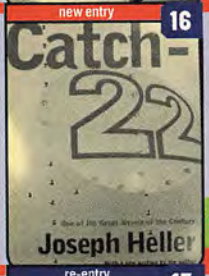
A psychotic loner shot dead a dating-agency boss because he had "only met ugly women". New York cops heard how, when challenged, the agency boss had refused to give the maniac a refund, saying: "What d'ya expect for $125 – Jodie Foster?" The man is now said to be doing very well in prison with his new girlfriend, Sharon, who only cost him three smokes and just loves to feel like a lady.

new entry **15**

Turkey Lurkey

An insane turkey is preventing postal deliveries to Albany in New York State by attacking postal workers there. Post bosses have actually stopped deliveries, believing that the turkey is agitated by the large eagle emblem on the side of the van.

new entry **16**



Sandhurst stripper

Fed up with the army life, an officer cadet hoped going starkers on parade would get him thrown out. The humourously named Tristan Gooley, 24, shocked top brass when he strode across the parade ground in his birthday suit, pursued by a furious sergeant major. Renowned for his "maverick behaviour", Gooley dreamed up the scheme after reading anti-war novel *Catch 22*. "I deeply regret any embarrassment caused," he said afterwards, putting down his copy of *Euro Boyz*.

re-entry **17**

Student hospital wreckers

Fresh from finishing their punishing exam season on what they call "Suicide Sunday", a group of university students caused havoc at a local hospital after a heavy boozing session. In a "paralytic" state, the tipplers stormed through Addenbrooke's Hospital,and threatened staff. One senior hospital official said the students' behaviour was as bad as the England fans who rioted in Marseilles. "Their language was unforgivable," he added.

COMPILED BY PHIL ROBINSON, NIALL HAMPTON, MICK BUNNAGE AND PETE STANTON

rogues *illustrated*

1 Brigitte Nielsen

A visual guide to this month's top story

Film star Brigitte sidles up to Baddiel and forces the shocked comic to grab hold of her biggest melon.

Brigitte then tumbles away from David, falling into Skinner's lap. Afraid for his life, Frank shies away from the gigantic blonde and shouts for his friend David.

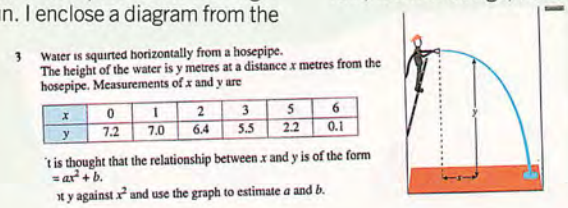
"Quick, remove her!" shout the bosses, while Frank and David freeze under the thickening pissed-up cloud that surrounds their guest!

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PRISCILLA COLEMAN

come and have a go if you think you're hard enough

Letter of the month

Quite frankly I feel it is necessary to bring to your attention a copyright scandal. The London exam board's maths textbook has been using diagrams of the infamous Office Pest obviously in a sad attempt to make learning fun. I enclose a diagram from the text book with Office Pest disguised poorly as a multicultural firefighter using the well know golden arc technique with his own hose. We are not fooled by this publicity stunt and feel that as **loaded** readers we must protest at this outrage.
Tom, Mark & George, Newmarket



3 Water is squirted horizontally from a hosepipe. The height of the water is y metres at a distance x metres from the hosepipe. Measurements of x and y are

x	0	1	2	3	5	6
y	7.2	7.0	6.4	5.5	2.2	0.1

't is thought that the relationship between x and y is of the form
$= ax^2 + b$.
xt y against x^2 and use the graph to estimate a and b.

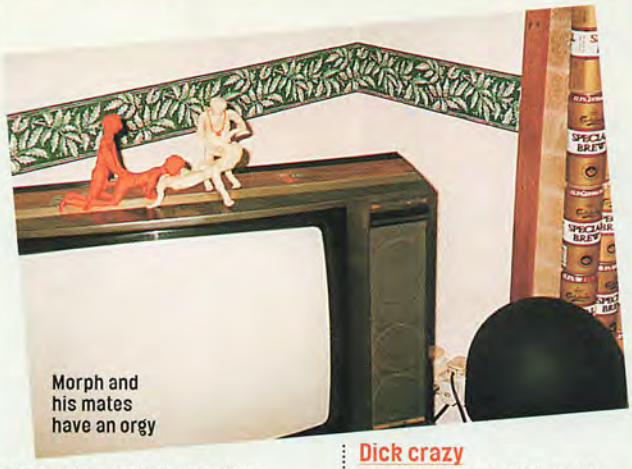
Readers! Can you top this incredible coincidence? If you can, send us the photos, marked 'Incredible Coincidence'. Only keep your ugly arses out of the pictures. This month's top letter wins a year's subscription, Office Pest T-shirt, Dr Mick mug and an ashtray. We may even empty it.

Beer? Not here

After purchasing your excellent new June edition of **loaded**, I was pleased to find the offer of a free pint of Worthington's Creamflow Bitter. I duly went along to the nearest participating public house anticipating the smooth taste of my free pint, handed over my voucher, only to be told, "Sorry mate, we don't sell it and we don t know nothing about no offer."
Daniel Gibson-Moore, W Midlands. Anyone with similar complaints phone Chris on 0171 261 7811

Groop sex

It's good to see at least one mag is supporting good music. I'm referring to the article on Groop Dogdrill in the 50th edition. It is a refreshing change from other mags only covering bollocks music. Good Heavy Metal Work Fella!
Slope Jones, Manchester



Morph and his mates have an orgy

TV sex

Just dropping you a line to say there is too much sex on television these days, ours more than most, as you can see.
Morley & Lav, Penrith

Average sex

I am writing to you to try to persuade you to show more average-sized people in your magazine. I feel that this is sizeism and it is telling people that you can only look good if you are slim and tall. If you feel that this is because of the designers, please could you show them this letter.
Julian Aronberg (aged12).

Dick crazy

Your piece about Richard Littlejohn seemed to imply (though understandably very guardedly) that he might in some way be something approaching a half-decent human being. Naturally I have cancelled my subscription. There are limits!
G Sik, Surrey

Growth industry

Just what is that thing on Rod Stewart's face in the July 98 issue of **loaded**? Cos it ain't Scotch mist! (For 'thing' read: plook, lip-lump, beauty boil, rock'n'roll mole, pop pustule etc...). Whatever it is, it's active! It moved from one side of his face to another as his interview progressed! (See p40 & then p42.) I think you should get Dr Mick to remove it quick before it moves somewhere else...
There's a head on that spot and it needs squeezing!
Peter Kavanagh, Cumbria

pornalikes

Here's Fergie trying to stage her own 'Squidgygate' affair in a cynical ploy to get some Diana-style publicity.
Mark, Sutton

Celine Dion trying to get those high notes right whilst going down on the Titanic. More like sealion dying. Oof!
Dave, Biffo, Davey H, Peter, Dave S, offshore divers in Nigeria

Billy Connolly got the wrong end of the stick and went for the title role in the film *Mrs Brown*.
Mark Jones, RAF Laarbruch

Good Work Fella!

Big mates of **loaded** this month:

loaded snapper Steve Perry for sorting us out with a giant fish tank that you can fill more obviously with fish, but also with plants, plastic and otherwise, salt rocks, pebbles, logs, strange mechanical claws, clingy magnets, bubbles, bacteria, fish heaters and gigantic lighting rigs so the tank ends up looks like a giant underwater Jean Michel Jarre concert at Dungeness. Good Work Fella!

Hurrah!

Neil at The Dogstar for sorting us out at the Beastie Boys aftershow do. Good Work Fella!

Jeep Clothing, for sending our fashion department to Edinburgh and having 'em riding around shooting at Range Rovers. Just like back on the estate. Good Work Fellas!

Girls going out with readers of this magazine who send in saucy pictures of themselves behind their boyfriends' backs, thus exciting Rowan to the point where he morphs into a huge vibrating blood blister bent on shagging. Good Work Fellas!

Bunch Of Arse!

Leisure International Airways for nearly killing staff writer John Perry, when the plane carrying him almost crashed, Richie Valens style, in Newfoundland. Caring Leisure International further distinguished themselves by stranding the passengers for two and a half days while hitting the said plane with a spanner. Bunch Of Arse!

Having to wait with an empty office fish tanks for two weeks while the water allegedly 'sorts itself out. This means no fish and tedious office experts saying things like, "You can't put salt rocks in a freshwater tank," or "You need bottom feeders," and then claiming that the tank is, in fact, a 'girls' one. Bunch Of Arse!

Boo!

Shame of fash

What the hell are you boys playing at? Yet another 20 odd pages of fashion – if I wanted to look at fashion I'd get a fucking Grattans catalogue! You'll be getting Jeff Banks as fucking editor next.
Michael Rodd, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne

Very hygiene conscious, Geordies

Shit happens

In reply to 'Bum rap guvna' from Grum in HMP Perth (May issue), that infantile cretin needs to get a life. Slopping out's a thing of the past (yes, even in Scotland) due to some considerate official-type person dictating that all cells should have a flushing toilet since 1991/2. As for wiping your arse on glossy paper, I know from being caught short as a youth, it ends up with you doing a good impersonation of Torvil and Dean whilst trying to stop your own shit from slipping about and ruining your new Calvin Kleins – Bunch Of Scottish Arse!
Simon, HMP Winson Green

To The Manor, Bourne

Firstly, credit where it's due on your Bournemouth article. The Manor and Opera House are both class venues even though the latter is owned by a loud shirt-wearing tosser. Bournemouth is a class location and the very fact that you otherwise went to shit locations is probably testament to the fact that whoever you asked where to go saw you for the clueless London tossers you probably are and decided to keep you away from the top spots. You didn't go to any decent places like Edwards, Brasshouse, Moon, Tap or The Jug. Everybody has a bad night every now and again. The problem with you is that you've got the ability to tell everybody and fuck it up for other **loaded** readers who would probably be able to get pissed and laid without much trouble because, when you know your onions, that's what Bournemouth is all about.
Gamblers anonymous, Bournemouth

Cheap toilet humour again

Please find enclosed a photo of a ladies' toilet outside Fish Quay North Shields, Tyne & Wear. Can you use it?
John, Tyneside

Howard's not with us this month, but he will be back next issue. Meanwhile check out Howard's website at http://www.weaveworld.co.uk or e-mail him at howard@marijuana.co.uk

Better than Ex-Lax

Find enclosed flatulent chocolate bar which I recently found in Poland. Perhaps the Wind Of Change has really happened!
Maz Bocon, Leics

Squeezy bottle and sticky-backed plastic

Here's something they don't teach you at school these days. Good Work Bookworm Fellas.
Rob, Surrey

Contacts

Could you print this in Contacts, in the Romance section, please.
A Johnson, Wokingham
There's a gaping hole in my life, and I haven't enough stuff to fill it. Bring your sofa and we'll try to fill it in. No, I'm serious. Either bring the sofa or forget it.

Enclosed please find an advert for Contacts. I desperately need some romance, so can you put it in the Romance section please.
P Johnson, Grantham
The gnomes are in the garden, fishing. Some of my plant pots are missing. Leaving me without a pot to piss in. I've tried to write poetry about it, but the gnomes are always laughing. Do they know something I don't, or is my poetry really that bad?

Greatest Living Englishmen

No.49 Bob and Terry

"Oh what happened to you, whatever happened to me, what became of the people we used to be. Tommorrow's almost over, the day went by so fast. It's the only thing to look forward to, the past."

Oof! Cheer up, squire, it might never happen. Now don't go letting anyone tell you the early '70s were all Metal Guru and berks in stacked heels kicking cans round building sites trying to look like girls. That was the upside. The downside was knowing that the '60s had been a right old knees up and the '70s had been called in next morning to empty the ashtrays and help get the stains out of the carpet. Oh dear, oh dear. It must have been like living in East Berlin with your ageing gran, listening through the wall to West Berlin having it off with Raquel Welch. Terrible business, the early '70s. No wonder everyone stayed in and watched telly. At least there were top sitcoms. *On The Buses* (two blokes trying to buck the system), *Steptoe And Son* (two blokes trying to buck the system), *Porridge* (two blokes trying to buck the system), *Citizen Smith* (one bloke and his two mates trying to buck the system), *Shelly* (one bloke trying to buck the system on his own – that's never gonna work, that one).

Of the lot, *The Likely Lads* (two blokes trying to buck the system) was the definitive item. It got the '70s mood just right. Sharp, nostalgic, anxious for the future. Even the theme tune was a right old bellyache. Plus, of course, it was fucking funny.

Oh yes, welcome to the world of Bob Ferris and Terry Collier. *The Likely Lads*. The Gateshead glimmer twins. Admittedly no longer as likely as they'd like to be, but still on the park. Two working class blokes, best mates, once sharing mutual interest in birds, booze and avoiding punch-ups in snooker halls cut adrift in a world of impending responsibilities, nagging fiancees and vicious '70s town planners tearing down their old neighbourhood and its pubs faster than they could finish their pints.

"It's like my dear old dad used to say, you're not here for long. You come in with nothing, you go out with nothing. That's why he never bothered to paper the front room," says Terry, as he and Bob watch the bulldozer knock down their local.

"Oh, don't you feel a touch of nostalgia. Surely these streets have their own peculiar sort of beauty," says Bob, watery-eyed. Terry puts his fag out, pulls up his collar and gets on his soapbox. "Working class sentiment is a working class indulgence exclusive to working class people who've cracked it through sport or rock'n'roll... or, like yourself, moved to the Elm Bridge estate at the earliest possible opportunity."

Bob sniffs. "Well I didn't want my kids brought up round here, did I?"

The beauty was that Bob and Terry, for all their differences, were two sides of the same coin. A sort of British everybloke. They were men behaving badly 25 years too early. Or Laurel and Hardy kicking around a '70s Gateshead council estate. Just two berks squaring up to the depressing thought of growing up.

There were two series of this British sitcom masterpiece. The second, *Whatever Happened To The Likely Lads*, was by far the best. Written by Clement and La Frenais, the opening titles set the tone. Ropey footage of scruffy kids with nits chucking bricks at each other on a bombsite, Bob standing in the driveway of his new house and Terry (face like a dead fish with a fag on) hanging around in the pissing rain for a bus that never stops.

Bob Ferris and Terry Collier were played by Rodney Bewes and James Bolam. When the series starts, Bob (face like a despondent bloodhound, eternal romantic,eager to please, loyal, easily led) is on the verge of marrying and settling down to a life of cosy lower middle-class security with the dreaded Thelma – indignant, uptight, ambitious, manipulative librarian who he's been on and off with since they were nine years old. He calls her 'pet lamb' and spends half his life trying to make it up to her for whatever terrible business Terry dropped him in the day before, and the other half trying to convince Terry that he's not become the spiritless domesticated sap Terry takes him for. Thelma hates Terry. Terry hates Thelma. Terry (racing papers,eye for the ladies, council flat, self-pity, slippers and sarcasm) is Bob's best mate and represents everything Bob's trying so hard to get away from – the birds, the booze etc. They haven't spoken since Terry "accidentally" joined the army five years previously. Of course they joined together, to see the world, but Bob failed the medical with flat feet. Terry spent two years in a damp nissan hut in Frankfurt

"Oh it's alright for you," says Terry. "I missed out on the permissive society, burning your bra, edible knickers and all that. I was serving Queen and country. I'm not complaining like. I learned a lot. But what have I got to show for it. Just the malaria and the war wound."

"You haven't got malaria,"

"I have. I was two years in the Mediterranean, me."

"I should have thought you'd have got webbed feet not malaria."

While readjusting to civilian life, Terry, holed up in his sister Audrey's flat, makes it his top priority to stop Bob getting hitched to Thelma. "You can't marry her, man. Even at school she was so stuck up she thought her backside was a perfume factory."

Course it turns out Terry had been married himself. Some German girl. He left her the day Germany knocked England out of the Mexico world cup.

"I had no choice. It was the humiliation, man. Some things are beyond the physical. Mind you, happiest two weeks of my life." But Bob sticks by his guns: "Don't you see, Terry. From Thelma's point of view you represent a threat. The past. The 'knocking it back' and 'putting it about'. You've both got to understand that she's the one I'm working for now. Giving up all my spare time for."

"'Aye... 'cept Fridays. That's lads' night," says Terry.

"Well yes, except Fridays."

"And Tuesdays. That's darts."

"And Tuesday darts."

"What about midweek football?"

"Well obviously I'll be coming with you to the football. Can't let you go on your own, can I? But she's got the rest... except Sunday lunchtime."

"It's a life of sacrifice, Bob. I just hope she appreciates it."

The dilemma is never resolved and Bob continues to live a precarious double life of boozing with Terry, staggering home to help Thelma choose curtains and all the time wishing he could flee to some desert island and live in untrammelled ignorant bliss: "Like that chap Gaugin." "What, the astronaut?" says Terry. "No the artist. Mind you, outer space should be far enough. Another half?" says Bob. "Aye. Make it a pint. The money you're on," says Terry.

They were a sort of British everybloke, men behaving badly 25 years too early

James Bolam went on to do *When The Boat Comes In*, where he played a rogueish Geordie entrepreneur, and did a brief stint as Jeff Bernard in the play *Jeffrey Bernard Is Unwell*, basically a rerun of Terry. I've never seen Bewes in anything else, though he probably did some panto. Who cares? This was the pair's finest hour.

MICK BUNNAGE

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TRIPPING YARNS

drugs news

Taking the piss

Aquatic, drug-fuelled antics have threatened the Chinese swimming team's chances of competing in the 2000 Olympics. Four of their team were sent home from the recent Perth championships for testing positive to diuretics. These are the sort of things old dears are given, and make you piss more. Obviously essential for performance-enhancing effects. Going for a crafty one in the local verruca-infested council pool as youths only gave you a feeling of guilt mixed with relief. Help to belt out a 100m breaststroke record it did not.

Mandarin madness

A drug myth has surfaced concerning LSD and oranges. A batch doing the rounds at the summer festivals in Europe is being highlighted as placing users under the impression they are fruit. Not too bad, you may think, during the hot summer seasons, but the resulting paranoia and fear is about everyone in sight chasing you because they want to turn you into orange juice. A whole new meaning to citric acid.

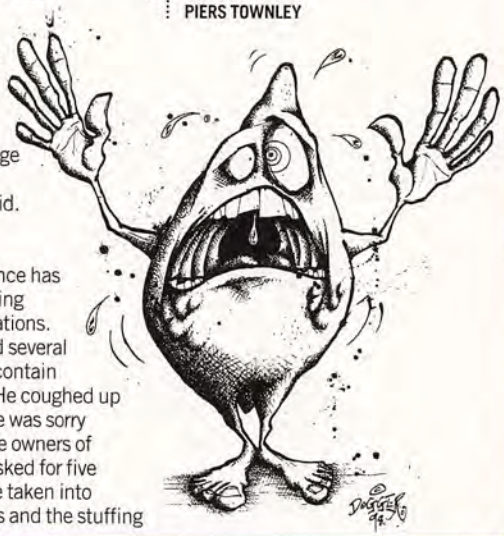
Got any stuff?

A taxidermist in France has been nicked for storing drugs inside his creations. Three cats, a fox and several dogs were found to contain cocaine and weed. He coughed up immediately, said he was sorry for any offence to the owners of the dead pets and asked for five other incidents to be taken into consideration. Drugs and the stuffing of dead animals; not a favourable combination...

What a cock up

Doctors and drugs workers have released warnings to various US communities about the risks associated with cocaine and the sexual organs. Doctors are concerned that it could have disastrous effects for both sexes. The warnings have been called sensationalist, and probably stem from the bizarre case several years ago of one man losing both his legs, nine fingers and his pocket rocket. The story has it that the New York 30-something was injecting a coke mixture up his urethra. The resultant high was nothing compared with the painful three-day erection, the subsequent blood clots in his legs, genitals, chest and back and the onset of gangrene after 12 days. What's wrong with Spanish Fly?

PIERS TOWNLEY



ILLUSTRATIONS: DOGGER

sex news

Come again

Greeks spouting off about sex

They may have pioneered the concept of modern civilisation thousands of years ago, but the ancient Greeks didn't spend all their time pouring out philosophy in market squares and performing plays in amphitheatres. They were also hard at it trying to enhance their sex lives. That's what a team of archaeologists discovered recently during excavations in Salonika, when they unearthed a set of sex toys made from pink and yellow clay at the site of a brothel. As well as primitive dildos, the dig also unearthed a red wine pitcher with a cock-shaped spout. Said researcher Dr Polyxeni Valeni, "After eating and drinking in the taverna above, customers could move downstairs for a steam bath or avail themselves of the services offered by young men and women." He added that the brothel offers the strongest proof yet that prostitution is the world's oldest profession. Older than pottery – just.

Bollock booster goes ballistic

On the eve of becoming available on prescription in the UK, the erection-boosting drug Viagra continues to cause no end of controversy Stateside. The fastest-selling pill ever in the USA may have given impotent men a new lease of life below the belt, but some have found that taking it to lift their lobbers isn't entirely problem-free. Sixteen American men have died from heart complications after having taken Viagra since its launch in March and other users have experienced severe personality changes. Trash TV king Jerry Springer blamed the effects of the drug for his well-documented and obviously out-of-character shagfest with porn star Kendra Jade and her step-mum. Septuagenarian *Playboy* founder Hugh Hefner claims he feels like he's in his 20s again. But it's not all a silver lining of pant-frenzy. America was stunned last month when an 89-year-old Florida man was charged with attempted murder for allegedly clubbing a 34-year-old woman with a crowbar after she rejected his Viagra-fuelled sexual advances. Viagra should be available here some time in the autumn.

Horn slippy

One-off-the-wrist diehards who suffer skin splits and tears whilst choking their chickens could well find relief in a new water-based lubricant. Panadone's Masturbation Lotion is "super slippy" and has been launched to provide a "refreshing addition to solo or mutual activities". It's odourless and colourless too – much like wanking. Contact The Condom Store, 16 Imperial Arcade, Brighton. Tel: 01273 746273.

NIALL HAMPTON

Dave Player's Sitar School
THAT NIGHT THE CRAZED AND MISUNDERSTOOD PUPIL GOES IN SEARCH OF REVENGE
AND FINDING IT...
NOOOOOOOOOO!
... SHOWS HIS TORMENTOR NO MERCY!

MICHAEL HOLDEN/PHIL GASCOINE

discontinued...

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/ ESSENTIAL

What you want!

Sick of picking up the magazine every month and seeing all the free stuff we've greedily blagged to enrich our already privileged, fattened lives? Probably. Well, worry no more. Just send us a picture of yourself with a detailed description of what you want. We'll print the most amusing ones, and you may even get what you asked for – in which case we'll print your picture again, with the said goods. Try to be amusing with it (don't just send in your picture with "money" written under it). Use your imagination to unlock this untapped Aladdin's cave of new stuff. You won't have to steal ever again!

SEND YOUR EFFORTS TO: WHAT I WANT, **loaded**, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD ST, LONDON SE1 9LS

the league of GREED

what we have received...

1 Log
For the office aquarium. Discounted with gravel and weed accessories. We just need fish now.

2 Hen's Tooth
Don't ask us how they did it but the dental ingredient has been turned into strong ale. Sumptuous fowl-named brew.

3 Pop Tarts
Succulent teasers of flavoured stuff wedged seductively twixt pastry-like produce. Tarty with a hint of pop. Incredible.

4 Discovery food
Creole, Mexican and barbecue-based sauces, spices, tortillas and things of a hotter nature. Fired us up proper like.

5 Alka Seltzer
Perfect to help quell stomachs unable to cope with the demanding pressures of everyday drinking.

6 Merrell Sandals
To keep our feet aerated and free from the smell of rotting dustbins that usually constitutes **loaded** floor-level odour.

7 Original Source
Mint-based facial washes and citrus fruit toners. Smelt so good you could almost drink them. Which isn't recommended.

8 Hula Hoops
They're round alright, but they didn't stay around here for long. We just kind of ate them all and they were gone.

9 Tiger Beer
Beer, beautiful beer, from Singapore. No Tigers were actually harmed in the preparation of this superior sup. Grrrr.

10 Fish Tank
Thanks to Mr Steve Perry for the kind donation of a ruddy great tank complete with unfathomable hose connections.

what we want...

Do you make any of this stuff? Want some free publicity? Then give us some free gear and we'll tell folks how brilliant it is. Simple.

- A lion cub or a monkey
- And a cage
- A big box of Rizlas
- Lighters
- Ornamental picket fencing
- Tropical fish
- Chris' stolen bag back
- Marital aids
- Beer, fags, chocolate
- A wallet (with money)
- Gameboy cameras
- Aquatic accessories
- Flyspray
- Pellet guns
- High footstools
- Cat shit stain remover
- Hydraulic cutters

NEWSAGENT PROVOCATEUR

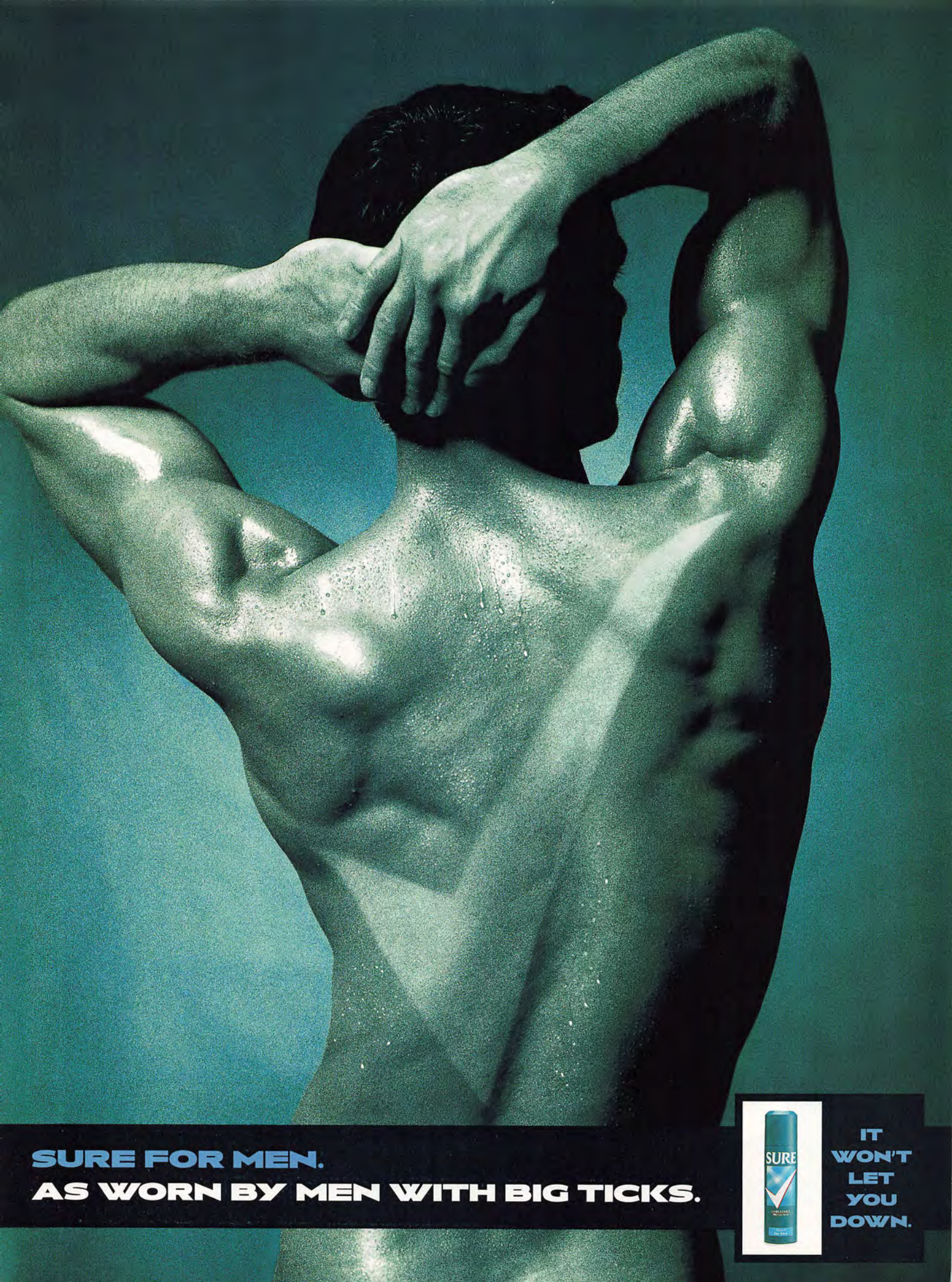
One chicken chow mein and a tub of sweet and sour please, mate
Chicken's off, prawns are off. Can I recommend you buy a Lucky Bag from the newsagents next door. You beatnik

SUDDENLY THE OWNER TURNS UP...

You mad, mister. You get out my shop, I tell you before! You scare customers. You go back to your own shop next door! Before I get law!
Afraid of a little friendly competition are you mate? I'll be back later

cont'd...

CREATED BY TOM WRITTEN BY PHIL AND TOM. PICTURES BY BILLY. STARRING: TOM & JIM AND THE STAFF OF THE NEW PEKING INN. WATERLOO. SUNGLASSES: CUTLER & GROSS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GREAT MOMENT IN LIFE

Growing a moustache

Because you think it makes you look like a man

A decent-sized rutting grip gives the ladies something to hold on to

My sister punched me in the back and told me that I looked like a spider monkey. My old man said I was a prat, and that it was so feeble the cat could lick it off. Even my teacher thought I looked like Midge Ure. What had been lurking unnoticed since the earliest days of puberty was now flourishing in a rich soup of hormonal activity and, as far as I was concerned, was becoming darker and more luxuriant each day. I thought it made me look like Graeme Souness – only now do I realise my first 'tache made my head look like a grape covered in old pubes.

No one knows why you grow moustaches. There's no practical reason to have lots of hair directly under your nose. For reasons that defy understanding, I got the idea that, like an entertaining shirt, it might be good for impressing bar staff. I thought bouncers would see my awesome growth and cower in club doorways: "Let that wirey young man through, for some reason that moustache makes him look incredibly hard."

My friends and I would gawp in awe at local fifth-form roustabouts, the O'Neill brothers – who'd cultivated as much fleece on their faces as they could muster – rolling freely in and out of our local with blousy girlfriends in tow. We thought facial hair was the key to a frothy beer drunk in the company of your working man and unintelligent but promiscuous women who yearned for the feel of rough beard.

Three hard years on I believed I'd cultivated something akin to the 'tache of lore. Not only could I partly conceal craters of broiling pus, I thought, but I could go out drinking like the O'Neills. Far from gaining my passport to the glittery booze meccas of Wigan, I'd actually spent three years growing a miserable mop of bum fluff. A veritable facial advertisement for my tiny nuts.

Taking a presentable and functional top lip and planting a snot strainer on it has long been an acceptable pastime of gentlemen through out the ages – leading to all manner of mutated styles. Back in the mid-'80s, even if you weren't parked in front of Spaghetti Westerns crammed with perspiring Italians chewing tobacco-flecked Zapatas, the TV was saturated with hair. This was primarily due to the substantial overspill from the '70s 'tache bonanza and, more importantly, the influence of Kevin Webster off *Coronation Street*.

Burt Reynolds, in his quest to find the best match for his toupee, had championed many different styles from pencil line to walrus. The charm of David Niven, Terry-Thomas, Peter Bowles and their roguish ilk was founded in their 'taches. Sean Connery, Freddie Mercury and Des Lynam all wore their facial fungus like badges of sexual potency. Even George Michael had chosen to launch his solo career with a 'tache and sculpted chin strap, possibly in the manner of Christ. In sport, I looked up to the likes of Alberto Rivelino and Terry McDermott, and the world heavyweight champion of top-lip hairdressing Australian pace bowler Merv Hughes, who provided an example to all when he dismissed demands to shave off his beautiful chin mane as a "crock of frogshit". For my part, the way I saw it, there were only five as good as mine in the whole school year and, within a couple of months, I'd have one to rival Graham Gooch. I just couldn't see that the only way I'd ever give Graham Gooch a restless night's sleep was by burgling his house.

We thought facial hair was the key to frothy beer drunk in the company of working men and unintelligent but promiscuous women

One lad – Nigel something – challenged me to a 'tache-growing contest. For months he'd been shaving his lip every six hours to stimulate growth and was now convinced it would grow like the clappers. Maxine Hughes, the fittest girl in class, agreed to judge who was the bigger man after two weeks. My sources told me he was going to use a cocktail of aftershave and hairspray to thicken and dandify the strands but I wasn't worried. On close inspection his only hope was to get extensions to the hairs up his nostrils, by which time I could have cultivated an 'Altobelli'.

The weekend before the deadline, I put my 'tache to the test. I ventured into Leigh town centre (a dismal satellite of Wigan, a few miles up the road) and swept into 'Tropics'. I proceeded to the bar, top lip forward and a spring in my step. I got the attention of the barman with a nonchalant wave of a fiver and was about to make mine a pint of XXXX when he said loud enough for everyone to hear: "Come back when that slug's grown in proper." Crushed, I left feeling lower than Burt after his recent divorce, and feigning an itchy nose in a lame attempt to cover what was suddenly, officially the source of my shame, I legged it out to the strummings of *Big Mouth Strikes Again*. Morrissey, in his misery, compounding my own. Bastard. Even then I wasn't safe. On the bus home, the driver informed me his wife had a better 'tache than mine.

My drinking career was stillborn and I fell upon the first razor I could find. Lamentably, it hadn't been used for a decade, the old boy having gone Remington electric even before Victor Kiam bought the company. The use of some form of lubricant didn't even cross my mind as I hacked away. Once pruned, my lip looked huge and deformed, covered in pernicious acne.

It wasn't all bad, though. On the Monday, Maxine declared both our efforts feeble but viewed I should win because I'd done the decent thing and had a shave. I've kept it fairly hair-free ever since and with good reason. In the last decade or so the moustache has acquired a reputation for being the preserve of homosexual construction workers, pro-celebrity golf types and religious fundamentalists; a mark of sexuality in plain clothes coppers, and a convenient disguise for those with something to hide. Shame, really. I've still got a soft spot for a decent 'tache. Worn with pride it can still add lustre to any occasion, the cherry on any cake. Ask my sister.

CHAS CHANDLER

PHOTO: RONALD GRANT

Fan taxi football

I had that loaded all over the side of me cab last week. Marseille? You're on the meter...

story by GRANT FLEMING

Evenin' mate. Cab for four to Marseille? Sorry guv, I'm not going that far south of the river this time of night...

After waiting an age and following a quick trip to the resprayers, we find ourselves all cabbed up and a dozen strong, heading for the Med. Of course, customs give us a spin at the mouth of the Eurotunnel. What do they take us for? A bunch of hooligans? To be fair, there are a few 'reformed' characters on board, but we're older now, and the only row we're interested in is who's going to do the first 200 miles through the night to Paris.

There's veterans of Spain 82, Mexico 86 and Italia 90. We've got four taxi drivers (Hammers Mark Woolwich, Bazza and the Embezzler plus Chelsea Bob); Dylan the milkman (legendary programme-seller from the old South Bank at Upton Park, and the first punk I ever saw); Andy the courier who, once he's "done the knowledge", will cab up himself; Scott who builds partitions; Fluxy, a Securicor man from Sheffield given the nickname when he played in an all-black football team – in reggae parlance Fluxy means fat bastard – and we've even a professional footballer on board, Chesterfield's Chris Beaumont. **loaded**'s Adam Black is obviously not aware of this fact as, during a car park kickabout, he shouts, "You're not bad mate," while the rest of us collapse laughing.

We're unfortunately down from three cabs to two, but thankfully they're of the classic style – "known in the trade, guvnor, as a 'Fairways Driver'" – and not the 'Postman Pat' wagons that are hitting the capital's streets. Why do they do it? The best-designed cab in the world: it wasn't broke so why try to fix it? It's like chocolate-topped Rich Tea. Why?

Still, the biscuit argument passes the time while we're trying to find a garage. A simple puncture repair has become, "Monsieur, I am so sorry, I zink zat you need quatre nouveux tyres." This might on the surface sound like a right fleece-up but looking at it... yeah, a right proper fleece-up. Two hundred squid later, we're back on the road, and I'm sure as we pulled away I heard the mechanics singing something about, "Four new wheels in one World Cup, doo-dah, doo-dah..."

We still make Paris for breakfast, and the two sherbet drivers have to bring into play their full experience of rush-hour London while negotiating the Arc de Triomphe. Cars, buses, bikes and (local) taxis swoop and cut

PHOTOS: GRANT FLEMMING

up in that inimitable Parisian way, and I hear the odd shouted insult which I think translates as "you think you bloody own the road, don't ya?"

It's a long haul south so we've got to crack on, everyone taking turns to drive 160 miles, which gives us non-cabbies a unique opportunity to turn the tables: "Look mate, all I'm saying is, it stands to reason..."

It doesn't take long for them to pull the window across.

Our stops are timed to take in the day's games, so we find ourselves in a beautiful little town named Tournus where we descend on Le Van Gogh Bar like a ravenous pack and plonk ourselves down for Argentina v Japan. Though Argentina win, it's not too convincing and all credit to Japan who really deserve a point.

All in all our crew are in good spirits. We're halfway to Marseille, the sun's out at last and everybody's really starting to buzz. The A6 autoroute has now become one long procession of vehicles rammed with England fans, three lions flying, thumbs up, smiling. Pulling alongside, cameras flashing, hooters blaring, I think they've actually got Mark booked as Keith Allen at the wheel. What a vibe. "We're on our way to Marseille, we shall not be moved... just like the team that's gonna win the wo-rl-dd cup (again!), we shall not be..."

The autoroute has become one long procession of England vehicles, three lions flying, thumbs up, smiling, horns blaring

Oh no. Radio reports suggest that things aren't looking quite so rosy on the coast. This is confirmed by a call from my girl who tells me that according to reports back in England, Marseille is a city under siege. Quelle fucking surprise. Here we go again. Why is it that every game so far in this World Cup's been played without any grief, yet as soon as England arrive it all goes up in the air? I relay the news and everyone's well gutted. Due to our 'colours' we scrub our plan of driving into the old port at sunset, horns a-blazing. Such a shame.

You always had to question the wisdom of putting an England game in the toughest city in France, where social conditions have created a tinderbox at the best of times and, on top of that, against North African opposition in a city with a large North African population. Even so, that shouldn't make a difference. It's a game of football, not a war. Those who know me and know my history may have a few words to say about the pot and the kettle, but haven't those who get involved realised times have changed? Shouldn't people in their mid-20s and early 30s know better? I mean, burning flags? What's that all about? Grow up.

I've heard all the arguments about "it wasn't our fault, they started it etc", but I'm sorry – I've been there, I know the score. The simple fact is, if you want to avoid it, you can. If you're physically attacked you have no option, but 99 per cent of the time you can walk away. Smiling. Believe me, our little unit can handle itself, but when provoked by some local herberts we laugh them off. React ✈

"Merde! You wait ages for le taxi then an English one comes along!"

Ticketless English fans learn that a stadium is to be built around them

"Fiver yer souvenir Tunisia scarf"

The Beckham shirt look is catching on

to every wind-up and you've got a lot of work on your hands. Besides, we've got better things to do.

I'm driving the lead vehicle and unfortunately the hotel is well tucked away, but I've got some directions which I'm sure are right. Can you imagine trying to convince four cab drivers (plus one on the knowledge) that you know the right way? Murders. The only thing to do is cock a deaf 'un and keep on going.

In retrospect, avoiding the city centre was the right call. Three of us head there on a recce later on and find ourselves bang in the middle of a serious stand-off between thousands of North Africans and the CRS. Seems the estates have emptied and the locals are down in force to reclaim their city. And who can blame them? Bottles fly and tear gas fills the air. Somehow I don't think a London taxi covered in St George's Crosses would go down too well.

We'd left the others debating the team selection in the hotel bar. When we arrive back several rounds later, they're still full at it and so far have agreed on Seaman and errrr... hurry up lads, the game's on in 12 hours.

We take the taxis into the old port in the morning to check the vibes and, remarkably, everything's cool. Tunisians and English occupy every bar, it's noisy but not nasty, and loads of England fans are having their picture done by the **loaded** cab. This is how it should be. Nevertheless, experience suggests we dump the cabs out of sight and go on foot to the ground. Good decision number two.

At the Stade Velodrome, home of Olympique Marseille, the festive spirit continues. I'm told of some scuffles around the other side, but where we are all seems fine. The temperature's in the high 80s and the excitement is red hot. People go nuts as the England team coach arrives. This is what you drive 800 miles for. You know that back home all eyes are on this place and at this moment this is where you've got to be. Come on England!

Among our number, only Scott has come without a ticket, but it's not long before he's got one – double the money but, as they say, a fair trade is no robbery. There's plenty on sale in full view of the law and it's obvious ticket organisation is a joke. Segregation? What segregation? All you can do is keep your fingers crossed.

"Cous cous! Cous cous! You're gonna score two more than us!"

"You're goin' home in a London taxi cab"

It's some stadium. Open on three sides and bathed in sunlight. There's something like 25,000 English inside; this from an official allocation of just 4,000. I've followed England abroad for 20 years and I've never seen anything like it. Though the Tunisians are outnumbered, they're are also making a racket, crowded at one end in a sea of red.

This is the World Cup. The greatest show on earth. And the best thing about today is, unlike years ago when most of our travelling fans were thugs, decent football fans are now in the ascendancy. They sing and shout and have a chuckle, jump up and down, wave their flags and wear their colours with pride. When you look around, it don't half feel nice. The number of women and families has risen, too, which can only be a good thing. Even that miserable and out-dated 'No surrender' song only gets a couple of outings, with very few takers, fizzling out as the majority drown it with more positive tunes. I'll take a vindaloo meself.

As for the game itself, I wasn't that impressed, given the quality of the opposition, but for a tense first match we did what we had to. I'd prefer to see a little more flair but anyway, arise Sol Campbell, arise Paul Scholes. Three points in our bag (it's coming).

Having been split up in different sections, it's a happy reunion for the taxi gang. We head for the old port, only to find it under virtual shut-down. One street away, running battles commence and sickeningly it looks like yesterday again. Reports filter back of a riot on the beach, reliable sources saying that this time it was started by the Tunisians. I suppose what goes around comes around.

Refuge is found in a fancy hotel, the football's on the box and the fish soup's the one. We still end up merrily wobbling but safe and sound, all in one piece and top of the group. Was it worth it? Of course it was, but without the trouble it would have been the best. Mind you, it's a long way back in a cab.

"That'll be £5,208.40 then please, guv."

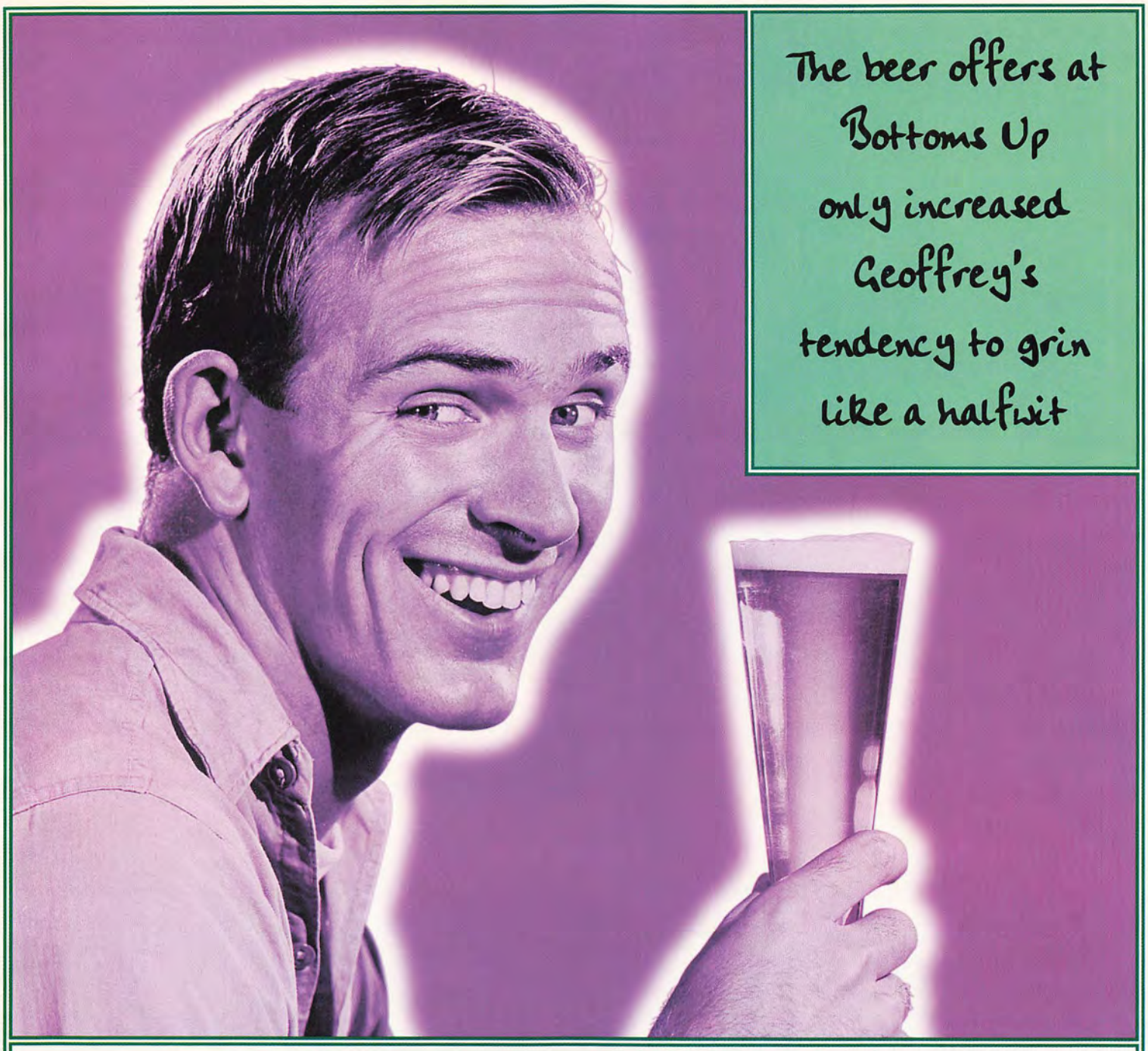
"Oh, erm... wait here a tick mate. I'll just pop into my flat over there and get some more money. I won't be a minute..." ■

There's 25,000 English inside, from an allocation of 4,000. In 20 years of following England abroad I've never seen anything like it

BLAG BOX

Thanks to Le Shuttle/Eurotunnel, Budweiser and Vauxhall for helping **loaded** *out during France 98*

eurostar



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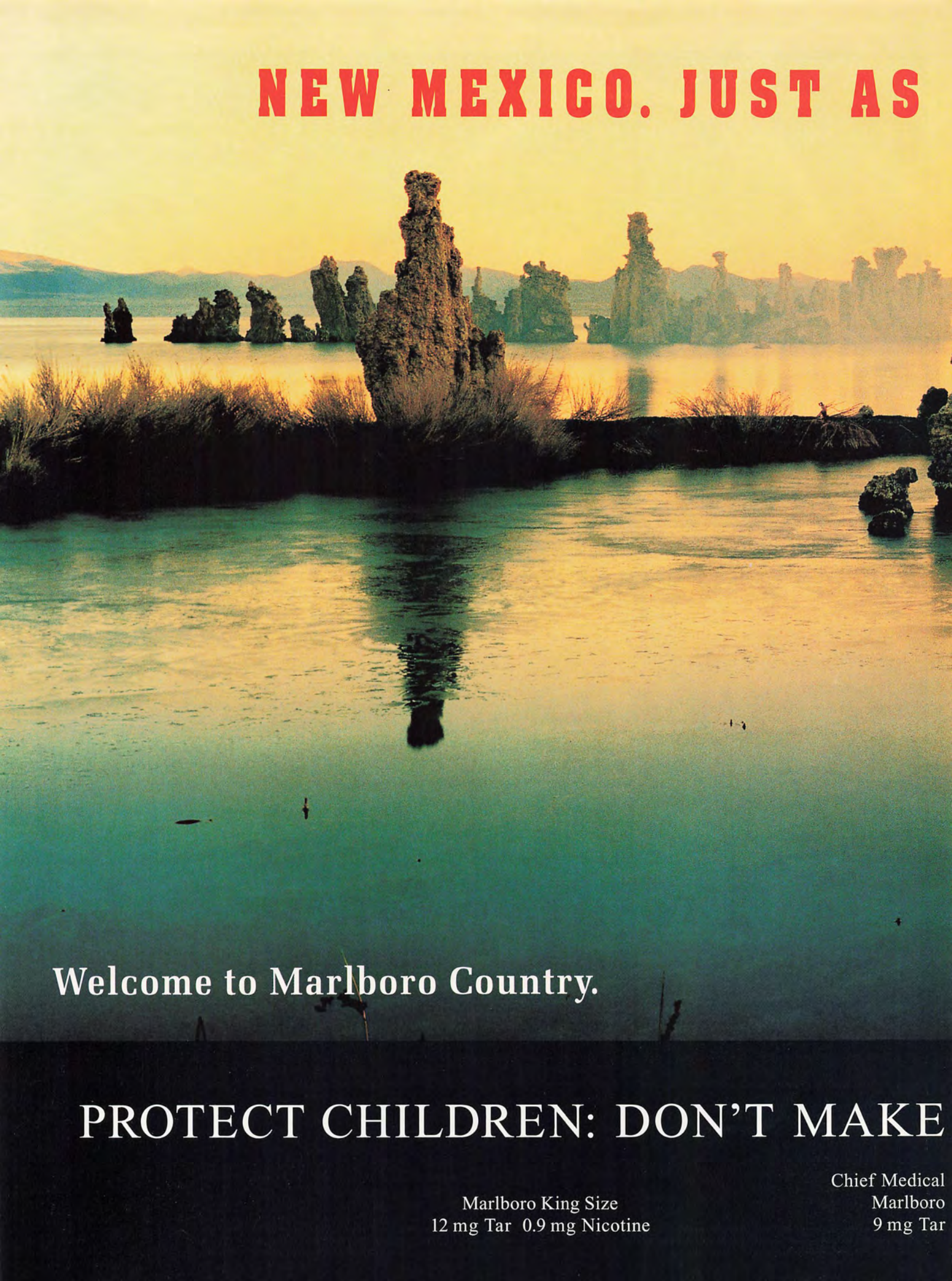
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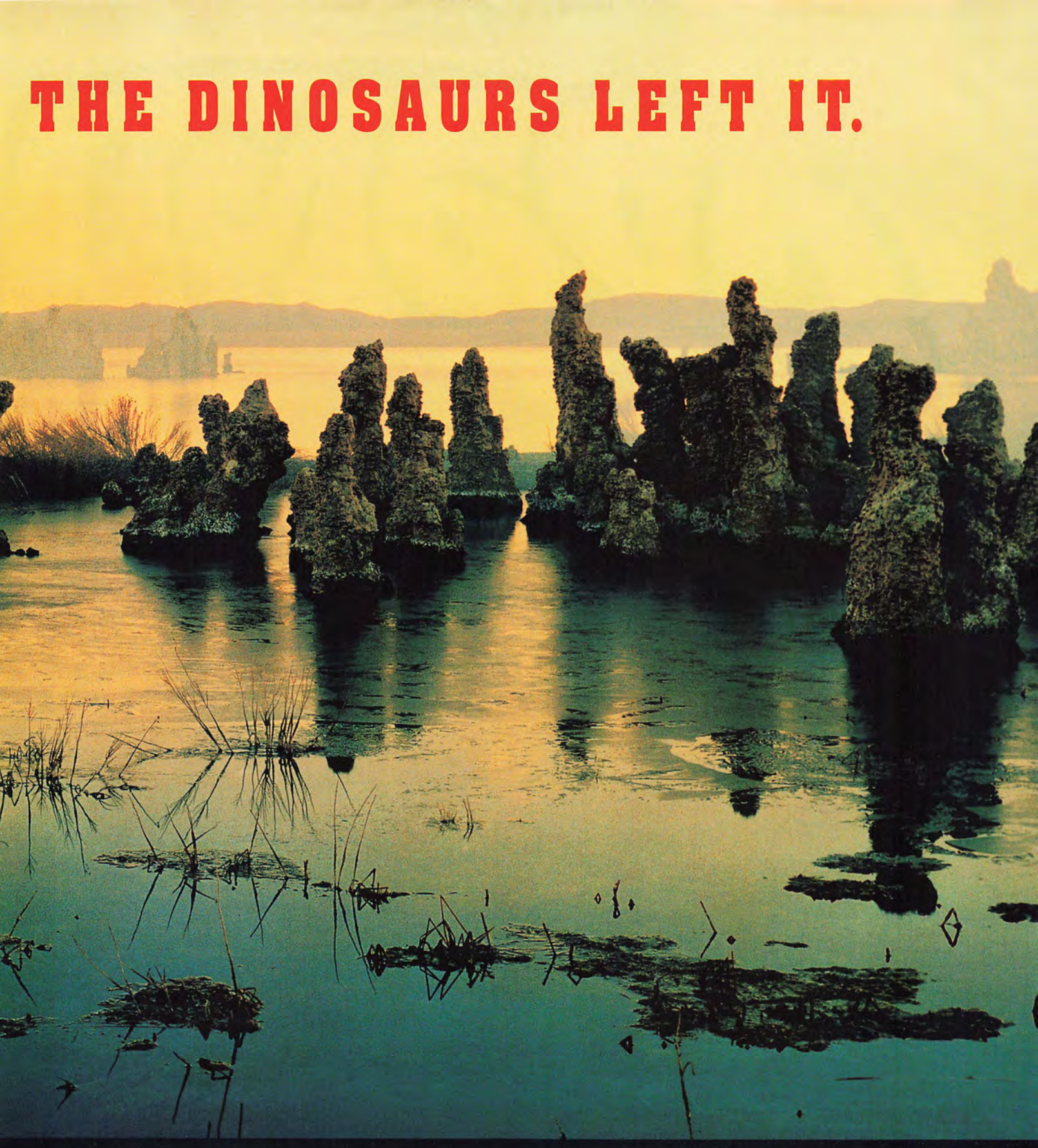

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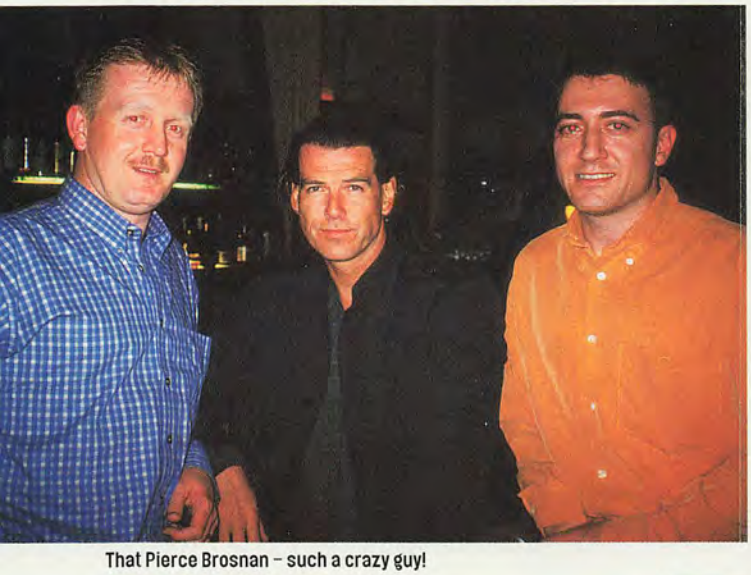
Norman Wisdom and a close, personal friend. Amazingly life-like, dontcha think? For a man of his age

Julie gives Stewart a poke. Better than the other way round...

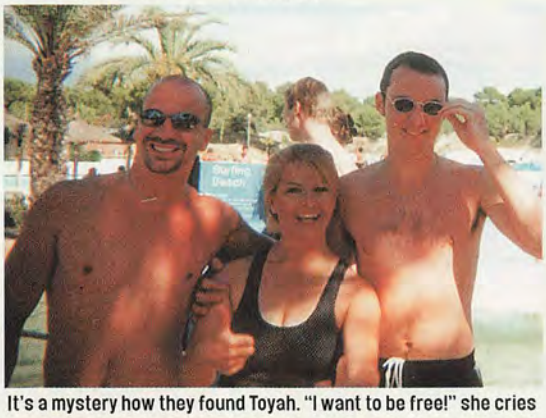
"I ain't getting in no pool, fool!" It's that cuddly mohawk Mr T!

It takes guts to approach 'Fiery' Fred – though obviously not as many as it takes to be him



That Pierce Brosnan – such a crazy guy!

Denise Van Outen's Big Breakfast (left). Lunch and dinner are to the right of her



It's a mystery how they found Toyah. "I want to be free!" she cries

"Oi, Diego! Just watch where you're sticking that hand of God"

PUTTING THE APERTURES UP THE RICH & FAMOUS THIS MONTH ARE: Karl Barry from Levenshulme, Manchester; Stewart Milnes from Batley, West Yorkshire; Christine Spedding from London; Michael McCluskey from Romiley and Chris Rooney of Nottingham; Steve Lowndes from Warrington; Ben Hobhouse, James and Tim Smyllie from Hertfordshire; Spencer House and his mate Lee from Brentwood Essex; and Wil from Hollowell, Northants.

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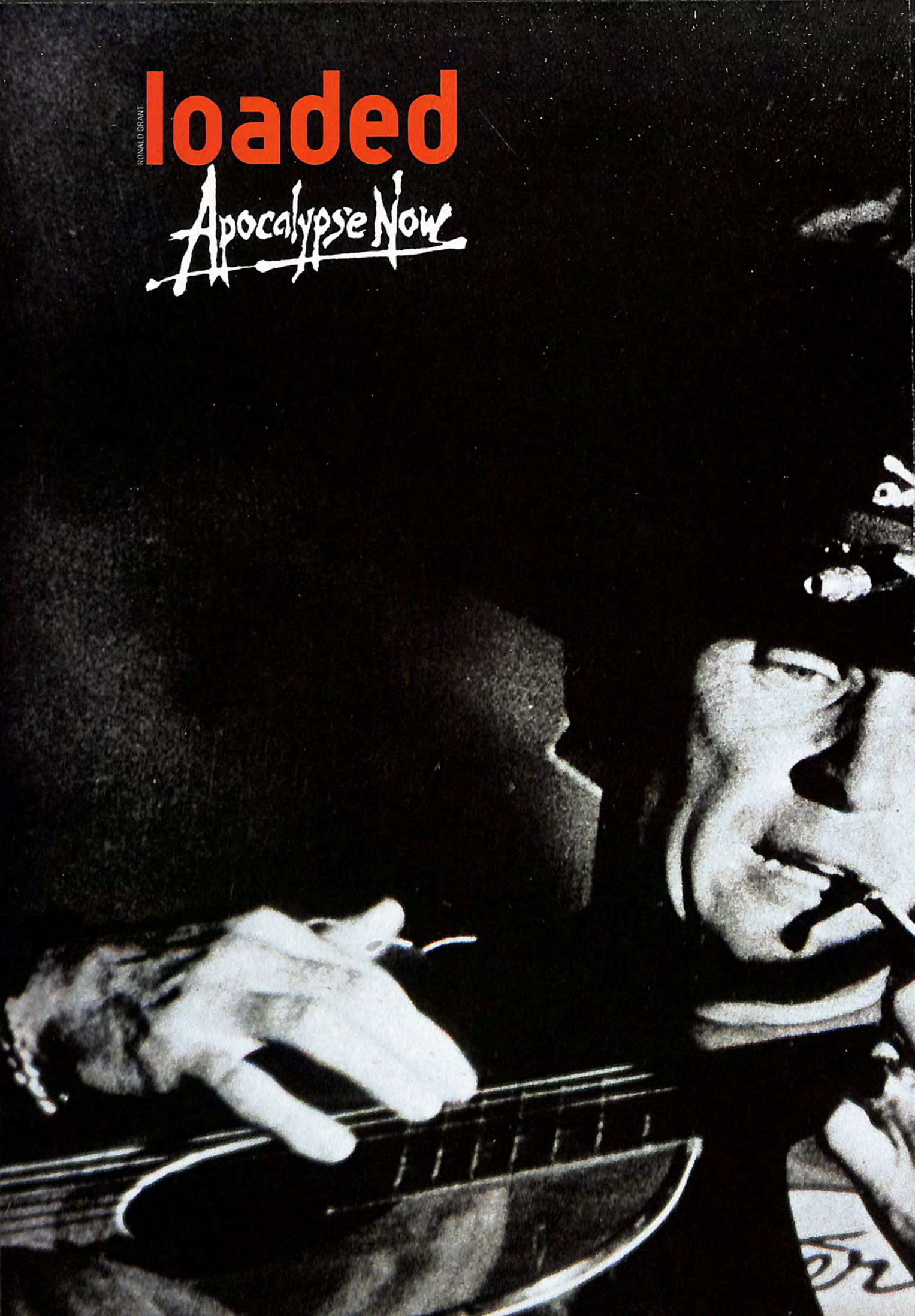
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Third degree Byrne

From *Blind Date* to fame across the water, this Irishman gives good Ed

He could have been a gardener, could Ed Byrne. Mowing the lawn, pruning the roses and trimming fancy hedges – at one with mother nature in all its finery. But it wasn't for him. Instead, Ed makes a living telling jokes about his old man's farts. That's not all he does by any means, but it's helped take the fast-talking Irishman from Glasgow's stand-up circuit to MTV, *Father Ted* and American TV's *Late Night With Conan O'Brien*. Not bad for someone who got their big break as the warm-up comic on Scottish TV's *Trial By Night* after an appearance on *Blind Date*. Luckily, **loaded** gets to ask more than three questions...

How did comedy save you from being a gardener?

I went to study horticulture at Strathclyde University. My parents didn't really want me to be a gardener, but I wouldn't be that good a comic if I hadn't had the whole college experience. If I'd stayed and lived with me folks until I'd got enough money to buy a house, I'd be quite a boring bloke by now. But I could have ended up a gardener – I used to work for me uncle laying patios. Lawns, patios and birds; they're all the things I lay.

Who really inspired you to be a comic?

I used to talk along with my brother's Billy Connolly compilation when I was younger, in the same way as kids play air guitar. When I grew up, I was into Bill Hicks, Gerry Sadowitz, Denis Leary and Dave Allen. When I started out trying to write jokes, I'd always imagine one of them saying it. If it sounded right coming out of their minds, then I'd keep it.

What was going on *Blind Date* like?

Looking back on it now, for just a bloke on the street I was quite funny, but as a stand-up comedian I wasn't funny at all. I remember very much playing the Irish card and being a real twat, basically. The final question was in poem form and the answer had to be given in the same way, so I said something along the lines of, "Here's a little poem for Sally written by Ed/ I'm not really feeling myself tonight/ Do you mind if I feel you instead?"

Did she choose you?

No! She picked contestant number two, a stripogram guy from King's Lynn. I watched it the next week and she said she didn't like him because all he did was go on about his big muscles. And I thought, "But that's why you picked him, you silly wench!" She was really good looking – blonde, big tits, the fucking lot, mate – and I would have fucked the *arse* off her. It really annoyed me because he didn't like her either. But I did manage to get off with a girl from the Midlands. She was the unchosen number three and I knew I was in with her from the word go because, when she was asked what sort of men she went for, she said, "Oh really skinny, scrawny men with no hair on their bodies." That's me!

Irish comedy's certainly on the up at the moment.

The reason why there's a lot of really good Irish stand-up around is due in part to The Comedy Cellar opening in Dublin 10 years ago. A lot of people started there like Ardal O'Hanlon, Tommy Tiernan and Jason Burn. We're definitely seeing the fruits of that now.

Especially in things like *Father Ted*.

Right. I was really surprised that *Father Ted* was as successful in Britain as it was. The first time I watched it I thought it was hilarious, it was really, really Irish, using words like "feck" and calling everybody "a bollocks". It's obviously been written by Irish guys and it's acted by Irish guys, but I don't think that's necessarily why it's funny. The people who write it are just fantastic writers.

Does the explosion of 'Oirishness' and the almost weekly rediscovery of yet another ancient Irish ale piss you off at all?

Ardal O'Hanlon and myself actually did an opening night for an Irish bar in London a couple of years ago. It was stomach-churning. All these English people were giving speeches, saying things like [*puts on posh voice*], "We've imported all the plaster used here from Ireland." Irish plaster – *why*? "And this is a real Irish oak tree. This is going to be a genuine place where people will really be able to have, as they say, *the crack*." It was appalling. I've been in bars in America on St Patrick's Day when they put green crepe paper all over the shop and hang leprechauns from the ceiling. It's so over the top and silly that I don't mind it that much, but these people who think that they're doing a genuine Irish thing by bringing plaster over from Ireland... now that's *really* fucking stupid.

"American audiences are difficult. I could feel them wincing when I'd say 'fk' and 'shagging'"**

How did you go down in America?

Well, going on the Conan O'Brien show on NBC was grand. I'd spent a week in New York trying out stuff and finally managed to get five minutes of material that would work with American audiences, who were really quite difficult. I could feel them wincing when I'd say "fuck" and "shagging" and not digging it. Some of the gigs were non-smoking, and if I lit up on stage, everybody would stop laughing. I had to American-ify myself 'cos they can't get to grips with someone talking funny. Instead of saying "arse", I had to say "ass" and stuff like that which sounds really daft coming from me.

You tell jokes about your old man farting. What does he eat to get that way?

He just drinks Guinness. My dad's a good laugh, a very funny man, so I'm lucky in that way. I was doing this joke at last year's Edinburgh Festival: "Me dad's quite conscientious, a real belt and braces man. He'd say 'Brace yourself!' and then belt us." It was just a throwaway line on the way to another joke. But a reviewer of the show picked up on it and said, "Ah, yes, Byrne draws on his obvious hard childhood in Ireland..." and made my dad sound like a right cunt, which he's not. But when I was in New Zealand, another journalist saw the piece and wrote the same thing. Between them, they'd made it sound like I'd come from a broken home and that me da' was a big monster who used to come home every night and beat us up with a hurling stick.

Had any good heckles lately?

I had this really hard-nut Glaswegian who was bald with a big scar and he just started on me halfway through the set: "I wish you'd fucking tell us a joke!" The gig was going really well but he kept on shouting, "Fuck off, you're shit!" I didn't like to pick on the fact that he was Scottish, but I've got loads of Scottish jokes racked up from when I lived there so I started doing them with all the usual put-downs. The audience were really having a laugh so I went, "I'm really enjoying this because I don't think you realise that if I met you on the street and you spoke to me like this, I'd agree with you and run for my life. But there's 400 people in this room who all want to kick your fucking head in right now so I can say what the fuck I like." That got a big cheer and he fucked off. I tend to talk too fast to get heckled that much anyway. The trick is not to let them in. Also, a lot of my stuff's very self-deprecating – I tend to put myself down a lot and if you do that, then it's pointless someone else trying it.

So how do you put yourself down?

I go on about the fact that I'm really shit in bed, when actually I'm fucking brilliant.

And modest too...

I used to go out with Jenny Ross [*The Sunday Show*], who once told an interviewer that I gave the best head of any man she'd ever been with. I'm sure she'll still stand by that comment. Or lie under it and grunt.

Was she dirty?

Was she dirty?! I'm not fucking giving you those kind of details! I'm not one to kiss and tell. But after she went out with me she started seeing Donna McPhail. I probably turned her into a lesbian because I'm so bad, but on the other hand you could say she was so desperate to find somebody who looked like me, she actually went to a different sex.

What's the next stop for the Ed Byrne juggernaut?

When I get back from America, I'll be doing a show called *A Night At the Opera* at the Edinburgh Festival. It's going to be about the things we do for love and the sacrifices we have to make. Which reminds me, I haven't fucking written it yet.

NIALL HAMPTON

Ed Byrne will be appearing in the main room of the Gilded Balloon during the Edinburgh Festival, from 7 to 31 August.

PHOTO: DEREK RIDGERS

"What do you mean I look like a girl?"

ACROPOLIS NOW

What we did on our holidays: this year we went to Greece and hopped some islands. It was fun. We may go back

YOU WANT A TRAGEDY, THEN GO TO GREECE. SIMPLE AS THAT. NO IDEA WHY, AS FOR CENTURIES GIANTS, cyclops, four-horned beasts, winged-feet herberts, serpents and Austrians have been visiting Greece's shores to sample the virgins and the feta cheese. And they've had no complaints. Could there be a more fantastic place boasting lush mountainous regions, golden beaches, baking hot summers, freezing cold winters, Demis Roussous, olive oil and, of course, bowlfuls of houmous? "Try the Greek Isles," said the boss. "You've got a week." We were gone before he'd realised what he'd said.

There are an amazing 1,400 islands which surround mainland Greece, but with only seven days to play with and no access to a winged horse there can only be time enough to see a handful. Of course, any major voyage of this size requires a strong, reliable team. When Jason had his Argonauts, he called upon blokes like Hercules, Heracles, Ajax, Domestos and Persil to fight the skeleton soldiers and those flying devil type things that keep stealing some blind fella's fruit. Unfortunately, my choices of heroes aren't from such rich and bountiful sources. A bloke called Shakey is the photographer. A retired musician, south-London wine expert and Midlands property tycoon. A life of excess has robbed his ability to use rational thinking. Little Graham, **loaded** designer, is ✈

story by PETE STANTON photos by MARTYN GOODACRE

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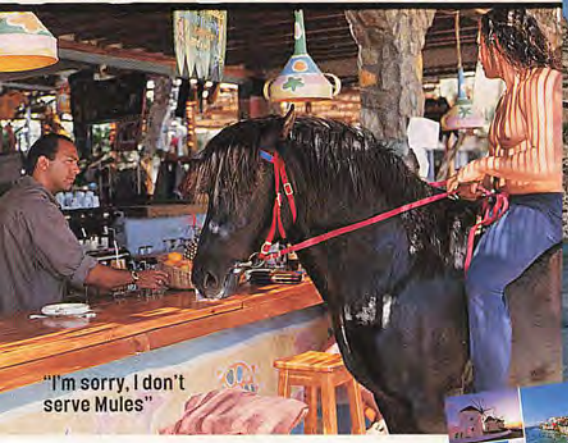


"I'm sorry, I don't serve Mules"

"Aww, lend us another 20p mum"

coming along for the ride. His lack of height is more than made up for by his immense ability to get things wrong. Graham reckons his inclusion on the trip is because he willed it to happen. "I willed Arsenal to win the double as well," he says, "and look what happened."

Put these two together and you have a cocktail of awe-inspiring power that could blow Zeus from his mighty cloud kingdom in the sky. Or instead could make a real pig's ear of some very innocuous situations. Time will tell.

We arrive pale and stupid-looking on the island of Mykonos, the most expensive and most visited of all the Greek islands, also dubbed the Gay Capital of Greece. If you arrive in the middle of July you'll be in George Michael heaven. The whole place becomes as gay as a window. In early June it's quiet, though. The main town on Mykonos is as beautiful as it is badly designed. A collection of windy streets littered with shops selling over-priced Lacoste weave their cobble-stoned way through the town. Charming it may be, but after about half an hour of walking we inevitably end up back where we started.

"I bet DIY shops sell a lot of white paint around here," says Shakey, as we pass a particularly white stretch of white houses for perhaps the third time in an hour. A time that has brought forth not one genuine Greek bloke. To be honest it's not too lively on the gay front either. Perhaps there's a huge feta cheese and Pet Shop Boys party going on somewhere in some immense pink taverna. Or maybe we've just arrived too early. Whatever, the only highlight of the morning is seeing Graham being chased across a patio by an irate pelican.

It's only when we accidentaly stumble across the main port that the true Greeks appear. Plump, rosy-cheeked and with a liberal spread of facial hair. And the men look pretty gruesome too. By noon the sun is spreading a very comfortable 30 degrees over everything. It's in this light that the white buildings stretching back from the shore look their most breathtaking. We sit back in our chairs with a Greek salad each and allow the sun's rays make us go a bit pinky.

After some half-decent accomodation is found, we spend the remainder of the evening getting sozzled in a local Aussie bar called Down Under.

Inevitably our conversation turns to sex. "I'd sleep with anyone as long as they've not got fat legs…" says Shakey with a Metaxa (strong Greek brandy) stewing underneath his nose. "Even then I don't mind, I'm so desperate."

Three under-sexed blokes on an island where a particularly plump fisherman in a fetching hat is the local talent does not sound good. The conversation deteriorates even further when Graham admits rather too loudly that he'd let a man play around with his wing-wang for £1,500 and then in almost the same breath chops that price down to £500. It's quite clear that we've squeezed all we can out of Mykonos, and for safety's sake we must get Graham off this island before that pelican finds him again.

By morning we make the decision to move onto the island of Paros. Mykonos quite definitely needs a month to warm up. We are also spending too much money there. Before the afternoon ferry leaves we make a brief stop off at Agios Yiannis, a beach just around the headland from the port where *Shirley Valentine* was filmed. By the bar where most of the filming took place, we spot a Pauline Collins lookalike lying on a sunlounger. A moustachioed waiter stands over her with a pina colada. Amazingly, we convince Graham that she and the waiter re-enact scenes from the film every day for tourists.

THE COMPETITION CHANGES QUITE RAPIDLY FROM A SOAKING WITH A HOSE OVER A T-SHIRT TO A NAKED ROMP INVOLVING BANANAS

"How much for your ass?"

OFF THE JERKY HYDROFOIL WE ARRIVE AT PAROS, 30 miles south of Mykonos. This place looks exactly the same as Mykonos to be honest. White buildings, windy roads, men with big moustaches. Perhaps this whole Greek island-hopping thing is a scam. Maybe there's only one island and boats go round it every day and just change the signs every now and then. Paros's claim to fame is that its pure white marble was used to create the Venus De Milo. I make a mental note to chip myself off a bit if I find any, but I forget.

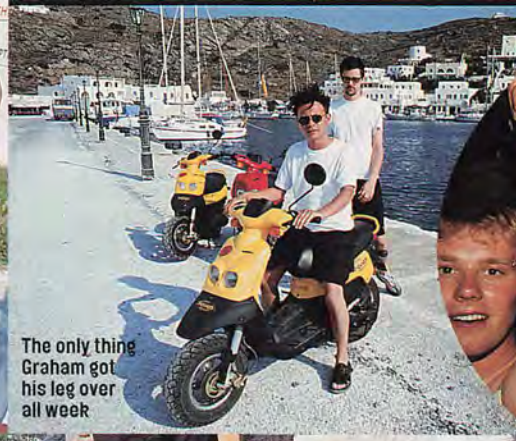
Accomodation is tough to find here, as we soon find out by following an old woman for the best part of an evening. Her idea of a "big room… verrrry good price" turns out to be a musty old cellar which Terry Waite probably just vacated.

What's left of a wasted evening is spent in a hotel run by a family who start banging on our walls at 10pm to shut up and then barge into our room at 8am and tell us to sod off.

We were off Paros by noon. ✈

You wouldn't understand... it's a Greek thong

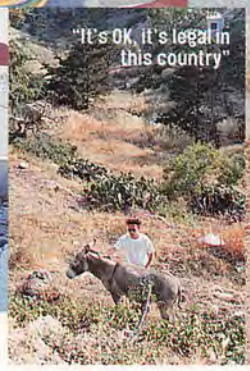
We met these girls that could run at Warp Factor 8



The only thing Graham got his leg over all week

The local women were a bit rough, but you know what it's like after a couple of pints

This is our hotel room as we left it



"It's OK, it's legal in this country"

"Try telling the donkey that"

The toilet facilities could have been better

"It's OK... I can handle it"

Ios, like Paros and Mykonos before it, has that familiar feel again. You'd have thought someone would have had the foresight to have said, "I know, I think I'll paint my house red and put a ruddy great roof on it," but they haven't. Ios, though, is way different from any island around these parts. Whereas Paros could be compared to a pleasant grandfather and Mykonos could be your odd uncle, Ios most definitely would be your sex-obsessed cousin. This is considered to be the Sodom and Gomorrah of the Greek isles. Over-sexed teenagers from across Europe converge here from June to September and subsequently get off with each other until the boat arrives or they run out of pants, whichever comes first.

"Oh yeah," some bloke tells me on the boat over to Ios, "they're fucking in the streets over there, mate."

"Hey guys," shouts a goatee-faced hippy by the port holding a board saying 'Ios Camping'. "Want to stay at the best place in town? We got the biggest pool on the island. There's a party going on right now."

He points across the water to a 1960s secondary school-like structure where, even with my poor eyesight, I see only an old man with a broom chasing a cat.

Ignoring the hippy, I refer to the trusty *Lonely Planet* guide which recommends 'Far Out Camping' – the centre of the island's action, it says. That'll do nicely. A short bus ride later and we're at Far Out. Situated on the end of a half-mile of sandy beach we finally feel that we've blagged a cushy trip.

After waking us with a snore that sounded like a pig being fucked by a rhino, Graham exclaims that, "I've had a premonition... I think I'm gonna have an accident on a motorbike." Two hours later we're on three of the brightest yellow scooters in Europe. We look like idiots. Half a mile up the road from the bike shop, I notice, down a steep bank, a donkey in distress. A rope around its neck has got caught around its leg and a nearby bush leaving the poor bugger stuck.

"Dumb ass," says Shakey, ever the Dr Dolittle.

Graham, like a man possessed, has stopped his scooter and is halfway down the hillside before I even turn my engine off. Unfortunately, he reaches the donkey at a far quicker pace than he'd hoped and somehow manages to stumble over the bush and onto the donkey's back. This the donkey wasn't expecting at all, and jerks forward with a yelp, releasing itself from the rope and dragging Little Graham back through the bush.

Graham eventually clambers back to his bike with a badly scarred shin.

"Let's go," he whimpers.

A mere 200 yards further up the road Graham hits the brakes again.

Pass me your copy of **loaded**, he says excitedly, I'll get some Greek bloke to hold it up for a picture.

As requested, I pull my bike up next to him, pull the machine onto its stand and, in a million to one chance, land the whole thing on Graham's other leg, scalding him with the exhaust pipe.

"Owwww!" screams Graham.

This looks like it hurts more than his first injury. A neat round circle of skin maybe 10cm in diameter is now missing from his left shin.

"I'll get a hole in my leg now," he exclaims. By sheer chance a nearby broken-down wall has a working water tap connected to it. Graham hobbles over to it and places both legs under.

I try my best to calm the situation and advise him to sit down on the wall and collect his thoughts. The final indignation being that Graham sits on a hornet's nest and is stung on the arm by a wasp the size of my fist. In the space of 10 minutes he'd lost the use of three limbs. It is without doubt the most unfortunate 10 minutes I've ever witnessed happen to one person ever. It's also the funniest.

That afternoon back at Far Out, battle-scarred and still convinced that he'll get a hole in his leg, Graham sparks up a conversation with a chap called Cookie who runs the Four O'Clock Bar by the pool (Four O'Clock Club because that's what time everyone wakes up around here). By mid-afternoon this is the place to be on the island. A big telly behind the bar, a beach 20 yards away, and an inviting pool within diving distance.

As soon as Cookie hears we're from **loaded** he goes into hyperdrive.

"Right then," he says. "I usually need a week to organise a wet T-shirt competition but I'll try and get this one ready for tomorrow... You sort out the prize... I tell you what, I'll meet you at the Red Bull at 1am. I'll have the posters finished by then.

Within the hour, as promised, Cookie's **loaded** posters are all over the main village. In the main square there are maybe 500 hundred people holidaying from over 10 different countries. Not too many English. The Europeans take over Ios in waves it seems.

An Irish lad behind one bar tells me that the place is awash with Italians in July. Early June is when most of the Americans ✈

OVERSEXED TEENAGERS CONVERGE ON IOS AND GET OFF WITH EACH OTHER UNTIL THE BOAT ARRIVES OR THEY RUN OUT OF PANTS

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KING OF TRAINERS
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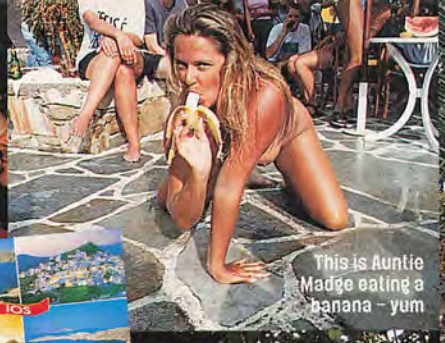
This is us siphoning off petrol for our bikes


This is Auntie Madge eating a banana – yum

These are some girls from another school

He was out to catch something all holiday

"Sorry...ahh... could I just... ah.. get to the drinks machine?"

This is my best new friend

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THE FAR OUT CLUB IS THE BEST PLACE TO MAKE OUT

This is my new friend

and the Australians arrive. And in September the Brits turn up. Late as ever.

We meet Cookie at the Red Bull as agreed, and from here he takes us on a tour of some of his local haunts. The Dubliners bar, an immense pub with TV screens inside the size of three cows. By 2am the place is awash with sozzled teenagers. A multi-coloured trail of vomit leads out of the exit door. From here we venture up a steep road and find the Slammer Bar which is now heaving to the sound of Sash! (the only songs we hear the whole time we're in Greece). Cookie introduces us to bar-diving. Simply put, he gets on the bar and stage dives onto the crowd below. Then he puts on a red crash helmet, guzzles down a large shot of tequila down a funnel and then the barman hits him over the head with a hammer.

"Fantastic," says Cookie. "Fancy a go."

"Encore un fois!" I cry, and make some lame excuse about being allergic to helmets.

Cookie introduces me to a bloke called Pete Staunton from Leeds, a 23-year-old shaven-headed chap who for the past year has been removing the 'u' from his surname and using my name to get into clubs across Europe and score with loads of women.

"Ah, yeah, it's dead easy," he says, "as long as you act confident they fall for it every time. Cheers for not getting annoyed, I thought you'd wanna hit me."

To meet a bloke who's been living my life for me in Greece and is making a better job of it deserves nothing but praise. I buy him a pint, shake his hand and hand him one of my business cards to help him along.

"Cheers," he says. "They usually don't ask for these but thanks anyway."

Cheeky sod.

The next day, our final one, inevitably fuzzes into some sort of odd mistake. For a gag, me and Shakey grab the corners of Graham's sheets as he sleeps and perfectly flip the little fella into the air and onto the floor. Graham lands awkwardly on both his bad legs. Still asleep, he jumps to his feet, mutters something like "Ohhh!" and knocks a bottle of mineral water over his own rucksack.

At Cookie's bar, the wet T-shirt competition has attracted half the island. Half of the island's males are screaming and hooting for it to begin.

I feel sick.

"What's the prize then?" says Cookie.

Shite!

I pop back into town on the bike for a quick shopping spree and buy a five quid plastic model of Aphrodite. Graham makes a toga for it.

Cookie looks at it like someone would look at pissing dog: "You'll have to give £15 away as well," he says. Shite!

I appoint Little Graham as a judge because by now I am strategically trying to place myself as far away from this as possible.

Ten rat-arsed women from places ranging from Slovakia to Leeds line up in front of over 200 very drunk revellers. The competition changes quite rapidly from a soaking with a hose over a T-shirt to a naked romp involving bananas. The place goes wild.

"Blimey!" says Graham.

An attractive construction worker from the Gold Coast in Australia wins and demands a model contract with **loaded**. Graham, now drunk, attempts to kiss the girl who comes fourth. She's maybe a few inches taller than him and, on his tip toes with his tongue wagging like a drunk snake, he attempts a messy snog. From where I'm standing it looks like an old man trying to eat a water melon without his teeth in.

The girl who comes second takes her pants off and dives into the pool. A bloke with goggles and a snorkel dives in after her. Then everyone dives in. Graham now begins to panic because the cream on his injured legs might wash off if he falls in the pool. It's mayhem.

Then bang on six the World Cup begins. Great timing as it turns out. The pissed throng emerge from the pool and make a move for the telly. The last thing I remember of the game is being swept along in the sweaty throng and hearing Bryan Robson mutter something like, "I think we sometimes forget this is a man's game." I know how he feels.

The final whistle blows and our taxi arrives to take us to our boat connection back to Athens. I find Shakey draped around a tree while Graham I find startling an Aussie bloke with, "Ohhhhh mate, I'm the last virgin on the island."

Next time we come to Greece, I thought, we'll go looking for that golden fleece. Something simple. ■

HOW TO DO WHAT WE DID

How to get there: We flew with Virgin from Heathrow to Athens for about £250 each. From Athens we flew one-way to Mykonos with Olympic Airways for about £60 each. From here there are regular ferries and hydrofoils to any island you like. We went for the hydrofoils which are twice as much as ferries (between £7 and £15) but take half the time (about an hour between each island).

Where to stay: On Mykonos and Paros we stayed at some half-decent hotels which worked out for three people in one room at about 10,000 dracmas (£20) a night. On Ios we stayed at the Far Out Camping Club. Prices here range from 1,000 to 4,000 dracmas (£2 and £8) a night with accomodation ranging from tents to fancy rooms with air conditioning. The Far Out complex also offers swimming pools, basket and volleyball courts, watersports, diving school, bars, pool bars, two restaurants and the liveliest social life this side of the moon.

Thanks to Lonely Planet for their fancy Greek guide book.
Thanks to Calvin Klein for letting Little Graham wear a pair of their sunglasses.

I LOVE THE SMELL OF

TOAST

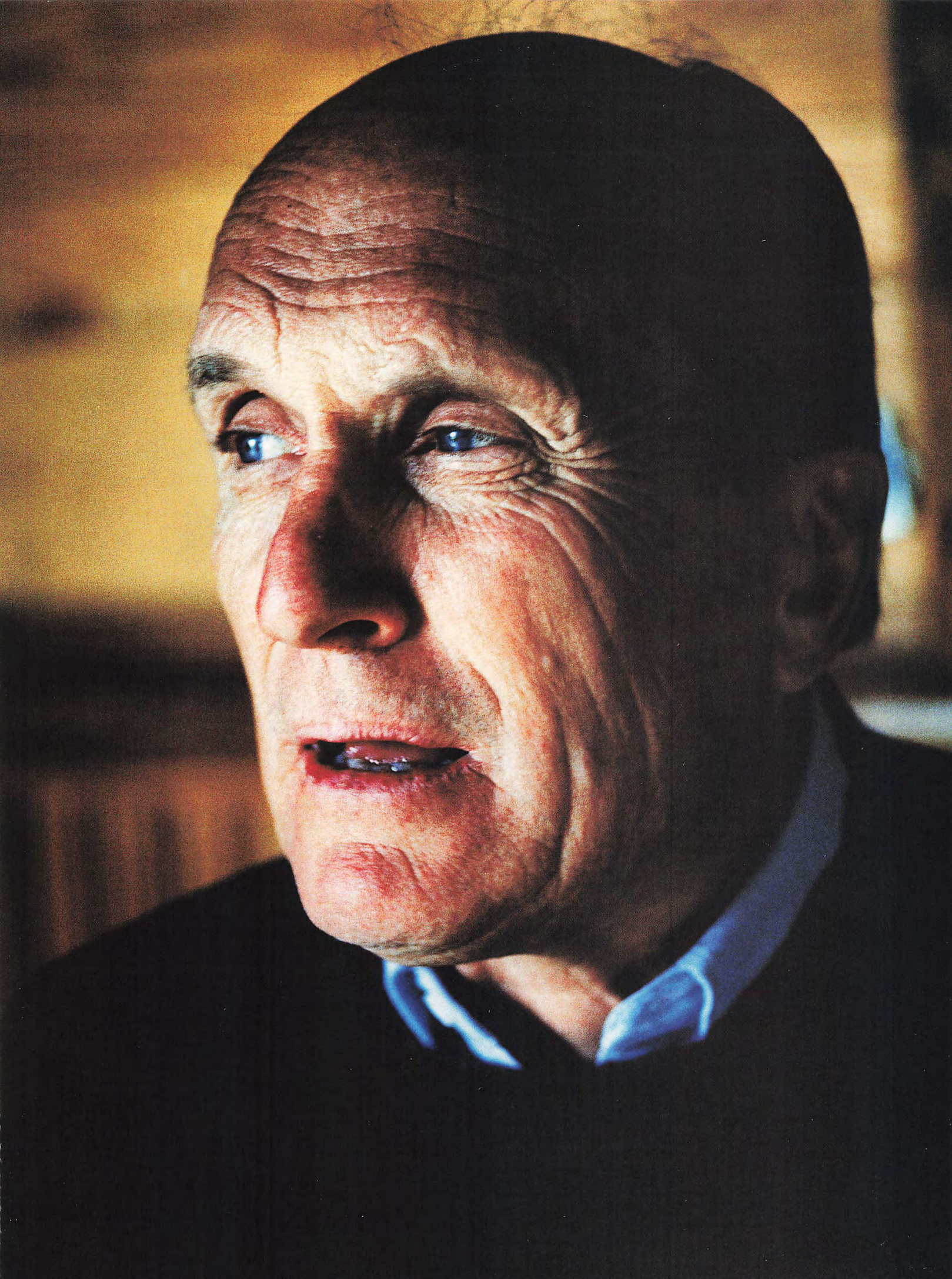
IN THE MORNING

Breakfast down on the ranch with crazy 'Nam Colonel turned hellfire preacher Robert Duvall

story by PHIL ROBINSON photos by LAWRENCE WATSON

WELLINGTON, CHARLTON HESTON, MARLON BRANDO, RON ATKINSON, CHURCHILL, Higgins out of Magnum PI, Clint Eastwood and the large Marine who cut my head open in Samantha's Nightclub in Exmouth. This is a brief list of people who scare me. They are all originals – so-called bloke's blokes. They exemplify the extremes of manhood, strength, sincerity, passion, wisdom, leadership, authority and brutality. Virtues that are rapidly diminishing in a world filled with the likes of Patrick Kielty and Barrymore. If you were to take DNA from all these rare specimens and weave them together in one thickened, hairy strand you just might have a building block for a new Robert Duvall. A new original. Future generations with their moon boots and so-called Walkmans might want to take note. ✈

*No2 in a series of 1



"Welcome to the Robert Duvall school of facial acting. First, with the light behind and to the side of my face, I can look very scary..."

ROBERT DUVALL'S YELLOW HIGHLAND TERRIER PUP, A DOG NO BIGGER than Michael Owen, spins around on my perfect pile of anally-listed interview questions. We're sitting on the verandah of his 'who lives in a house like this?' Virginian farm, watching the sun drop over the Blue Ridge mountains and shooting the breeze. My notes, containing questions of magnitude like, "do all the lights on film sets make you dizzy?" and fail-safe opening gambits like, "I'm Phil and this is Lawrence my photographer," now look like my second-year geography homework. I could get put on report for this. Robert bolts out of his chair to scrape the animal off my notes. As he does so, the rest of his dogs arrive, all five of them, jumping up and barking. While the yellow terrier circles my press cuttings, the largest dog, a mean-looking Dingo/German Shepherd-cross bites my hand.

"GET OFF HIM! Get off him. Get out!"

It's all right Mr Duvall, really. I love dogs, cheeky fellas, they are.

"Get out!" He rounds them up and sends them into the garden, all 200 acres of it. They tear off like a herd of Lilliputian mustangs. Duvall's body of work – *The Godfather* and *Apocalypse Now*, *Network*, *Bullitt*, *The Conversation*, *True Grit* – should be enough to make any living actor, film fan, producer, director or critic drop down on one knee and propose. Happily, one of the world's most intimidating men doesn't seem to mind us cluttering up his house, and cheerfully breaks out the beer, coming across as the perfect host. This is Porch Life. He smiles, lets us sit where we like, doesn't mind when I get excited about his large telly and basically behaves like he asked us to pop round for a bowl of beans and a good fart.

Now banging on 70, Duvall's still fit, properly muscular and sharper than fear. In Victorian times men like this would have been paraded around teaching hospitals as Viagra-like evidence of incredible freakish longevity. He doesn't look a day over 50 and he's still the *essential* supporting actor of this age, capable of turning a bad film around like Ronaldo might turn a game – never yet having put in bad performance.

I try kicking off with one of my special opening gambits, but he really just wants to just shoot the breeze and talk football. I've never seen anyone actively think so hard – and not like most Americans you meet who either run off at the mouth or keep quiet so long before delivering the answer you think their thoughts have been stolen by brain-eating moths. With the World Cup in full swing, he's optimistic about USA's chances.

"It's a beautiful game, I'm developing a script on it at the moment set in Scotland. I was working in Mexico in 1970 when England lost to Brazil – even though they outplayed them. That was beautiful football. I also watched the final on the way back to the West coast when Brazil beat Italy. Actually we beat you guys back in the '50s when you arguably had the best team in the world. By some miraculous feat we even beat Brazil a few months a go. It's a strange game. You can sit on a lead defensively?"

Yeah, an English team called Arsenal used to be very famous for that.

"A lesser team can beat a bigger team, which doesn't really happen in any American sports. That's what our story is about in the film we're working on. How about your guys, how about Shearer? You expect great things from him? And how about that other guy who's so overweight he looks like a coach?"

That'll be Paul Gascoigne, he got kicked out of the team for not being fit enough and eating kebabs.

"Would that have made much difference?"

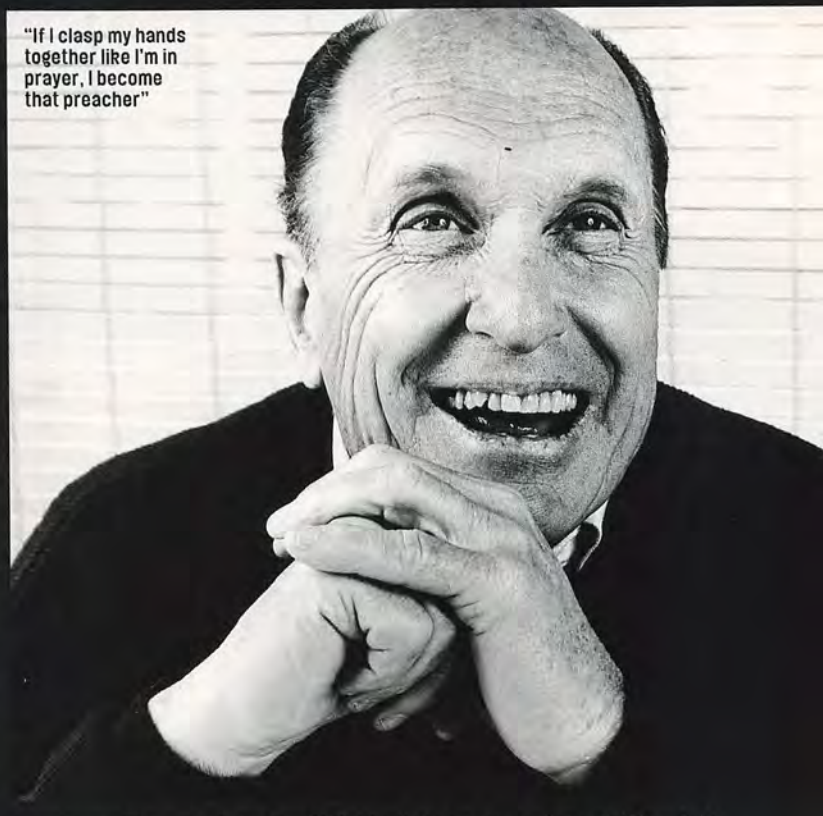
Not to his weight.

"I saw him recently and he looked really fat – but he used to be good, right? Was he in a class with Georgie Best?"

It's hard to say, sometimes…

"GET OUT! GO ON GET OUT!"

The yellow terrier is back, attacking my foot, this time mob-handed with a bolshy-looking retriever. Mr Duvall chases them both off the porch. I'm relieved he's not shouting at me as I haven't had the chance to ask any film questions yet. With him being a screen legend, this might be seen as a bit of a failure back at the office.



"If I clasp my hands together like I'm in prayer, I become that preacher"

"Gary Oldman says the greatest player ever was Georgie Best. Wee Jimmy Johnstone told me that the greatest player ever was Pele."

Bobby Moore shouldn't be overlooked.

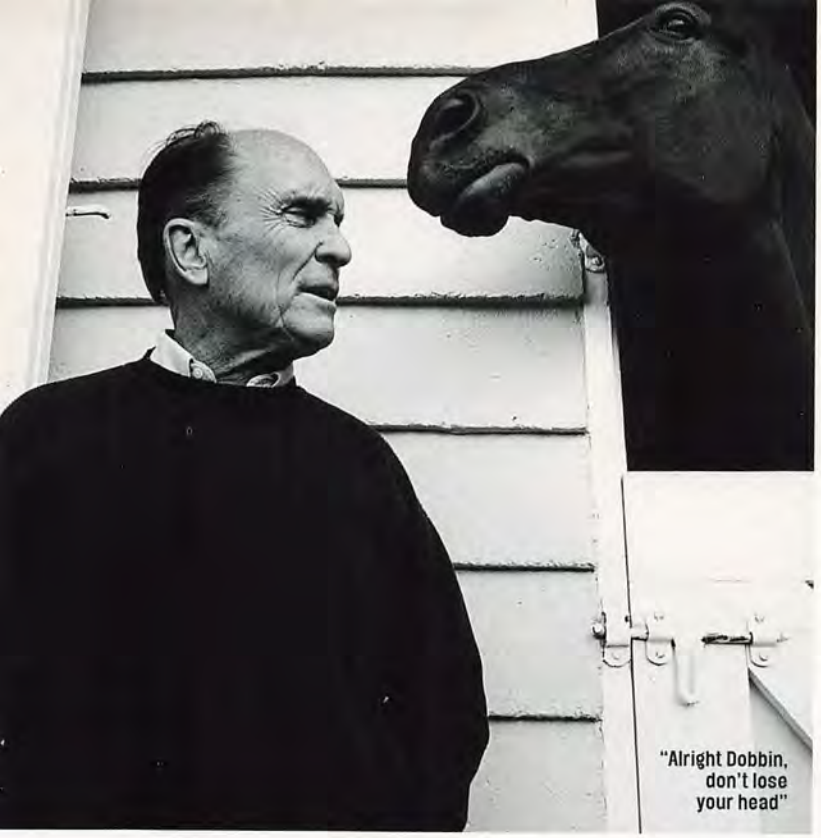
"Charlton too, and Maradona was great. The first match I went to was a cup final in Glasgow. It was an all-Protestant game, it wasn't at all polarised, I wanted to see that. France and Germany I don't like to see win. You get a lot of French together, I don't like it. The French are Germans with style."

Does he do much competitive sport himself?

"Not really. We have a kick about in the garden, I ride jumping horses. I won the first-ever *Superstars* for actors in Florida 20 years ago and won $25,000. OJ Simpson coached me in the bike. From there I had to go up against the world athletes in the proper *Superstars*. I finished in the middle of the group during the walk. I finished 30ft behind the leader in the 100 metres, it was embarrassing. I should have won the tennis, I came second in the bike and I won the bowling. I got enough points to finish in the middle of all these world-class athletes. I couldn't even make a team at college, but I'm still in shape."

HE'LL TALK WITH ZEAL, THOUGH NOT TO THE SAME EXTREME AS HIS character in *The Apostle*. He'll take your interfering question and, in the nicest, slickest way possible, chew it up and regurgitate a completely unsolicited response. He'll talk about what he wants to talk about. He knows and speaks his own mind goddamit, and since it's his verandah we're sitting on he can do what he likes. Married and unmarried three times, he now lives with a beautiful, young Argentinian woman (who almost drove us off the road on our way in) and spends most of his time travelling from film festival to film festival. During his long career he's also made a succession of brilliant movies, and consequently built up a stronger body of work than friends and peers like Hopper, Hoffman and (

"I DON'T LIKE TO SEE THE FRENCH WIN. THE FRENCH ARE GERMANS WITH STYLE"



"Alright Dobbin, don't lose your head"

"WHEN YOU'RE OLDER WOMEN. SUCCESS IS

Hackman. Debuting in 1963 with an acclaimed portrayal of Boo Radley in *To Kill A Mockingbird*, he distinguished himself over the next four decades as the finest supporting actor in America, finally getting the recognition and the role he deserved in 1983 when he won the best-actor Oscar as a country singer in *Tender Mercies*. This year he received his fourth Academy Award nomination for a film about a mad preacher that he also wrote, directed and funded (with $5million of his own money). *The Apostle* features Duvall acting to his absolute limits, spouting lines like: "Ah've got HOLY GHOST POWER! HOLY GHOST POWER!" It's a role that demanded a bare-arsed and fully-committed emotional performance in these Godless times.

Does he have an obsession with preachers, being that he's a religious man himself?

"No. But I've watched those guys for years, they're sharp. When we were filming, there were a few scenes in the movie where we used real preachers. We were setting up one when one of the truck drivers watching the scene began to have an experience. All those preachers jumped on him and saved him, getting him to accept the Lord right on the spot."

Winning the thumbs up from critics all over the English-speaking world has pretty much stuck a lid on the jar marked 'indispensable Duvall quality' that almost every director of any quality has pulled off the shelf over the last 40 years.

"People figure I can do the job, that I'm capable of doing different parts and can meet the emotional demands of a role. You need to be able to do the emotional scene that's required – and that's what separates the men from the boys. I've seen some American actors back away from emotion like horses from a fence."

You've got something of a history of battling with your directors.

"Well if they hire you to do what you do then they shouldn't tamper. Don't hover and tamper. If you work with a guy like Coppola, a guy like Altman (*Shortcuts*, *M*A*S*H*, *The Player*) they give you your room to see what you bring. They let you create your space. Bad directors are all 'do this, do that.' They want to see results right away. You get those results anyway. The best thing another actor can say to recommend a director is that he leaves you alone.

"Back on *True Grit*, Henry Hathaway said to me: 'When I say action, tense up goddam it!' Can you imagine someone yelling that at Charlton, Bobby Moore or Michael Jordan? No. So me and Hathaway got right into it. He said that in 40 years of directing he'd never been called a fuck! John Wayne who was watching us fighting said: 'Well I do believe he's got the boy's dander up.' But Hathaway was old school. He wouldn't let you just get on with it. That's why there's so much bad acting in those old movies."

No wonder John Wayne looked so wooden.

"Well, it makes a bad actor worse. Although by the time we made *True Grit* Wayne was getting better – all his humanity was coming out."

Did you get on well with John Wayne?

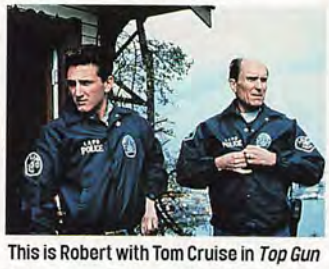
"Yeah he was fine, but he was protective of Hathaway. He said to me: 'You know if you hit him I'm going to have to step in.' But he knew that a New Yorker yells more than he hits. In Texas they hit first and yell later."

The Terrier dozes off on my foot. He (Duvall, not the dog) once shared a

THE ROBERT DUVALL HALL OF FAME

This is Robert enjoying the sunshine along with the cast of *Goodfellas*

Robert with Mandy Dingle on *Emmerdale*

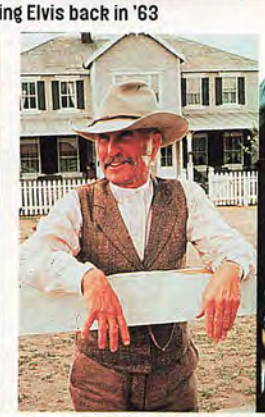


This is Robert with Tom Cruise in *Top Gun*

Robert takes charge of the troops in *Hamburger Hill*

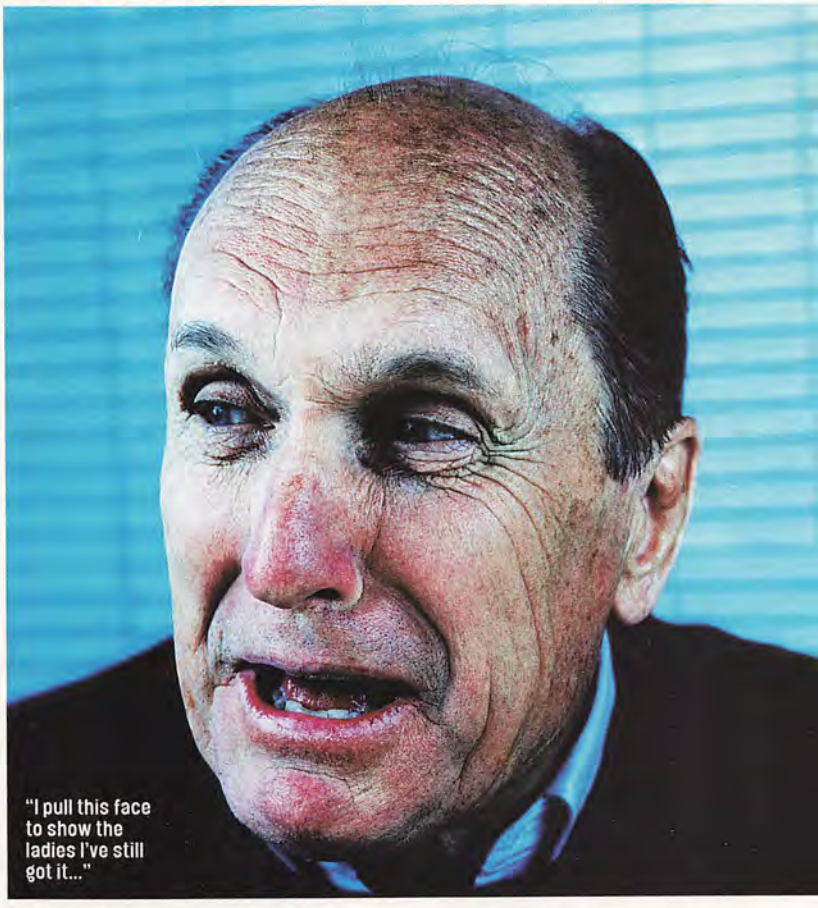
Meeting Elvis back in '63

Robert joking with Gonzo on the set of *Muppet's Treasure Island*



This is him in *Midnight Cowboy*

AND MORE SUCCESSFUL IT'S EASIER TO GET AN APHRODISIAC"



"I pull this face to show the ladies I've still got it..."

flat with Hackman and Hoffman. Do they still see each other?

"When I get together with them we talk over old times. It's a funny, fickle business. You don't seem to see each other much once you've made it. I did *Geronimo* with Hackman after we hadn't seen each other for years. Before every take we'd be chatting, then 'quiet, action, cut' and we'd be right back into it, like 30 years hadn't even passed. I've called him once since but I haven't seen him. We're still good friends but it's the nature of the business. Success isolates people. You can be in a movie for 10 weeks, really get to know people and when that's over you may never see them again."

That's a shame, especially since you've been in a lot of films with a lot of beautiful women…

"When I played Stalin, Julia Ormond played my wife and she was incredible. Sandra Bullock is beautiful, too. The actress I most admire, though, is Rachel Ticotin – she was in the movie *Falling Down*. She was beautiful, but our paths have never crossed since. I saw Johnny Depp recently and he told me her new boyfriend is the wrong guy for her, but I know it'll never happen."

I feel sorry for the bloke who's got you and Johnny Depp standing around discussing his girlfriend…

"But my girl, she's Latin American, if she even caught me looking at another woman. Oooh."

Do you have other temptations?

"Like most guys I have a roving eye for the ladies. That's one of the perks of success. When you're young you can't get anything, then when you're older and more successful, it's easier to get women. Success is an aphrodisiac. What I can't understand is drinking until you wake up the next day with a headache. In Texas my friend drinks 32 beers a day. I don't get it. Longevity is my thing. I think I'm a late bloomer. My career is better than ever. I'm doing all my own things. Movies that I want to do. I don't feel my fire is burning out and I'm getting more offers now than ever. The last eight years have been about the best in my career.

Come on, what about *Apocalypse Now* and *The Godfather*? They were two of the most successful films of the '70s.

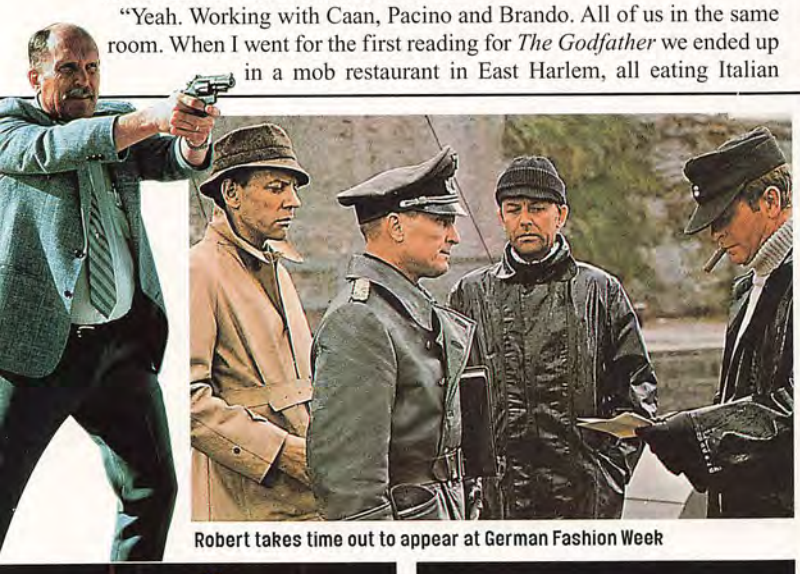
"Yeah. Working with Caan, Pacino and Brando. All of us in the same room. When I went for the first reading for *The Godfather* we ended up in a mob restaurant in East Harlem, all eating Italian food. The Italians were against the movie and yet they had guys actually playing in it. Those mob guys say one thing and do another. Brando was great, he'd always read his lines off cue cards, so we'd take away the lines at the last minute and put in a wedding invitation. (In character) 'You are cordially invited… hey wass this?' We had a lot of fun."

Did you have a hard time on the set of *Apocalypse Now*?

"No, not like the people who were there for the duration. I was there for nine weeks, playing basketball and going body surfing every night after work, not much board surfing. We went out one day with a pontoon boat, beer and sandwiches. The next day this guy who'd flown over the same spot said that there was a 20ft shark right where we were surfing."

Do you like to take risks?

"Rafting the Upper Ganges is something I'd never do again. I was almost killed. ABC were going to film it but didn't equip or organise us properly. We'd gone eight kilometres into uncharted waters when we lost an oar. I flipped out the boat and was holding on with one arm. I could sense death all around."



Robert takes time out to appear at German Fashion Week

Robert in the forthcoming biopic of *Bono*

With Waterman and Thaw in *The New Sweeney*

FINISHING UP THE INTERVIEW WE WALK UP TO THE END OF HIS FARM. PAST some old family graveyard ("If people turn up I have to bury 'em") and a full-size bar in a converted barn.

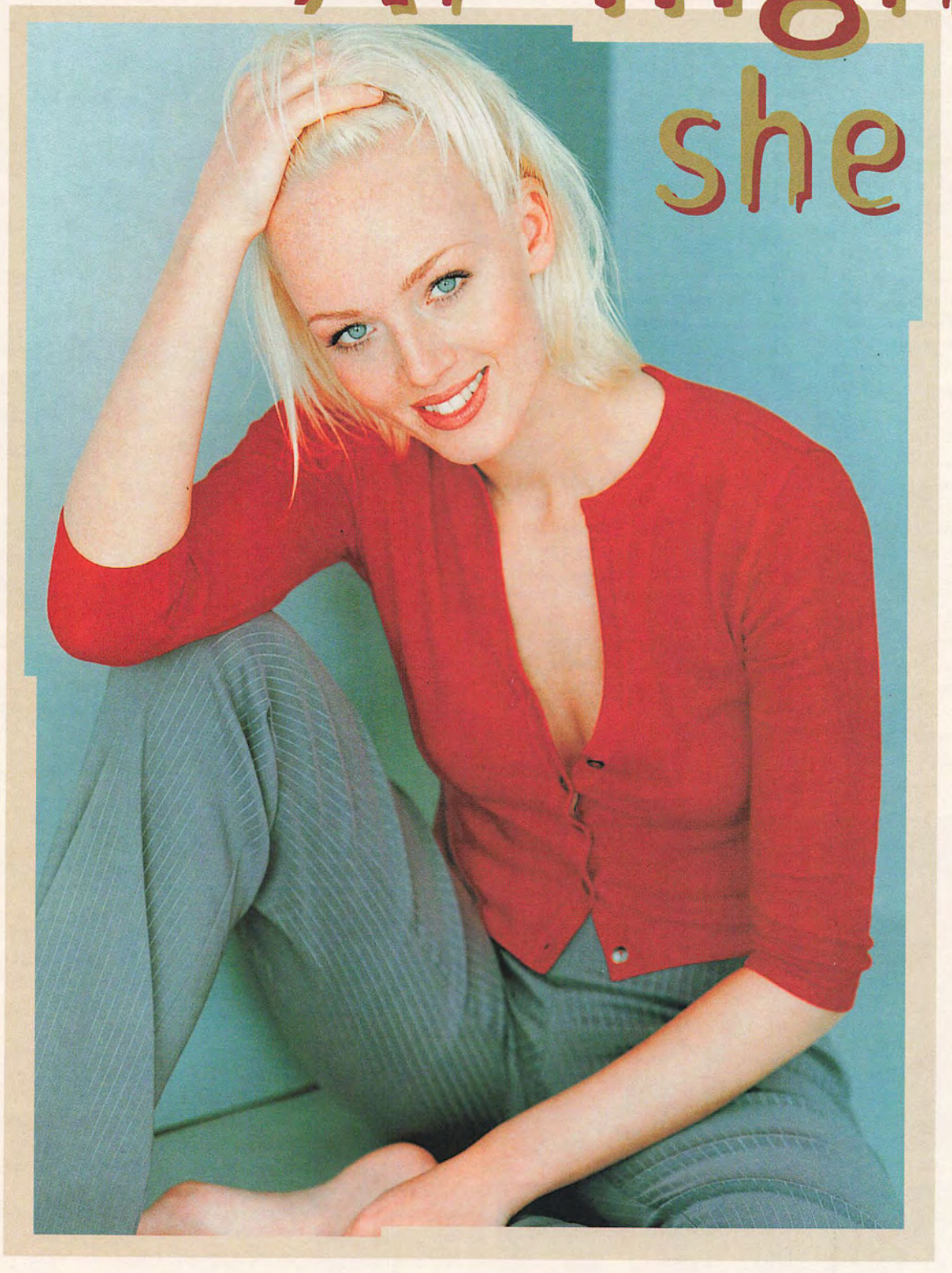
Conversation turns to his love of wrestling, and ultimately whether Bruce Lee could have taken Chuck Norris ("Yes"), and how one of his stunt men was thrown off a film for choking Steven Seagal. With this and other important questions of life and love weighing heavily on our minds I ask him if he thinks his life would have been better without his fame and fortune?

"No, I've had a good career. Overall I wouldn't change a lot. I've made a few mistakes but we all make a few mistakes. My personal life has been strange. It could have been better but… I give up, I quit. As an actor, though, I never quit. I just keep going on and on."

And for that, we really can praise the Lord. ◘

At night

she sn



ores like a pig.

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clean obscene

A buyer's guide for this season's bikinis. And some plumbing

photos by TONY McGEE story by JOHN PERRY
modelled by CHARLIE, GABRIELLE & JORDAN
styling by MARCELLA MARTINELLI
make-up by EMMA OSBORNE
at muse using club monaco
hair by JAMES McMAHON

Gabrielle French Connection snake-print bikini £35 Enq: 0171 399 7200 Jordan Anna Club by La Perla black and white zebra print bikini £150 Enq: 0171 436 5864. All shoes by Thierry Mugler. Enq: 0171 629 7020

"In the future," claims *Tommorrow's World* fan Gabrielle, "we'll be able to get dried while taking a shower"

Jordan has a nervous habit of tearing up beer mats and underwear

Jordan Morgan safari tan bikini £55 and safari small skirt £29. Enq: 0171 383 2888

Gabrielle Triumph one shoulder purple swimsuit £40. Enq: 01793 720232

AHH, CAN'T YOU SMELL IT? THE HEADY AROMA OF damp knotted hankies, melting King Cones (extra nuts) and yesterday's whelks all floating on the salty sea breeze. Yep, it's summertime again! Time to get your knobbly knees out in the sunlight and sit around on the beach with your lobster-pink gut hanging over your shorts. Lovely. Of course, with the harsh ozone-free English sun belting down on our frail white bodies we'll be needing to cool down more than usual. Let's face it, there's nothing worse than a sweaty sunburnt Englishman oozing kebab fumes from his filthy flab. So we rang the 24-hour Glamour Plumbing hotline and got top models/ballcock enthusiasts Jordan, Gabrielle and Charlie down to the **loaded** shower block to check that the plumbing was up to scratch. Take two birds into the shower? Hey, why stop there?

Fortunately, Charlie is now over her drink problem

Charlie Joely Nian red bikini £80. Enq: 0171 267 4770

Jordan Guess bright green '60s-style bikini £49. Enq: 0171 823 8008 **Magic Shoes Company black rubber thigh boots** £138. Enq: 0171 791 3331

Jordan tries to avoid getting her arse wet

"Showering is so harsh on my hands," claims Gabrielle

Gabrielle Perla Sport black bikini with zip-up bottom £130. Enq: 0171 436 5864 **Cornelia James black gloves** £25. Enq: 0171 629 1234. Shoes by Thierry Mugler. Enq: 0171 629 7020

SMOKING KILLS

Chief Medical Officers' Warning
5mg Tar 0.5mg Nicotine

Jordan had some trouble with the concept of wearing a bikini top

Gabrielle Sam de Téran pale blue sequin swimsuit £149 Enq: 0171 584 0902 Gina glitter mules £120.00 Enq: 0171 235 2935 Jordan and Charlie Sam de Téran pale blue sequin bikini top £89 bikini bottom £89 Gina leather mules £185

Peculiar? When was the last time you saw a pint of lager that actually kept its head?
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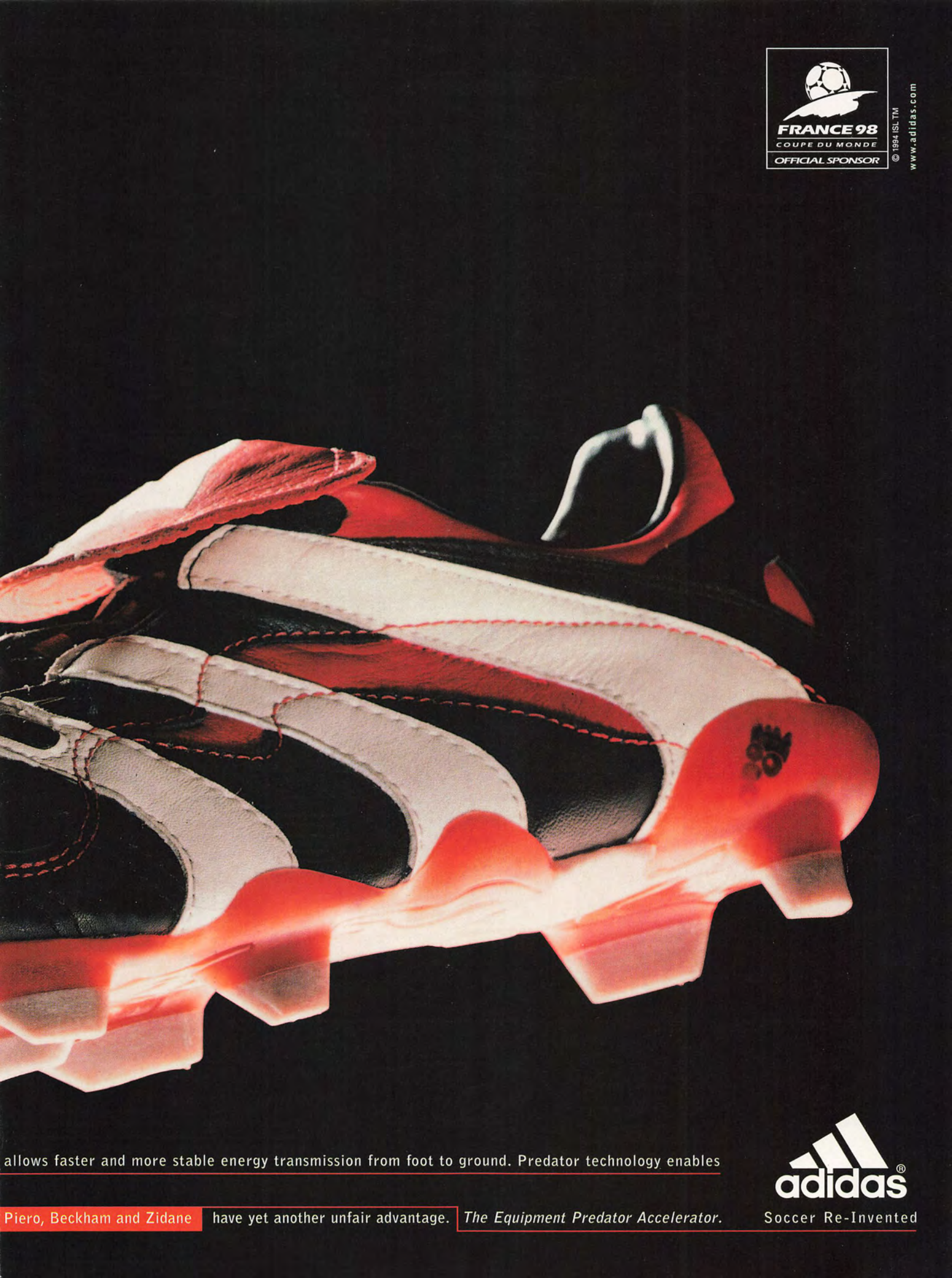
The Equipment Predator Accelerator. The Feet You Wear design players to shoot, swerve and control the ball faster. And the Traxion outsole enables faster turns, stops and starts. Kluivert, Del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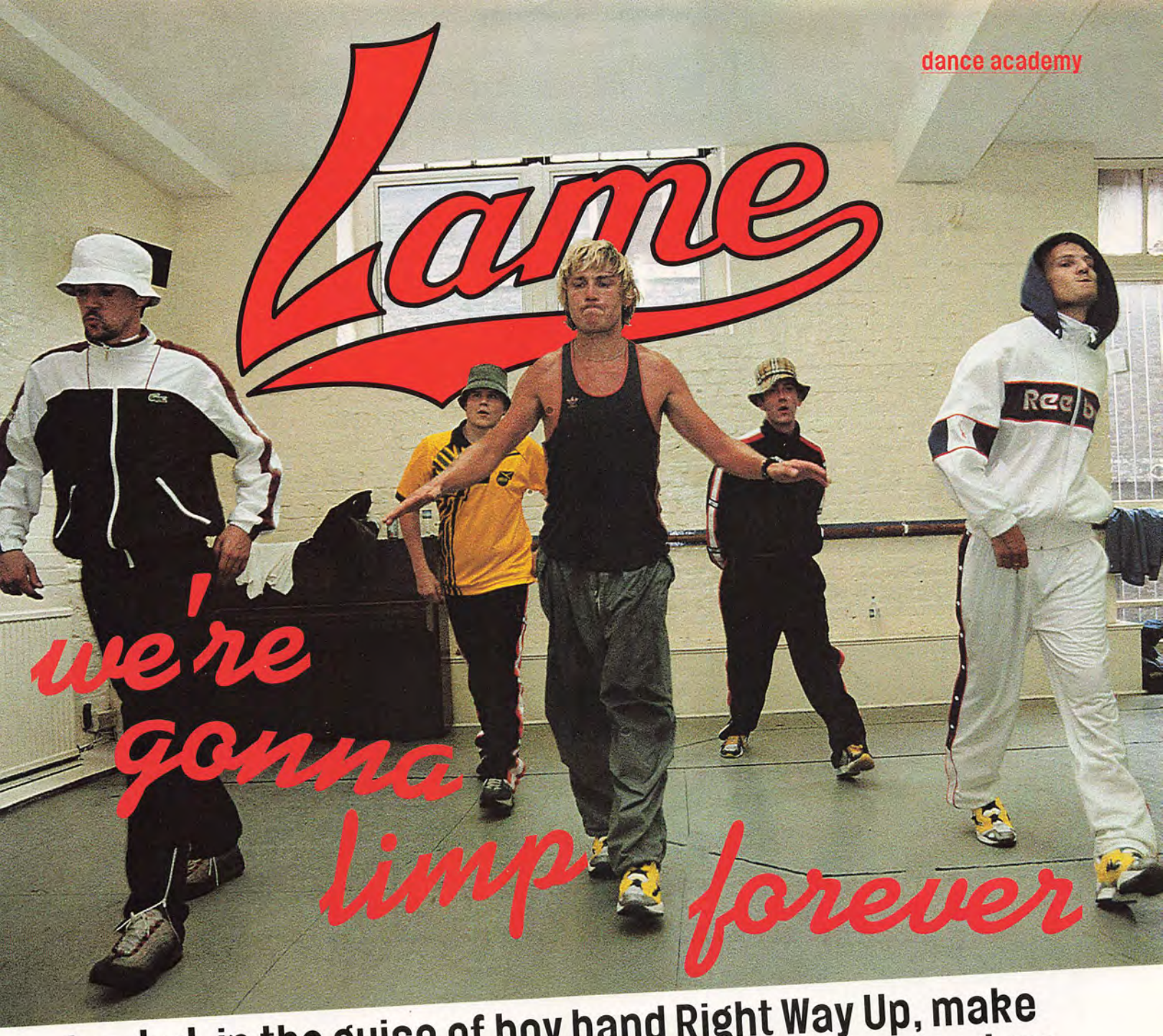


loaded, in the guise of boy band Right Way Up, make a feeble attempt to dance their way to pop stardom

THE ROAD TO POP SUCCESS IS A LONG AND winding one, littered with the burnt out husks of teenage hope. Look out of the tinted windows of your limo as you zoom up rock's glittering boulevard, and you can see Bad Boys Inc shivering in a doorway begging for small change and Worlds Apart selling *The Big Issue* to make ends meet.

Being in a boy band is a risky business. Take the chilling case of Craig Logan out of Bros: one minute he's wearing a distressed leather jacket and a wan smile on *Saturday Superstore*, the next he's married to the one that isn't dead out of Mel and Kim and shovelling wet chips into lorry drivers up the Knutsford exit of the M6. So why would anyone want to be in a boy band? Oh, just the small matter of thousands of impressionable teenage girls screaming at you, a bus-pass to *Stringfellows* and all the heroin you can cram in your too-hip pockets. Boy Band World™ is a primary-coloured paradise for the semi-talented where your every waking moment is taken up with sex, drugs and the nagging feeling that a crushing humiliation in front of millions is just around the corner. Hey! Sounds like heaven.

Of course, **loaded**'s very own boy band, Right Way Up (influences Upside Down, ✈

story by PHIL ROBINSON photos by ANTONY MEDLEY

Milli Vanilli, Joe 'Shaddap You Face' Dolce) are *slightly* different from your average run o' t'mill Backstreet Boys. For a start, we are the oldest 'boy' band in history, having an average age of 28 and an impressive collection of pot bellies and hacking smokers' coughs. Forced to draw our line-up from the muddy well of the **loaded** office, Right Way Up are totally lacking in the boyish good looks/affable personality/ability to sing and dance departments. Still, that never stopped Gary Barlow.

And we do have some really nice tracksuits, which is always half the battle. That's the joy of cynically manufactured pop fluff; sort out the tracksuits and everything else can be added on with technology. Our semi-foolproof plan was to knock up a shit cover of Shakin' Steven's 'Marie Marie' accompanied by a video featuring big-arsed clog-dancers and promote it by having a very public and very filthy one-night stand with Zoe Ball. All six of us at once.

Unfortunately, the one thing we can't fake is the dance bit. The harsh reality of boy band life is that you simply HAVE to prance around on *Live And Kicking* in ill-fitting trousers and shirts that don't button up.

So we call on the experts, hoofer's mecca Pineapple Studios in London's Covent Garden, where the real boy bands go to learn which foot is the left one.

"Hello, we're Right Way Up!" says Phil to the receptionist as we shuffle sheepishly in, "We're on *Top Of The Pops* next week!"

"That's nice..." she replies sweetly. "Studio12. Don't make a mess."

The studio is just like a set from *Fame*; big mirror covering one wall, ballet bars all around the edge and a battered piano in the corner that we all hide behind to change into our leg warmers and leotards. It begins to dawn on us what we've let ourselves in for.

"They *do* know this is a joke, don't they?" hisses Jim as our choreographer, a disgustingly healthy Sporty Spice lookalike called Amanda bounces in bellowing, "Let's WARM UP!"

"Yeah! Whoo! Awright!" we yell, just like a proper band. Phil sucks in his gut, Jim strips to his vest and I unzip my tracksuit to reveal my puny chest, just like Marky Mark used to do. Then I look in the mirror and zip myself up again.

Amanda remains unmoved by this wanton display of hot boy-band flesh. No doubt she's been through all this with Ant & Dec.

A 'warm up' may sound like a gentle trot

"All together now boys, it's fun to stay at the U er, W...V...eh?"

"Whooa, these drugs are great!"

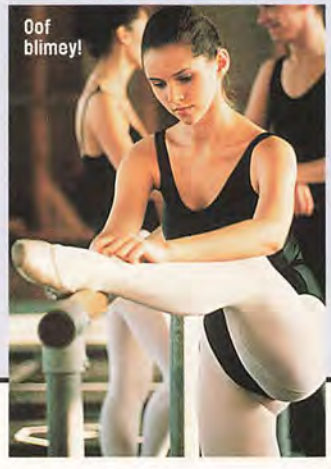
He auditioned for *Blue Brothers 2000* but lost out to a fat bloke

A WORLD OF DANCE

It's not all jigging up and down against girls' thighs in discos you know. All over the planet people with legs do it in ways you can't imagine. Here for the first time, together on the same metaphorical dance floor, are the sweaty uncles, the pissed-up parents and the randy grans of that family known as dance

Ballet

Whereas most dancing is all about expressing moods and feelings through moving your body about in a rhythmic way, ballet dancing is about being so rich that you can afford to pay to watch someone else do it for you. In this sense it's not unlike a sort of up-market lap dancing, except no one gets their tits out or rubs baby oil into them. Which makes you wonder how they justify the price of the tickets. Popular ballet moves include pirouettes, pas de deux and leaping forward in the air with your legs apart with sufficient thrust to clear, say, a slumbering tramp who is blocking the driveway to your house. To do ballet properly you need a pair of tights and a government subsidy . Popular ballets include *The Nutcracker, Swan Lake* and *Two Gentlemen Called Maurice Who Live Quietly In Barnes With Their Cat Called Brutus.*



Oof blimey!

"C'mon bitches, let's get down..."

Old People's Pop Dancing

Old people have never quite got the hang of dancing without hanging on to each other for support. Hence their pop shapes most often on display at wedding receptions involve simply shifting all the body weight from one foot to the other on every other beat while a crack team of St John's ambulance men linger nearby keeping an eye on them. Recommended music: anything with a chorus about buying a new pair of slippers. Sit down Dad and

around the pitch before games, but 'warming up' actually entails folding your legs behind your head and weeping like a girl.

"It hurts…" whines Michael as Amanda helpfully crushes his spine into his chest. "I don't want pop stardom any more…"

By the end of our warm up, we're all lying on the floor like melted blancmange, I'm wheezing like a walrus with a bullet in one lung, and Phil is literally weeping with pain.

"Thank God… it's over…" he gasps, flopping like a stranded guppy.

Then in comes Jimmy, our instructor – a lean dance machine charged with the task of teaching us 'Street Lockin', a simplified version of all that shuffling, arm-waving formation slouching that Janet Jackson has in her videos. He's clearly hellbent on killing us.

Amanda's unmoved by our wanton display of hot boy flesh

"Are you ready to rock, guys?" he booms.

"Um, can I have a fag first…?" whines Tom.

"Heh-heh, I like my brother here!" laughs Jimmy and punches Tom playfully on the arm. Tom crumples like a wet Hoover bag.

"COME ON!" yells Jimmy, jumping up and down on the spot. "WORK IT OUT! Step it UP!" Jimmy then runs through an impossible series of moves like a speeded-up, cartoon body-popper.

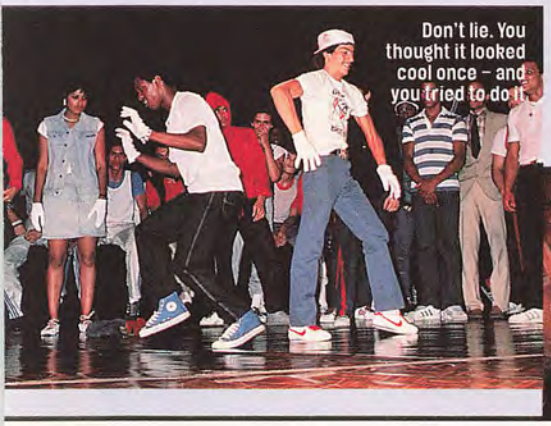
"See how easy it is?" he grins.

"Can I go to the toilet?" whimpers Phil.

Sensing our terror, Jimmy starts off by trying to boost our confidence with something he thinks we'll all be able to do. Essentially, it goes like this: move one, put right hand in the air. Move two, point to the right and bend left knee. Move three, put left hand in the air. Move four, point to the right, bending right knee. Sounds easy, eh? Yes, well, it *isn't*. Right Way Up flops around like ✈ tell us again about the time Auntie June's stitches burst.

Pretending You're A Robot

Excellent! Started off with some French bloke in white gloves pretending to walk into the wind then discovering an invisible wall with a door in it. Michael Jackson stripped the concept down even further by walking forwards while actually walking backwards, possibly on the moon. When body popping kicked off he was there too, making it look like something crawled up his sleeve round the back of his neck then scuttled down his other arm. Knackered out, he sat down and let Madonna have the final word. Vogueing meant just standing there and staring at people while you rest your face between thumb and forefinger and do an expression like you think you might have left the gas on at home. Superb. Sadly, though, short of being frozen cryogenically and delivered on a cart to a disco so that people can watch you lie there immobile, experts reckon this dance form has nowhere else to go.



Waltz, Tango, Foxtrot

All once-popular, dancehall classics undertaken very politely at weekends by courting couples. Now just words employed by police as call signs in crack raids on council estates. Shame. Still, rarefied competitive versions of the old slow-slow-quick-quick-slow can be seen occasionally on telly. Ballroom Dancing they call ✈

"This little piggy went to market" "Arrrgh!"

Oh, sit down grand dad

Gratuitous open-leg shot

have been making a right twat of myself. In fact, in the mirror, I look like a very confused moose slipping about in a pool of flat Tizer.

"It's not as easy as it looks, is it?" puffs Pete, beginning to resemble a Lacoste-clad tomato.

"I can manage the street part," says Tom, removing the soggy fag from behind his ear. "It's the lockin' part I'm having trouble with."

As it becomes more and more evident to Jimmy that hot, new pop act Right Way Up are rhythmically subnormal, he changes tack.

"OK, let's try something a little different!" he says with as much enthusiasm as he can muster, and demonstrates each new move s-l-o-w-l-y like he's explaining Lego to lobotomised jellyfish. See, our problem isn't that the body is incapable of doing the moves, the problem is the brain can't cope with absorbing so many things so quickly. We end up substituting tricky moves like putting *both* hands in the air at the same time for our own moves, like 'the Brucie', a comic mangling of *The Generation Game* stance that has us doubled up with laughter.

Even so, we just can't do the dance AT ALL. We get to move five and our collective band mind goes blank. Things get tense in the Right Way Up camp. Pete ✈

a pile of tripe on a wet plate. Amanda actually has to stop because she's laughing too hard.

The funny thing is, it's actually quite disturbing to discover you can't dance. I've always prided myself that, after a jar or two, I can shake my booty with the best of them. I was now forced to come to terms with the fact that ever since my disco debut at the Junior Four Christmas party, aged 10 (big dancefloor filler: The Nolans' 'I'm In The Mood For Dancing'), I

We lack looks, charm and the ability to sing or dance

A WORLD OF DANCE

it, and Angela Rippon's usually there sticking her nose in. "Come Dancing," she'd say. The very title gives you some idea how exciting it must have been to take part.

Breakdancing
Lay on your back, flip your left leg over your right leg, then your right leg over your left leg until you start turning round very fast like some pissed-up, flipped-over tortoise whose legs hate each other. Angry! As momentum builds, spin around onto your neck, grab your ankles and swivel. Keep going till someone else wants a go. Steady, Deaf Boy! You're chillin' out the Job Centre.

A quick one off the wrist

Line, Square, Barn and Square Dancing
The best sort of low-stress dancing that you can get. Someone stands up the front telling you exactly what to do and you do it. Excellent. Everybody's happy. Not really dancing at all. More a test of how good you are at taking orders. Who cares if this is how the Nazis got started? See also The Hokey Cokey.

Line dancers – the foot soldiers of fascism

'60s Dancing
The '60s – they were born dancing and they didn't sit down again until at least 1971, by which time everyone else had eaten all the vol au vents and gone home. The Frug, The Watusi, The Mash Potato, The Hitch Hiker, The Grave Digger, The Fat Wet Escalator. Not horses but mad space-age dances invented by drug-addicted, long-haired freak chicks with E-Type white lipstick in tight pants made out of liquidmetalpolyteflon who lived in groovy go-go cages just off Carnaby Street and ate crisps made out of horses. Crayzee! Never been beaten. Still big with the Dutch.

Lambada, Salsa, Mambo, Cha cha, Rhumba
Overheated version of that old favourite ballroom dancing. Practised in the main by ✈

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Tim's big breakdown

PART 3

Tim was so humiliated last time he tried to advertise EMBASSY LIGHTS he's having trouble getting his career back on track. While he rests between engagements he's trying to earn a living in the normal way. Sadly, he's rubbish. Even if he can't cook and he scares the customers, you'd think he could wash dishes, but he never watched his mum while she did it. All Tim's thought of so far is eating the leftovers and licking the plates clean. Even with the dog in to help the stuff is piling up. Tim's started to realise how clever his mum was and he wants to go home. Pathetic isn't it.

SMOKING KILLS

Chief Medical Officers' Warning
5mg Tar 0.5mg Nicotine

accuses Phil of having lost move seven.

"It was there a minute ago!" he insists, "between move six and move eight!"

"I never touched it!" retorts Phil, "Jim had it last!"

Boyzone, of course, can sing *and* dance at the same time. We can barely manage to Street Lock and breathe at the same time.

"This is the street-lockin' equivalent of dancing around handbags," pants Phil.

By the end, we're utterly shattered, mainly because we've been giggling so much all the way through.

"I've never sweated so much in my life," puffs Jim, peeling off his vest like a crab.

"That's it!" says Michael, "I've had enough! I'm breaking up the band!"

"Ahhh… So *what's* the name of your band?" asks Jimmy, perhaps sensing a tabloid exclusive. We all grin at each other; we may have been the most spacky dance troupe of all time, we may have almost died through tar-filled lungs, we may have looked like six shrivelled potatoes rolling about on the back shelf of a speeding car, but Jimmy is convinced we actually *are* a *real* boy band!

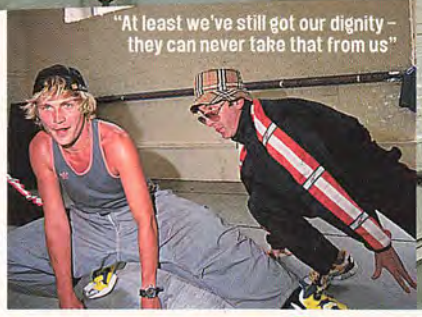
"We're Right Way Up!" beams Phil. "We're on *Top Of The Pops* next week!"

You can but dream. ■

If you want to learn how to dance, ring Pineapple Studios on 0171 836 4004.

"If I don't go to the toilet soon, I'll be doing a fucking rain dance!"

"Come and get it ladies – kiss me where it smells"


"At least we've still got our dignity – they can never take that from us"

"This one's called 'The Sumo'"

I look like a very confused moose slipping about in a pool of flat Tizer

A WORLD OF DANCE

foreigners. Flamenco was a similar idea except it involves more strutting about. Ruins your floorboards. See also: Dirty Dancing.

"Grrr... I'm a tiger"

Rock'n'Roll

In its time rock'n'roll music has brought us many knacker-twisting dances, none more so than The Twist itself. Invented by Chubby Checker, a fat bloke who twigged that what the kids really wanted was a dance where they could swivel about while going up and down. How right he was. The Twist was an instant hit. For 20 years he ruled the roost till Status Quo realised that, to date, no one had thought to incorporate upper torso movement at all. Their solution was simple – put your hands on your hips and poke your shoulders at the ground alternately. Once again it was a winner. All attempts since to marry the two have ended in tragedy. Namely, that bloke out of Joy Division and Shakin' Stevens, whose Welsh roots proved to be of no clear advantage.

Oh Christ, who let me mum in?

Belly Dancing

Yet another 'part of the body' specialist dance in the same vein as tap dancing (feet), hand jive (hands), finger popping (fingers), The Windmill (mostly just arms), The Bump (arse), and Riverdance (legs), which is like The Can Can but you get to keep your pants on. If you're a fat bird who likes her chips, belly dancing could be right up your street. All you need is bare feet, a dirty grin and a bloke at the back in a sweaty vest playing the bongos and you're off. The only hazard? Nightclub dwarves in linen suits smoking French fags and sticking money in your bouncing, bejewelled bra. Dance for Meester Harry! Dance!!

MICK BUNNAGE

SMOKING CAUSES

Chief Medical

The only thing worth putting on paper.

FATAL DISEASES

Officers' Warning

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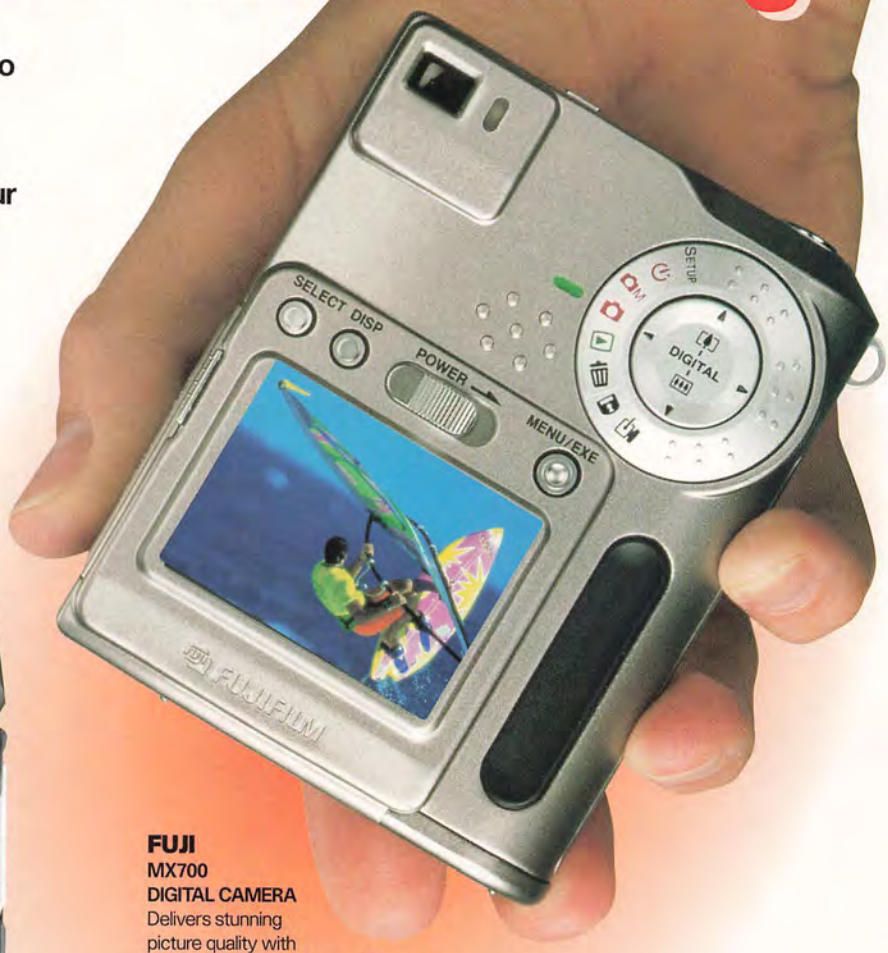

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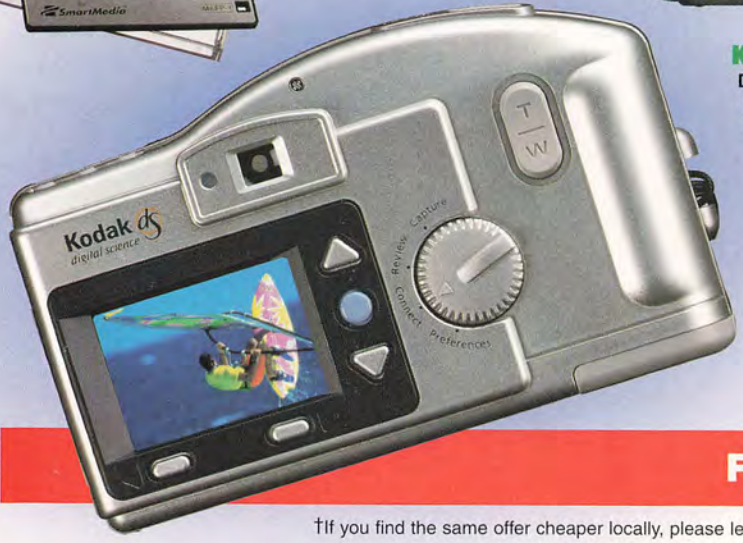

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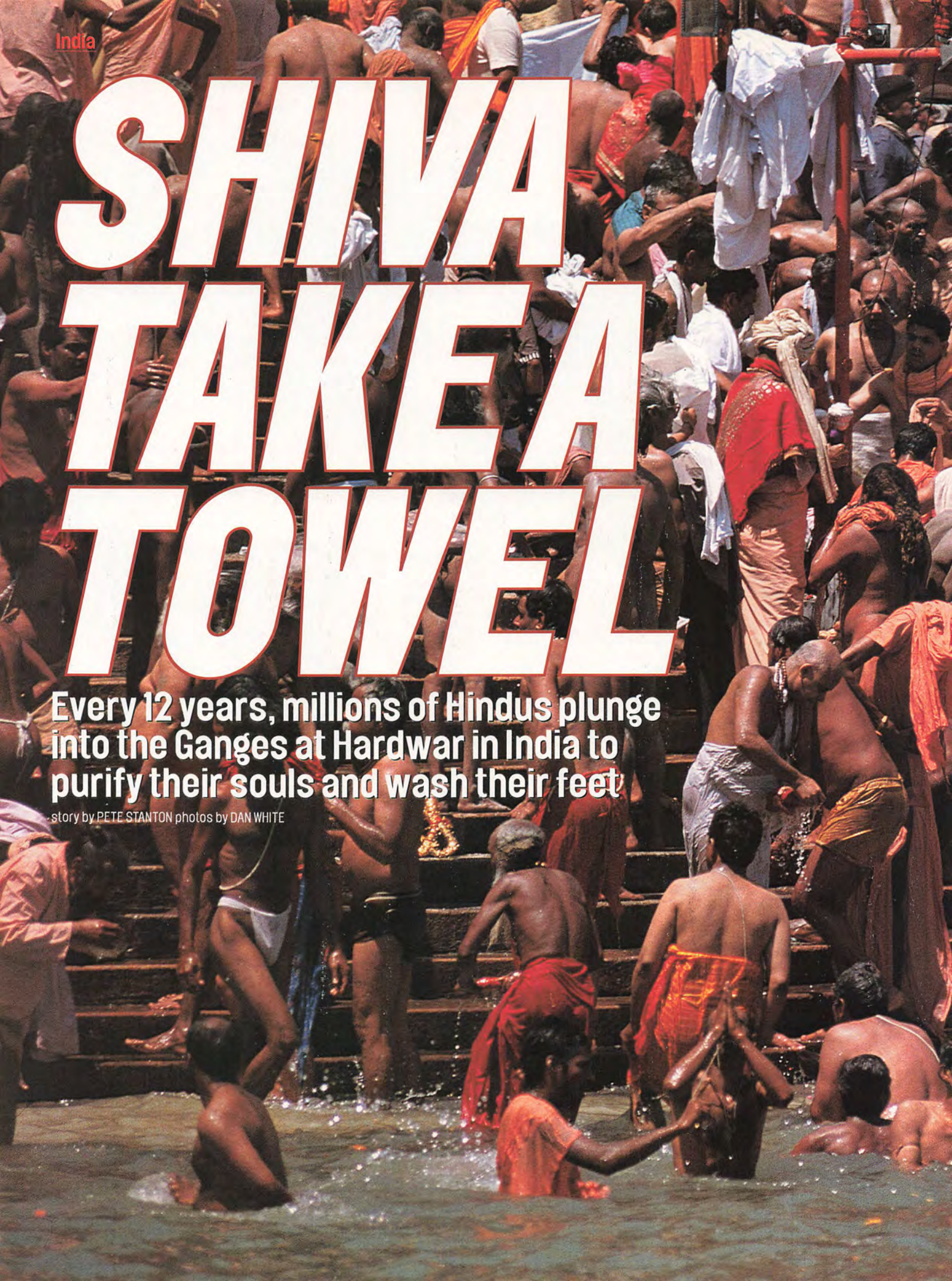
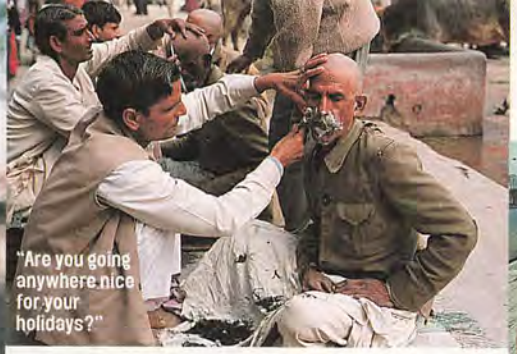
SHIVA TAKE A TOWEL

Every 12 years, millions of Hindus plunge into the Ganges at Hardwar in India to purify their souls and wash their feet

story by PETE STANTON photos by DAN WHITE



Big up the chillum



"Are you going anywhere nice for your holidays?"

India's biggest movie star leaves an imprint of the back of his head on Delhi Boulevard

HEAT, PEOPLE, NOISE AND SMELLS

HINDUISM, FROM where I'm standing, seems as complex as a Croatian microwave guide book written backwards. For starters there are over 330 million Hindu gods and demons. There is one omnipresent god who has three main physical representations. Brahma is the creator, Vishnu is the preserver and Shiva is the destroyer and reproducer. My personal favourite, Ganesh, has the head of an elephant. His original head was chopped off by his father Shiva after he was mistaken for some bloke trying to get off with Shiva's wife. Now you don't find that sort of stuff in the *Bible*. Except maybe the bit on Moses. But what makes Hinduism so powerful, so awe-inspiringly gigantic, so mind-blowingly astounding is that it can bring six million people to a town in northern India the size of Newport Pagnell and inspire them to bathe in water that everybody shits in. Now I'd like to see a Catholic do that.

DELHI, THURSDAY. About tea-time. Heat, people, noise and smells hit the senses the very moment you say thank you to the air stewardess and disembark from the plane. A murderous taxi ride to a hotel which, in the opinion of my taxi driver, was "knocked down last week" but seems to be completely intact as we arrive. The driver is unhappier still when he glares at my 10-rupee tip. He curses me and drives off. Hello India! The Metropolitan Hotel in Old Delhi is situated on Paharganj, a busy narrow street lined with stores selling all manner of goods. It's like any high street really if you were to include cattle, loud Indian music, motorbikes with shitty horns, tuks-tuks (bastard motorised tricyles), beggars, dogs, opticians, and maybe notched the heat up to 40°C. Oh, and put all the toilets on the outside. An acclimatising walk down Paharganj seems as difficult as massaging an angry lion's balls with your eyes shut.

That evening, an Indian gentleman sits opposite me at the hotel's rooftop restaurant and explains to me why all around seems like madness: "India is a great place, just too many people live in it."

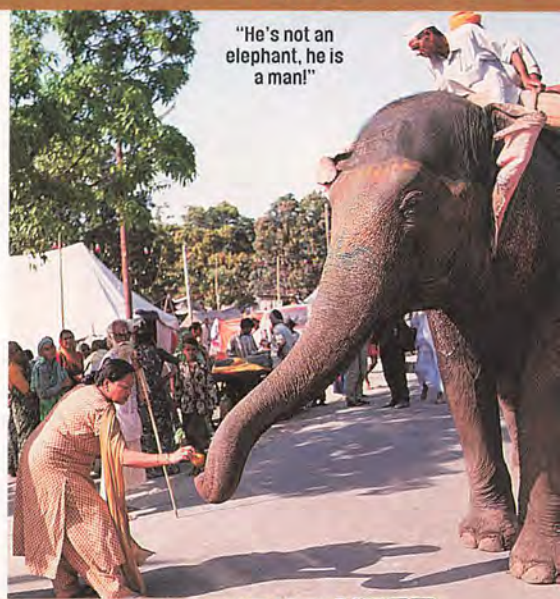
I consider him good company until he offers me a recommendation of somewhere else to eat in Delhi. He writes it down for me too. "T… G… I Fridays" it says on the paper. "If you want really good food," he says, "that's the place."

On the streets of Delhi, the traffic lights have 'Relax' written on the red light bit. This sort of explains the place pretty well. Chaos seems to be the ruler here and Anarchy is its wife. Even the most mild-mannered person will be drawn into arguing with someone in Delhi. Cab drivers, tuk-tuk drivers, shopkeepers, small children; all can provoke an anger you've never felt before. And every Indian knows how to deal with an irate foreigner. The old shake the head from side to side routine. It can be used in over 730 different situations but mostly it seems to mean 'I have no idea what you're on about'. Maybe it's just me. Whatever, Delhi seems to me to be much like putting your hand in a toaster. You get badly burnt on both sides and you regret having gone there.

My next morning was like a scene straight from *Apocalypse Now*. New Delhi train station looks like it hasn't had a lick of paint on it since the British left 50 years ago. Like everywhere else it's rammed with people. The train ticket I have in my hand for the 12.05 Uijjini Express to Hardwar now seems as much use to me as a hat made completely of potatoes. The train, when it arrives (at 14.25) is so full that in one carriage people are lying across other people's heads. I even notice a goat in there too.

Sticking out like an immense banana as I do, I realise that the chances of me going up to a family of eight and saying, "Excuse me, I think you may have my seat" are slim. I opt for a taxi instead. The journey may be 216km, but an Indian taxi driver would take you to Bangkok if you had the cash. My driver, I'm informed by his boss, speaks excellent English. It could be fun. Three miles out of Delhi, following a conversation where the high point was, "Yes, Alan Shearer, hahaha" our chat is at an end. As it is for the next six hours. What I do know of him is that he drives a car like Ray Charles would. I'm still not sure if Indians drive on the left or the right.

SATURDAY: HARDWAR. AN EXTREMELY HOLY place, with a look of Oxford to it. Literally translated, Hardwar means 'gateway to the abode



"He's not an elephant, he is a man!"

The 1998 Indian Army pointing champion

"Well somebody's got to jump in first"

BEWARE OF MONKEYS KEEP YOUR DOOR WINDOW CLOSED

of Gods'. It's also been described as a cross between Blackpool and Lourdes. Hardwar's positioning at the base of the Shivalik hills is idyllic. It's where the River Ganges leaves the Himalayas and meets the plains. Six million are expected to converge for this year's Kumbh Mela (the last one of the century), which for a town that has only 100,000 people living in it means they'd better stock up on curries. On 6 February 1989 an estimated 15 million pilgrims travelled to Allahabad in India for their last Kumbh Mela. According to the *Guinness Book Of Records*, this was "the greatest number of human beings assembled with a common purpose" in history. The last time Hardwar held a Kumbh Mela, in 1986, a stampede took about 60 lives. For this one, 30,000 policeman and paramilitary forces have been deployed to avert any more tragedies.

It is a policeman who is the first person I meet in Hardwar. "Bleeeeeeeeeeeeeet!" He blows a whistle in my ear which causes both my eardrums to meet in the centre of my head. Then he pushes me away. Hello Hardwar! My hotel for the next few days will be the Mansarover International. A not-so-classy place where the receptionist looks like the bad guy out of *For A Few Dollars More*. A sign on the wall reads, "Beware The Monkeys." The room I'm given has a wonky fan, blood-stained carpet and an air-conditioning unit which blows in pigeon feathers and sounds like an old man farting. There's a funny smell too. When I switch the light on I notice around a hundred scurrying things of all sizes dart under my bed. I resolve never to turn the light off again for the duration of my stay.

Dan the photographer and his mate Andrew Chilvers, a Brit working in Vietnam for the *South China Morning Press*, are in the room next door.

"Did you bring the vodka?" blurts Chilvers as I walk into their room. Hardwar is a dry town, a fact I knew before I set off, so smuggling booze was top of my 'Things To Do' list. The evening is spent casually getting rat-arsed and watching *Mind Your Language* on Indian telly.

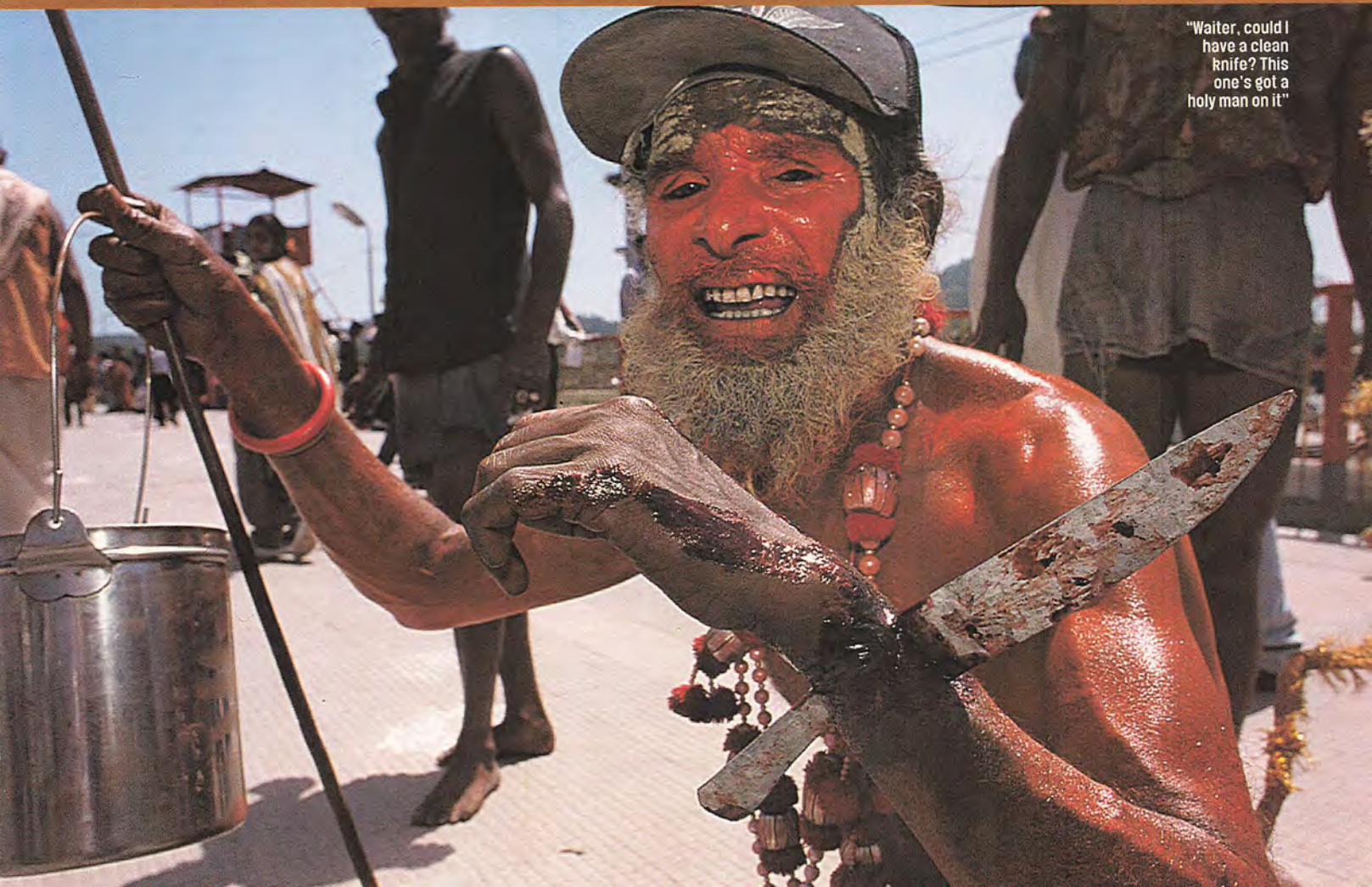
Hardwar in the daze of an early morning sore head has all the appeal of Oxford Street on a Saturday. There's people and noise everywhere. Line upon line of shops selling a multitude of arse (hence the Blackpool connection): plastic toys, cheap trinkets, sunglasses, walking sticks, balloons, aftershaves called 'Passport' and baseball caps with the Union Jack embroidered on them and 'USA' written below. Over 100 years of British rule and they don't even remember that bit. I never knew a place could be full of so much stuff I didn't want. Mr Nanu's record shop across the road was to play one high-paced Indian dance-pop track very loud all day the whole time I was in Hardwar.

Hidden within the inner sanctum of Hardwar is a sadhu village. The sadhus are the characters who have left their old lives behind them and now wander the four corners of India on a spiritual quest. In the village, hundreds of makeshift tents have been erected, Glastonbury style, each containing sadhus and pilgrims all shading from the scorching sun. Many are lying down, many smoking chillums (pipes). Many are smoking chillums and lying down. It's in here that most of the extreme Hindus can be found.

Like for instance, Amar Bharti, a 45-year-old unassuming chap wearing orange pants and a purple waistcoat. The only difference between him and me is the fact that his right arm is bolt upright in the air as if he wants to ask a question. It has been like that for 25 years. When Mud were in the charts with 'Tiger Feet', this man put his arm up. The fingernails, now long curled and scraggy, have turned blue. The fingers have almost grown back into his palm. He couldn't put his arm down if he wanted to. Amar Bhati smiles at me and offers me a seat. Through an interpreter I ask him the first question that comes into my head: "Doesn't it hurt?" He smiles again.

"It was very painful for the first ✈

HIT THE SENSES WHEN YOU ARRIVE



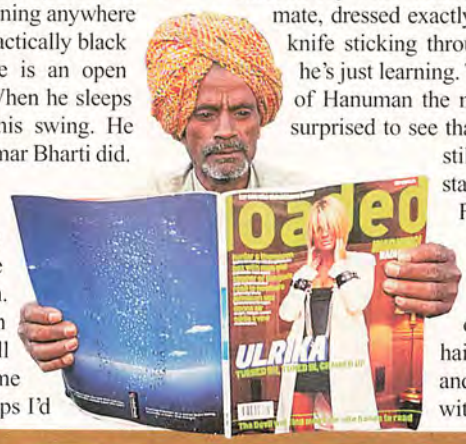
"Waiter, could I have a clean knife? This one's got a holy man on it"

Ever since junior school he has been silently waiting for permission to go to the toilet

year and a half," he says, "but this is a type of medication, sacrificing my hand for the sake of religion." I begin to doubt that 'Tiger Feet' was the reason he put his arm up.

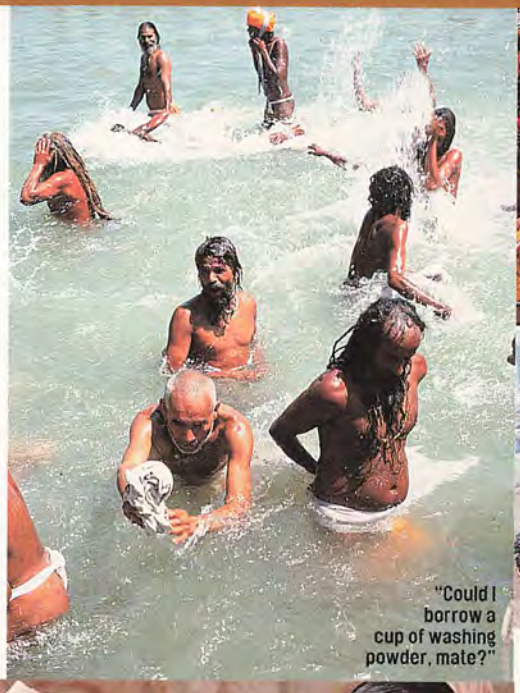
Two tents along, another interesting sadhu stands in the far corner, leaning on a sort of swing. This is Turiat Giri, a name meaning 'The Quick Man'. Not such an apt name as it turns out. Turiat Guri has been standing up for 20 years and the chances of him running anywhere now are nil. His feet are practically black and badly blistered. There is an open wound on his right foot. When he sleeps he sort of leans against his swing. He doesn't look as happy as Amar Bharti did. All around him his followers are sat about him smiling and joking while Turiat Guri looks on like he's just swallowed a lemon. But I suppose if I'd been stood up for 20 years and all my mates were sat around me having a right laugh, perhaps I'd up a fag. Maybe he wanted a light.

The most remarkable looking sadhus I meet are on the way back to the hotel. Reddened by ash, wearing only a red thong, the monkey man has a tassled tail sticking out of his chutney chute and a huge, rusty knife sticking through his wrist. There is congealed blood along the knife and arm like ketchup from a hot dog. On his head there's a baseball cap with 'Champion' printed on it. His mate, dressed exactly the same, has a table knife sticking through his wrist. Perhaps he's just learning. These are the followers of Hanuman the monkey god, and I am surprised to see that, as they walk by, it's still me that the locals stare at in disbelief.



For sheer entertainment, it is the the naked sadhus (naga sadus) who are the ones to watch. Their hair is long and matted and their bodies are caked with the ash of cow dung.

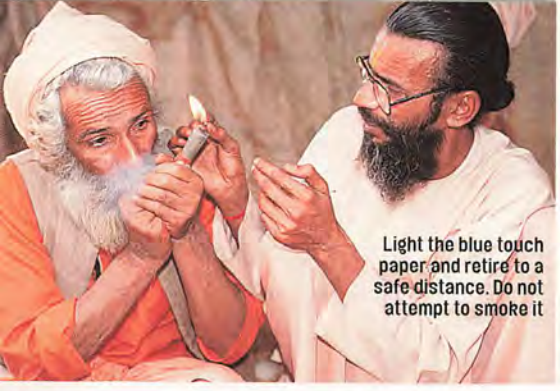
THEIR NAKED BODIES ARE CAKED WITH THE ASH OF COW DUNG



"Could I borrow a cup of washing powder, mate?"

They came, they washed, they went home

The local coke head



Light the blue touch paper and retire to a safe distance. Do not attempt to smoke it

look like that.

Another bloke I meet is a 98-year-old guru called Shreevian Sheevan Bharti. He looks amazing for his age, not a day over 70. I note with some surprise the pack of fags sat in front of him.

"Being unmarried," one of his followers preempts my question, "that is the secret to his age. He has no idea of sex."

No meat, no sex, 40 fags a day. Make a note of that if you want. As we leave, the old man mutters something to us in Hindi, his arms caress the sky as he talks and his head sways. He smiles at us, as if requiring a response.

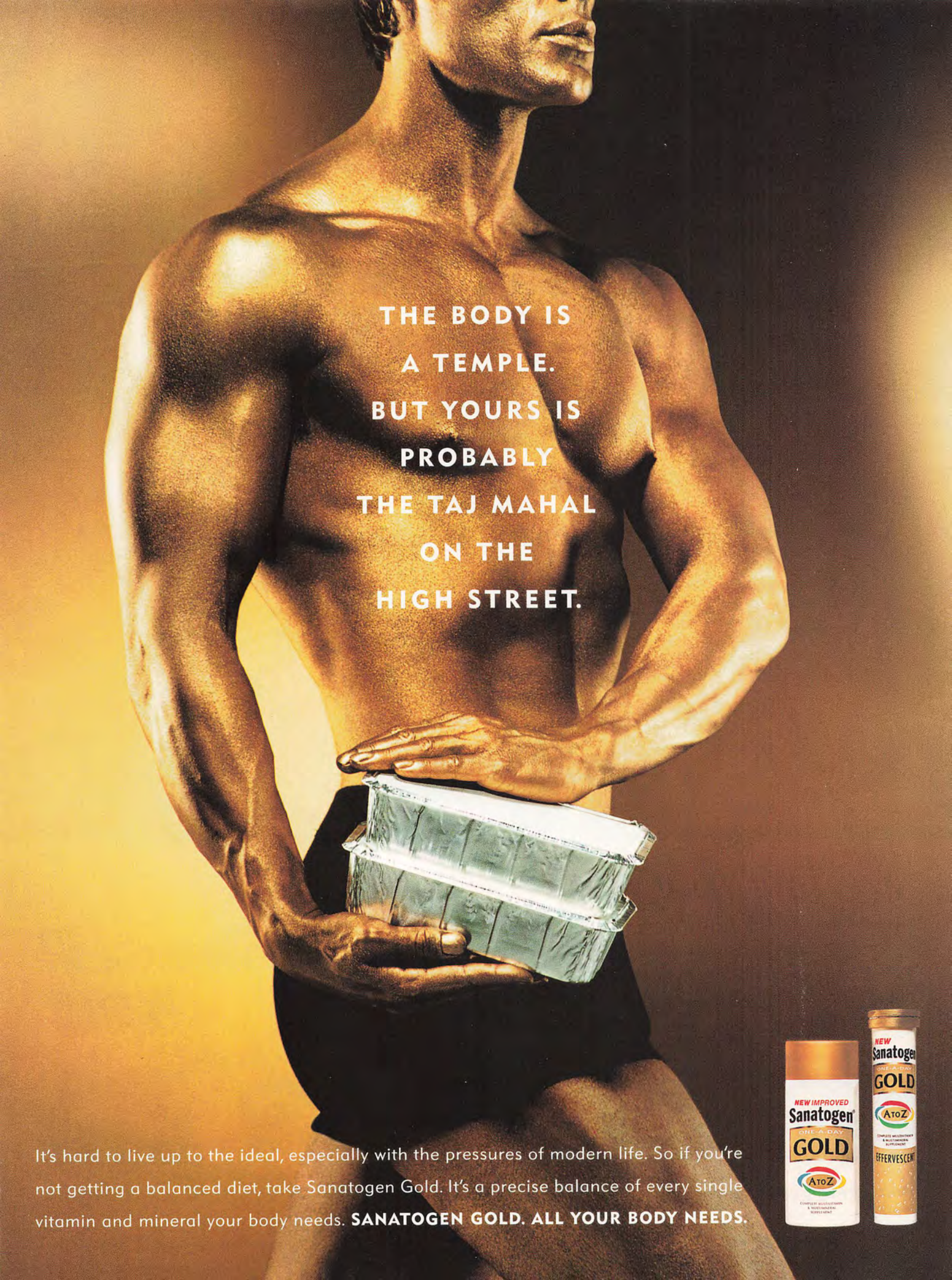
"Thank you," I say.

"You know what," says Dan as we walk away, "he's probably just given us something special like the meaning of life or something and you just said 'Thank you'."

We both look back and see the old man spark

They are as naked as you can be except some have golden thimbles attached to their nobs. As the holiest figures in Hinduism they are central to the festival. They are however "extremely uncontrollable", as someone tells me. Their regime of cold baths, meditation, dope-smoking and wrestling combines unattractively with a darker side. An angry bunch, they've been known to attack rival groups to make their point. A few weeks before we arrived in Hardwar it all went off. Naked sadhus duelled with cutlasses and bombarded each other with sticks and stones. They were simply arguing over who had the right to bathe first in the Ganges. In the fracas the sadhus tossed policemen into the river, who in retaliation beat up pilgrims and even tourists. Shame really that I should miss that.

WITH ONE DAY TO GO ON A FESTIVAL THAT WILL be the last of this century, Hardwar is not surprisingly buzzing like a badly tuned lawnmower. There's noise everywhere – speaker systems blasting out sermons, police whistles, Indian music, shouting, screaming; one bloke is blowing into a radiator-shaped trumpet for no reason. At one point an electricity cable falls from its pole and crashes to the ground, swivelling across the floor like a snake with sparks flying out of the end. Everyone except me ignores it. I return to my room which I have grown to love like a tumour, but even in here there is noise. My toilet has gone onto permanent flush mode and now it sound and smells like I have the Ganges in my bathroom. The fan chunkily swivels above me, precariously ✈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"Oh we do like to be beside the Ganges"

Eurgh

Eurgh

THE GANGES IS FILTHY. PEOPLE SHIT IN IT, VOMIT INTO IT, SPIT IN IT

hanging from the ceiling. Four days of curries is resting uncomfortably in my stomach and my bottom is making sounds you would only hear in a zoo. I hadn't smoked a fag in two years. By Monday, I was on 20 a day.

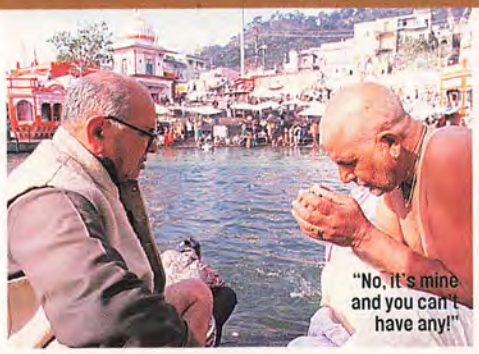
That evening, by the shore of the Ganges, I'm introduced to Mr Tapeshwar Puri, a powerful guru who lives in Hardwar and speaks excellent English. He's also a busy man.

"I have 200 ashrams arriving tomorrow," he says to me, explaining his inability to stay and talk too long, "what am I to feed them?"

Mr Puri is a charming man. His story is like that of many sadhus; he was a shipping agent in Delhi until he had an 'intellectual crisis' and took off from his job and family. With just the clothes on his back, he set forth to wherever his feet would take him and never looked back.

"There is no past, no future, only the present," he explains. "To want a home, a car, a family means nothing to me. I don't believe in impractical things, I only believe what I see. As a sadhu I have peace, I have no whinings, I am free." He makes it sound fantastic, to be honest.

Tuesday, the day of the Kumbh Mela, is as insane as any day I will ever witness. I've never seen six million people all in one street before. After a tip-off from a *Sunday Times* journalist, we find a fantastic viewpoint to witness the main event; the roof of a derelict four-storey block of flats. On the stairs up to the roof I spy a large human turd stewing in the corner. We're obviously not the only ones to find this spot. By 11.30am the sadhus begin their procession from their camps and on to Har Ki Pairi. The religious heads, the gurus of each sect, are perched atop glittering chariots, pulled by their followers, greeting and blessing the devotees lined up on both sides of the route. Coins and flowered petals are showered onto their procession.


"No, it's mine and you can't have any!"

Then, as they line up by the water, at a pre-destined moment they all jump in. Then they bob up and down in the water, splashing each other, behaving like kids. This all seems as appealing as snorkelling in the Thames. The Ganges is without a doubt filthy. People shit into it, vomit into it, spit into it, wash clothes in it and even a few miles upstream from here, people are burnt and their ashes thrown into it. If it removes your sins then great, but what you must pick up from it seems far worse. For the sadhus and millions of pilgrims, though, this is what they have waited for. From my perch I can see the Himalayas in the north and the Ganges disappearing to the south. Below me, in the middle of it all, are some naked men bathing in a river. Happy as Larry. In some insane way everything makes complete sense. I feel a warm, calming rush flow through me. I'd jump in the river myself if I were Hindu. And I'd packed my trunks. The euphoria of the festival has touched a part of me that no other occasion ever has. In my mind I'm on a new course. A whole world of possibilities are out there for the taking. Today I am a new man.

Then I remember I have to go back to Delhi and I start to cry. ◼

HISTORICAL BIT

The Kumbh Mela festival is held in Hardwar every 12 years on the banks of the Ganges river and millions of Hindus from all over India congregate in the town for an entire month. On the main bathing day, pilgims in their millions parade from their camps down to the Har Ki Pairi to bathe in the Ganges. A dip in the Ganges is understood to wash away sins, or the bad karma that has accumulated because of past sins

The festival has been held here since the third century BC. According to Hindu mythology, the 'Devas' (gods) and 'Asuras' (demons) churned the ocean to obtain nectar and when the coveted 'Kumbh' (pot) of 'Amrita' (nectar) which bestowed immortality was obtained, one of the Devas whisked the Kumbha away from the Asuras, pausing at four places ('Tirthas') – Hardwar, Allahabad, Nasik and Ujain – before he finally reached heaven. A few drops of nectar are believed to have spilled over into the water at these four places and sages, saints and pilgrims started gathering every three years at each of these Tirthas in turn, to celebrate the divine event. The most important site in Hardwar is Har Ki Pairi. Legend has it that Vishnu himself made an appearance at this point and left his footprint. Where his other footprint is, no one knows. Unless, of course, he hopped everywhere.

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NOT GOING ANYWHERE FOR A WHILE?

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GOW

They're a little bit 'whoo', a little bit 'wahey', they're a little bit tasty... they're the Fun Lovin' Criminals in New York

FUN LOVIN' CRIMINALS

THE CLUB IS CALLED VARUKE. IT IS, or was five weeks ago, the hippest club in New York for no other reason than it is, or was. On the first night, Leonardo Di Caprio is outside talking to the bouncers while eating a sandwich with a crash helmet half-on/half-off his head. On the second night Marky Mark breaks the North American oestrogen (in an enclosed space) record by some distance, just by loitering in the bar and flirting with women so glamorous that in any normal incarnation his ✈

story by BILL BORROWS
photos by DEREK RIDGERS

only contact with them would be cleaning their windscreens at the traffic lights. "It's named after Varuke Salt," explains the man on the door like he might be explaining the financial intricacies of the Whitewater Scandal to an ethnic Albanian. "You know," he smiles, "like in Willy Wonka?"

"Do you know what a verruca is?" I ask him, making conversation.

"Yeah man, like I said, the kid from Willy Wonka, the girl who disappears down the chute… or is it the one who falls in the chocolate river? No, no… that's the fat German kid, what's his name?"

"Augustus Gloop"

"Yeah man, you know the film… Varuke Salt."

"A verruca, v-e-r-r-u-c-a, is a type of wart commonly found on the foot."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. Perhaps you should consider constructing a small pool full of disinfectant as is commonly found in public swimming baths in the United Kingdom. You could put it just inside the front door."

"Yeah, that's a great idea, man. What is it again? A wart?"

"PEOPLE IN ENGLAND SEEM TO HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOUR ABOUT the way life is," smirks Huey, lead singer of the Fun Lovin' Criminals, as he spells out the reasons why his band are platinum over ✈

"It's a hectic world, man, but I'm not a man for Prozac or anything like that, so I like to self-medicate"

One of them has a dirty habit... of taking his teeth out in the pub

"Why would I be laughing at your hairstyle, man?"

THE KING OF NEW YORK

"You'll never drop litter in this town again, punk"

Five years ago New York was the western world's capital of violent crime. It's now the safest large city in America. It's been a transformation that makes the sex-change operation of Eurovision winner Dana International look like a *This Morning* makeover and the man who's taken credit for most of it is Mayor Rudy Giuliani, the man they call the Juggernaut. Reported crime is down 43 per cent, murders down 61 per cent and armed robbery down 47 per cent. As the Fun Lovin' Criminals' lead singer Huey puts it, "The guy's a scumbag but the people love him, he's turning Times Square into Disney World. Five years ago it was interesting, now it's all silver-haired people going to the theatre. They should have some excitement in their lives too, you know, the odd chain snatcher, mugger or car-jacker…"

This isn't, it must be said, a universally held view. Giuliani's promoted the 'zero tolerance' approach to crime that Home Secretary Jack Straw is keen to introduce here. It's based on the idea that big-time crooks spend a lot of time committing minor crimes and that if police come down hard on things like graffiti and traffic-light windscreen cleaners, street drinking and vandalism, petty disorder and possession of cannabis then crime figures for more serious crimes will also come down. Although statistics support this, the view of the official spokesman for the Fun Lovin' Criminal Party is that it's a sinister right-wing plot. "People should start paying attention to their political situation," says Huey.

"There's this extreme right-wing no smoking pot thing and if you ride a bicycle you can get a speeding ticket or you can be had for D-U-I (driving under the influence)… the smoking affects me directly, you know, you hang out in clubs, you smoke a joint, sometimes you get squashed, sometimes you don't, but at the same time there's the same heroin squat that's been on 11th Street for 15 years and is still operating and there ain't nobody doing nothing about it… that's how it is man, that's how this guy's running shit." He has a potential and unlikely ally in William Bratton, Giuliani's former police chief who believes he was ousted to clear the path for the Mayor to take all the credit. "Giuliani's an asshole," says Bratton. "But he is a successful asshole."

For how long is another matter.

"Everybody loves an outlaw," says Huey. "That's what it's all about. I'm an outlaw, everyone in my band's an outlaw, the whole state's full of fuckin' outlaws, that's how we choose to live… so when you come across someone who's as brazen as John Gotti [*notorious mobster and subject of the FLC hit 'King Of New York'*] there's a degree of admiration there, although maybe not encompassing every area of his life, maybe just the way he didn't give a fuck. Everybody thinks they don't give a fuck but I genuinely think he didn't give a fuck, he was right on the edge there… It's a unique New York attitude where someone who's not altogether a positive person can enamour himself to the people over the fact that it's all cops and robbers."

Bud ICE

here and not even gold over there. We're sat in the garden at the Bowery Bar, a model and money hang-out ("It's like Argentina man, they don't let the ugly women in") with a guest list like the funeral for the Princess of Wales and waiters on placement from the Amnesiac Society of America. "In the US people like to think we can change lifestyles by the decade but it's all crap, it's just the old Hollywood syndrome… if you go to LA there's nothing more than a 100 years old, there's nothing with a link to the past, no tradition of any sort, and without that you lose perspective of where you came from so you're always thinking you can improve upon things.

"England's been around a damn long time and people there understand how shit is because their grandfather told them about it, it's been passed down the ages. And with that comes a great sense of humour because you know shit doesn't change that much, it's still relative. People got the joke and that's where we come from… this bar is a little different from where I come from, a few too many high heels and so forth but where I come from we had to find the humour, and that's what we got in common with people who understand how life is. There are people in the US who know but there are also a lot who think that MTV is some kind of organised religion, it's kinda weird…" he sighs. Unless otherwise indicated, a burst of three consecutive full-stops in a quote from Huey is shorthand for a blast of skunk so powerful that birds are already starting to fall out of the trees.

"It's like," he continues, "it's like no one's thinking about themselves but just how they are perceived, sometimes it seems as though everyone's just for show, not got anything really going on…" A guide dog on the other side of the fence inhales at the wrong time and bolts across East 4th street on a 'Don't Walk' sign. "It's upsetting man. There's no art in it, it's just like everyone's out to make money." On cue, a party of six young men with no arses, plucked eyebrows and voices camp enough to make Julian Clary sound like Joe Cocker mince over and effect some kind of possibly non-legitimate commercial transaction that involves the handing over of small packets in exchange for hard currency. The Fun Lovin' Criminal takes a blast and pulls the 'you-talkin'-to-me' face from *Taxi Driver*.

The face is as natural to New Yorkers as wearing shit shoes is to the French. In normal circumstances it means anything from "what are you talking about?" to "I hope you're aware that you've just entered a world of trouble". On this occasion, melted as it is by borderline cannabis narcosis, it merely means, "You see what I mean?"

"For me, grass is more like demon suppression than getting through it. It's a hectic world, man, but I'm not a man for Prozac or anything like that, so I like to self-medicate, we're still working alright. There is a lot of cocaine in the music business," he adds, unnecessarily. "I don't do it, but it's not a moral thing… it was never something I thought was cool, granted the girlies love it but I can't be bothered with that kind of stuff… it doesn't do good for me, I'm not a good person with that all around me… What year is it? 1998. Well, it's eight years since I touched it but it's everywhere.

"If I ever wanted to go out on a binge, then God bless, it'd all be over. I just, you know [*long pause*]… when I was a kid, that's how I got in the Marines, I was doing a little selling of that kind of stuff, I got pinched, one thing led to another and I ended up in the Marines." This is the first time he's revealed why, in 1990, he was given the option of a custodial sentence or active service. That period in uniform, however, dovetailed rather unfortunately with the Gulf War. "When you're a kid growing up, you always want to travel," he says. "You get to travel in the services but it is always under a bad pretext. I don't regret joining the Marines, you know, given the options it seemed like a logical choice. I was in for a little while [*pause*]…

"I tell you what though, I don't want to not talk about the Marines, but that shit's still so close to home that when I go out drinking and start thinking about the Marines, they weren't all good times, and I get all melancholy and I'm still like that… that's why I get a bit weird, I was in two and-a-half years and…" The sentence drifts off. The future of this interview is not in exploiting Gulf War Syndrome for quotes in big letters. "It's fucking crazy man, for 27 years of my life nobody gave a fuck what I had to say, now they're flying you guys over from England to ask me about this and that…" It's a tactical withdrawal we both accept. Later in the night he volunteers an anecdote about parachuting into an operation in pitch dark and mis-timing the point when he should have released his harness. He broke his feet. He smiles at the memory, it's one of the better ones.

"When I was a kid I was selling a little stuff. I got pinched, one thing led to another and I ended up in the Marines"

THE INSIDE OF A LINCOLN SIX-SEATER LIMOUSINE IS DESIGNED FOR comfort. It's also designed for six people. We pack it like a football team car-jacking a minicab after hours. It's the transportation for the night. There's just room for one more, drummer Steve-o (pronounced like *Hawaii Five-O*), the Fun Lovin' Criminal who was arrested in Leeds last year for making obscene phone calls to a ladies gym. The *Sun*, with unerring inaccuracy, described it thus: "Stephen Borovine, 29, is suspected of making several obscene and threatening calls to Asian women at gyms while the New York band has been touring Britain." An accusation he totally rejects. The police took him into custody at Bridewell police station and kept him overnight, just long enough so that the next day's gig in Manchester was in jeopardy until the last minute. On his release (with a reprimand) a car picked him up and tonned it down the outside lane of the M62. He arrived just in time to walk on stage.

"When he got out of that shit, the first thing he said was, 'Have you got a cigarette?' We were like, 'Here you go Steve, let's go do the show.' He does what he does," shrugs Huey. "So fucking what, you can't really say nothing to him… We played that night and we've got a lot of people in Manchester and they all came out, it was a crazy night. At the next gig in Brighton we were egging the crowd on to start singing, 'You dirty bastard, you dirty bastard…' That's just great man, that's rock'n'roll, we always wanted a drummer that wasn't quite right… You'd have to ask Steve-o about it but what I know is that he went and asked for a rub down and the woman took it the wrong way, he wanted a massage and she was like, 'a rub down?' and freaked. He just went, 'Oh fuck you!' He didn't know the vernacular…"

"And the coppers bought that?"

"Believe me, the coppers will buy anything man."

Steve-o slides into the limo on the back seat. For the record, he seems to be quite a presentable young man, courteous and charming and with very clean finger nails.

Back at the Bowery, two young ladies saunter past checking out the rock star and the fat journalist with the acute shaving rash. I note that, peculiarly, one of them is walking like she is chewing a toffee in her arse. Huey (second name withheld by request) is single. And about to go on a world tour with a rock band. He will, I speculate, probably end up getting some. "I was with a girl for five years up until a month ago and, you know, I was not looking, I was very happy where I was but I know that Fast [*the bass player*] has got a really hot girlfriend who's a singer in a rock band [*Saffron from Republica*] and I'm sure that being in a rock band helped him with that but now she's got to know him I'm sure it's love… I've looked up recently though and there are some fine ladies around." Given the environment, a gratuitous remark of wanton understatement.

The Fun Lovin' Criminals sold more copies of their first album, *Come Find Yourself*, in New York than in any other American city (about 100,000) but can still drink where they like in their home town without interference from star-fuckers and stalkers. Although that might be about to change. "It's weird," whispers Huey. "I was talking to my friend Mike before and he goes: 'That guy's walking by and looking at you every time he walks by,' and I say, 'I don't mean to be all like "Yo I'm in a band" and everything, but maybe the guy knows me from the band because we've played around here a lot. I've been in New York for 27 years and if anybody looks at you more than two times while you're sitting here something's up, you've got to get out… so it's like that. I'm not used to it…" That will also change.

Pressed to isolate the moment when he realised his band had arrived, he doesn't hesitate for a second. "I'll tell you exactly when it was. We were playing with U2 and travelling between ✈

Bud ICE

Huey still gets loads of adoring females...

... and loads of free drugs...

... all because he was swimming team captain back in 1987

venues, and as their plane was taking off I was smoking a joint in the aisle..." He delivers what is popularly known as a shit-eating grin. "It was like a 727, a fucking proper jet plane. That was cool man, you call it as you see it. I don't know them through other people I only know what I know of them and they were cool with us, we felt like we went to our rich cousin's house and they let us fuck around. You know, they didn't say 'stay out of that, stay out of that'. We could do whatever we liked and we were running about in their back yard. They got us each a stereo that we can take on tour and we'll be rocking some hotel rooms in their honour, God bless 'em... We're going to get thrown out of the Metropolitan."

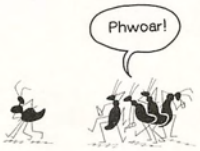
If they don't get thrown out of the country first. The new album, *100% Colombian* (a reference, he insists, to dope and not cocaine), is out in late summer. "The first album was like we were Charlie and had been given the keys to the Chocolate Factory and it was like 'Oh no...' because that's some funny shit, one minute you're a scumbag working in a club, you do some half-assed show and some guy from a record company goes 'do you wanna make a record?' Because that's pretty much how it was... Now with the second record Charlie's down with the Oompah Loompahs, he knows where the fudge goes, we're all just starting to realise there's a bit more to making music than all this." This is the album they hope America is going to get. "It's pretty much the best we could give the people, man. I think the reason a lot of people like our band is because they know it's not a record company thing, we produce it, we mix it, we master it... it's righteous man, it comes directly from us."

HUEY HAS A DOG CALLED SUGAR. IT'S A MIXTURE of Rottweiler, pit bull and some even meaner breeds. It looks like a canine Mike Tyson but is, apparently, "really sweet". Sat on the roof of its owner's apartment, overlooking a flat shared by a lesbian couple employed respectively by the District Attorney's office and the NYPD ("They don't mind nothing man, they've seen a lot of ills and know the place of a little reefer..."), Sugar watches the traffic pass along 8th Street while 'Jimmy the neighbourhood psycho' walks the same section of pavement he has done for at least the last 15 years, crossing the road only as the sun goes down behind the tenements and water-coolers. The apartment itself is all burnished wood floors, commodious leather sofa and a stereo with speakers the size of industrial freezer units. On another roof terrace Huey is cultivating a crop of 'ghetto fern'. It is the perfect laid-back urban setting for the music he makes.

"The way I look at it," he says as he plays us the new album and loads a fistful of spliffs into a cigarette packet, "is that you've always got to have a home base, and that's what New York is; I grew up here... we are lucky that the place we come from is so diverse, you know, my only complaint is with the Rollerbladers. It's not like I don't like Rollerbladers but I don't like the Rollerbladers with all the padding because you know they're not good enough. If you can't do it, get a tread-mill at home, do you know what I'm saying dude? Try and do it where you're not hurting people... but I'm happy where I am, I'm doing alright, I love my house... I'll be here in five years and happy. For Chrissakes, my cleaner even collects my roaches and puts them in an ashtray for me." And he pulls the face from *Taxi Driver* again. This time it means, 'how can it get any better?' ◼

The Fun Lovin' Criminals' new album, 100% Colombian, *is out on 14 September on Chrysalis.*

"At the next gig the crowd were singing 'You dirty bastard!' That was rock'n'roll. We always wanted a drummer that wasn't quite right"



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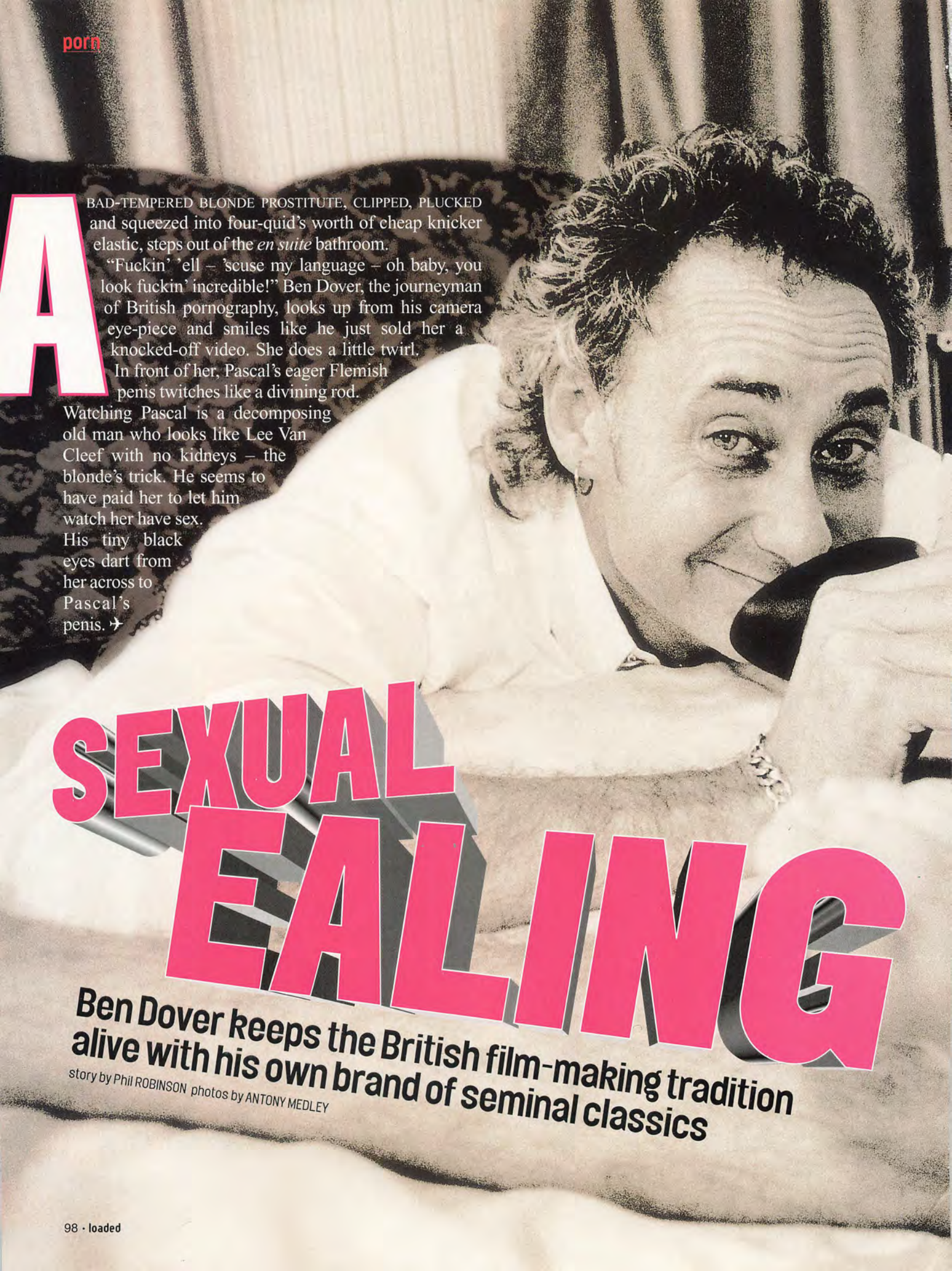


A BAD-TEMPERED BLONDE PROSTITUTE, CLIPPED, PLUCKED and squeezed into four-quid's worth of cheap knicker elastic, steps out of the *en suite* bathroom.

"Fuckin' 'ell – 'scuse my language – oh baby, you look fuckin' incredible!" Ben Dover, the journeyman of British pornography, looks up from his camera eye-piece and smiles like he just sold her a knocked-off video. She does a little twirl.

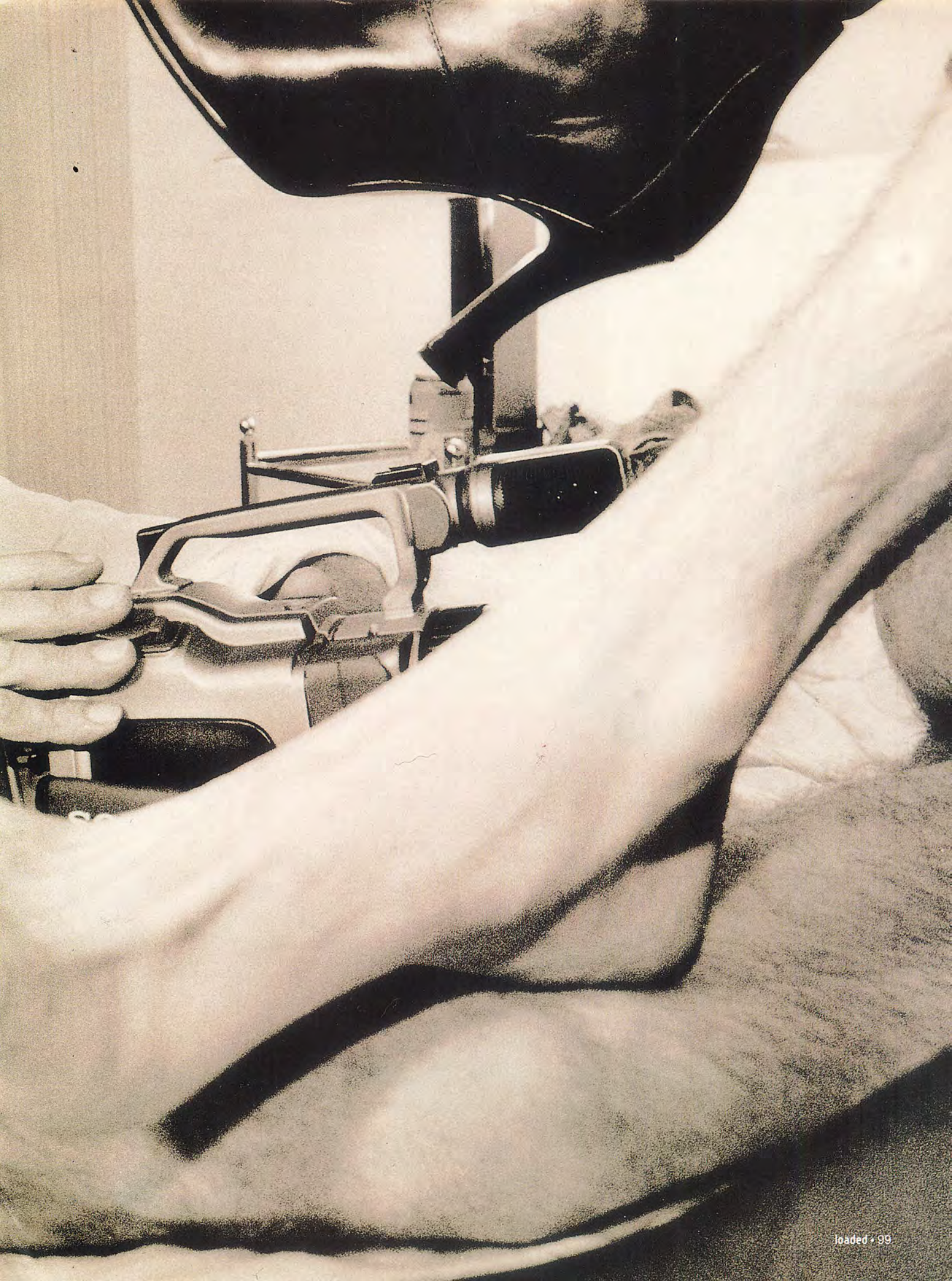
In front of her, Pascal's eager Flemish penis twitches like a divining rod.

Watching Pascal is a decomposing old man who looks like Lee Van Cleef with no kidneys – the blonde's trick. He seems to have paid her to let him watch her have sex. His tiny black eyes dart from her across to Pascal's penis. ✈

SEXUAL EALING

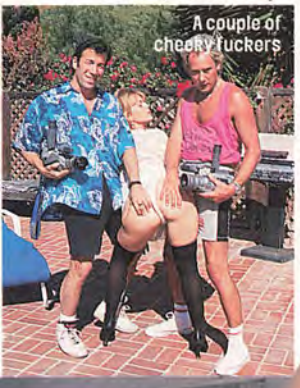
Ben Dover keeps the British film-making tradition alive with his own brand of seminal classics

story by Phil ROBINSON photos by ANTONY MEDLEY



Bob, Ben's sometime 'stunt cock' and camera assistant, darts around them in his pants, miniature 'pussy light' in hand, bringing light where there was once only darkness. Pascal fiddles with his expensive onyx-look mobile. With me, Lee Van Cleef, the talent, Bob, Pascal, Ben and Tony the **loaded** snapper kicking around this hotel room. It's chaos. "Aaaannnd… action!"

Click, click, click. The old man idly fiddles with an expensive lighter. Nothing can distract Pascal, who appears to be digging for Belgium. Click, click, click. Ben spins around the bed; Bob travels in the opposite direction on the inside circle; they look like they're going round the May Pole. Click click click. Ben, who looks like a combination of Rod Stewart and Keith Harris, bites his lip. Click, click, click.


A couple of cheeky fuckers

"What! Is there a fucking grasshopper in here or something?" The old man drops his lighter.

Ben and Bob effortlessly make the porn game look like an episode of *Minder*. "Cuuuut!" The lanky Pascal climbs off the blonde, his balls are red raw from performing a jack hammer segment for American cable. She flips on her side, removes her chewing gum, and deftly opens Ben's trousers while he's holding the camera. This gets Lee Van Cleef improbably, disgustingly excited. Like in some animalistic meeting in the jungle the old man signals his desire back via the high-pitched whistling noise coming from his booger-encrusted nose. Over the other side of the room his date has slid her hand inside Ben's trousers, located his gigantic old man, and has begun to pull it free. She closes her eyes in prayer, opens her mouth, sticks out her tongue to receive the holy wafer… when POP! Darkness. We've blown all the power on the top floor. We were running too many lights. For Ben this is a defining Hamlet moment. Now might be a good time to go and have a drink.

"No no, that's my name…"

loaded shocked them by saying the word "bum"

"THERE'S NOTHING LIKE GOING AT IT WHILE A 6ft Hell's Angel is standing behind you watching you fuck his wife up the arse."

Ben Dover and **loaded** have pitched up in the bar of the Hell's Angels' hotel on the industrial outskirts of Antwerp. We know it's a Hell's Angels' hotel because a) it says so and b) all the bar stools are actually saddles. Cool.

Stunt cock, Oxford graduate and ex-ITN camera man 'Bob' has to get the power back on lest the management decide to have us stomped. A pierced waitress who looks like Jodie Kidd after a couple of big dinners brings over some whisky, and starts giggling with Ben. She doesn't realise there's a very real chance she could be bamboozled into the performance of her young life.

Bob, who looks like a junior Keith Allen, drops into the saddle next to Ben. Do things often go this badly?

Bob: "We did a scene at the Erotica Exhibition in London, with Ben on the fire escape with a girl called the Black Panther. She was giving me quite a rough blow job, biting it and giggling. All of a sudden she literally got the whole of it in her mouth and bit it as though she wasn't going to stop biting until she had a piece of sausage to chew. I was going: 'Babe, let go… let go, sweetheart, let go!' Ben had to put the camera down and prize her jaws apart because I was in so much pain, every time I moved she bit harder. I seriously thought I was going to lose it."

Ben: "I thought, 'Oh no, we've got a nutter here.' I first suspected something was going to go wrong when she ripped his shirt open and scratched him right down the front. Or maybe it was later when she started coming really heavily and flapping about like a carp on a boat."

Bob: "She said she thought it was sexy and the men she slept with liked it. But anything can go wrong. Ben's got a very bad habit of spunking into the girl's eyes."

Ben: "Oh no! The last eight times I've done face shots I've done them straight in the eye, I've been concentrating like fuck to aim it properly but it's like it's just drawn to it – straight in the eye every time. It's not nice for them because their eye goes red. You can't give a really great performance with a lump of jizz in your eye. That and I'm always coming over Bob's leg. He doesn't like that. It's such a waste of good jizz."

Like Professors of Gentleman's Relish at the University of Hard Cocks, the conversation takes on the tone of serious academia:

Bob: "We don't do badly considering most blokes can't even piss into the toilet without pissing all over the seat and on the floor. Imagine what it's like when you're in the middle of a wanking frenzy trying to cum all over some girl's face, and not to cum in her eyes. What usually happens is Ben goes off first – straight in her eye – then tries to get it out before it goes bright red and we have to stop the ✈

"I've got a 100 per cent failure record with English blokes. They can't shag on film – it's official"

"Ben Dover. As in bend over. Like this… Ben Dover, geddit?"

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movie; Pascal then lets loose all over my leg so it drips down onto my foot, so I think 'Right I'm going to get that cunt' and squirt him back over his belly button so it runs over his dick." Classy.

Ben: "There's nothing more likely to put you off than feeling this wet thing on your leg and thinking, 'Oh no, Bob's jizzed over me leg.'"

BEN DOVER (AKA STEVE PERRY) IS THE MOST famous, award-winning male star in the sopping wet world of erotica today. This year alone he's won a special achievement award and Best Big Boob Feature at a big industry shindig in Las Vegas. At the '18' Awards in London he also picked up the Best-Selling Erotic Video prize. His video catalogue includes the world's first scratch-and-sniff porn film, *Smells Like Sex*, *Ben Behaving Badly*, *Spicy Girls*, *Beavers and Butt-Cheeks* and, more recently, *Ben Dover's Super Stars Of Sex* – his most ambitious work yet, teaming top quality bottom footage with snappy off-the-cuff comedy moments. It's all built around the notion that he does all the filming and as much of the sex as possible. This means he's had to master the art of shooting his bolt while holding the camera perfectly still. Francis Ford Coppola sit down.

BOB'S BIG BREAK

"I met this Page Three girl at a party and took her back to my place and fucked her brains out until six o'clock the next morning. I said, 'Let yourself out, I've got to go to work, give us a ring some time.' Later on that day, I was at work and the phone rang. It was her agent, and he said, 'I hear you've got a big dick and you can fuck all night, do you want to do some work? I know you shagged this bird, do you want to do a lovers' guide, a softcore?' I said 'yes'. The phone hasn't stopped ringing since."

"I got one of my prison officers an interview to do porn and he gave me 40 Bensons"

"That's amazing. Do you really think these novelty lamps will sell?"

"Repeat after me: arse... elbow... elbow... arse"

"The Jacuzzi's bust – keep farting, I'll get it in this take"

When he left school he wanted to be a pop star, but, believing the industry to be full of "woofters", he started singing cabaret in Soho.

"I'd share dressing rooms with these strippers," says Ben, "and I thought, 'This is great'. Because I was so young they used to fancy me – they were 24, and I thought they were like 'older women'."

Out of Soho he did a couple of summer seasons with The Drifters, played drums with Jackie Wilson shortly before he went into a coma ("It wasn't my fault"), did some modelling, and joined Bay City Rollers spin-off The Ian Mitchell band. They got a record deal with Warners, got big in Japan, but soon realised they were never going to make any money out of rock'n'roll.

"The cost of our tours was ludicrous – we never had any money left. We also hold the record for the lowest-selling single ever on Warner Bros. We sold 71 copies in this country, even though it was number one for seven weeks in Japan. Then I saw an ad in *The Stage* for porn models. I was used to having group sex in the band so I didn't have a problem with it – there was a chick there, me knob went hard, they took photos and paid me."

His break came in the early '80s when the saucy video firm he worked for got busted. Before video censorship, they'd make shunt films and knock them out like cream buns, but after new government legislation came in, the two blokes running the show got 18 months. "They asked me to keep making them while they were inside. I said, 'Fucking hell yes', they gave me some money and I went away and directed my first movie. I had a cameraman off breakfast telly who did it while he was on strike. I didn't have any 'actors', so I went down *The Marquee* and got all me mates from different bands, got some chicks, and just did this movie called *Rock'N'Roll Ransom*. You couldn't do it now, it was all about kidnapping and stuff. I was just making it up as I went along.

"There was this one guy – a real good-looking drummer, in this Europe-type band, big hair and all that, but he had the smallest knob you've ever seen. Still, all the birds fancied him, so I got this bloke down from Nottingham to do the sex. Now I know everybody's got a right to be ugly but this bloke was hideous.

"The drummer couldn't get a hard-on but this bloke from Nottingham had the biggest knob you've ever seen – it was just sad he had this immense underbite. I had to stunt it. I did wide shots with the drummer and close-ups with the guy with the big knob. The girls refused to look at him 'cos he was so ugly. I had to put a bag on his head. The police must have had a laugh when they seized it."

After that success Ben started working for *Electric Blue*, did stills for *Razzle* and *Club*, and then frantically directed Private's first ever selection of videos – quitting when the workload become too much:

"I was pissed off waiting around at two in the morning for guys to cum. My first film was *Anal Academy*, the next was *Anal Manor*, the third was *Anal Clinic*, the next was in Greece. I had a brainstorm and called it *Anal Acropolis*. After that, the next one was called *Spanish Dreams* – we thought people might realise by then that the films included anal, so we lost the prefix."

Following his stint at Private, Ben was once again tapped on the shoulder by the lubricated finger of fate. The legendary bum-fetishist John 'The Buttman' Stagliano, came to England to shoot a video. They became mates, and during a business lunch at Heston services, Stagliano convinced Ben to start up his own arse-mental, character-led video series: "At Private we had schedules and scripts. John would just turn up in the room with a HI-8 camera and shoot continuously. I saw the future."

Where did you get your name from?

"The only film of his I'd seen was called ✈

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Bend Over Babes, and the play on words came. Dover's also the symbolic end of the censorship and repression we put up with in this country. When you leave Dover everything in Europe's open and free. I've since discovered it was the codename British spies used during the war."

I thought you got it from Ben Dover and Phil McCavity?

"Oh yeah. Anyway, I made four movies, sent copies out to different companies, and I got a call back almost immediately. The rest is history."

A history which includes a spell as a political prisoner, after his arrest in 1991.

"There was an undercover copper who wrote to me and said he'd heard I might be able to get him some films. I sold him some tapes. I thought an undercover officer enticing me to sell him a video was entrapment, but in Britain entrapment is looked upon as damned fine police work. It was so bizarre. I was standing in the dock and the copper standing next to me – to stop me escaping because I was such a hardened criminal – is going, 'I know you from somewhere, don't I?' He actually had a couple of my films, from when I did more acting than directing. He said, 'Did you do *Truth Or Dare*?' It was ridiculous. I got sent down for 18 months. Even in prison, all the prison officers thought it was fucking ridiculous that I was there. They got me a good job inside, I got one of the officers an interview in America to do some porn work and he gave me 40 Bensons. All my magazine mates used to send me bundles of mags, so I kept the whole prison supplied, even the officers. It was quite a good experience. When you hear people on telly going, 'Prisons are like hotels, they've all got colour telly', I don't know where they get this idea from. It ain't like that, it's bizarre."

Does he ever interview British blokes for this?

"I've got a 100 per cent failure record interviewing British blokes. They give it all that, 'I can shag six times a night. You better bring more than one bird because it won't be enough for me.' And they get on set and, if I had a pound for every time I've heard the phrase, 'I can't believe it, this has never happened to me before', I'd be living in fucking Barbados mate, 'cos it's a fucking phenomenon. English blokes can't shag on film – it's official. The only one who ever done it got his knob up in three seconds, stuck it in and spunked on the spot. He didn't want to say anything and was getting softer and softer – he'd only done about six strokes, with all this white stuff dribbling out. I thought 'Oh no, what's wrong with her?' and he said, 'Oh sorry', then his pride kicked in. Three-and-half weeks later we're still waiting for wood, slap slap slap. BFH. Bus fare home. They always write to me, letters torn out of their brother's exercise books, written in crayon. I don't bother auditioning any more."

"For the last time, my *name* is Ben... oh, forget it. Just stay like that, I've got an idea"

His video catalogue includes the world's first scratch-and-sniff porn film

Of course, Ben does have his knockers. Arf

WITH POWER LONG SINCE RESTORED WE HEAD back up to the hotel room for the finale. Me and Tony start to find standing around at the back of the room uncomfortable and tense. We don't belong here. Ben drops his pants and, camera in one hand, gets ready for his entrance. The whole shoot has lasted about five hours, including footage for US cable, Euro hardcore and British softcore. Ben slaps his old man up – everyone has a different technique. Bob flicks the end of his with his forefinger. Pascal gently cradles the blonde while Ben grabs her thighs: "This is when the doddery old fuckers watching at home say, 'Go on, you bugger, give her one!'"

Meanwhile, Bob's darting around behind him and Pascal starts to shout,"Go on Ben, fuck my hairdresser!" You can smell the excitement, even if you don't really want to.

BEN THERE DONE THAT

1 Ben can suck his own penis: "I don't like to blow my own trumpet, but I can."
2 He once knocked out Rod Stewart in *Stringfellows*.
3 Peter Powell allegedly owes him £600 from his days at Radio Luxembourg.
4 Ben loves *Coronation Street*, and gets his missus to tape it while he's away.
5 Ben loves water sports: "I just do it because I like it. Wee – you can't beat it."
6 Ben will be releasing his own 'Anal Training Kit' later in the year.

Bob starts to monkey around behind Ben's back, doing Les Dawson impressions. Ben, usually mild-mannered unless you wind him up about liking Foreigner, loses his rag: "Don't be fucking clever, Bob, this is hard enough with my bad back and all these people here without you fucking around!" Bob looks suitably told off. "Go on Ben, fuck my hairdresser!" shouts Pascal.

Me and Tony escape into the hallway, aware that we'll miss the money, or cum, shot. We have a high-level **loaded** power summit and decide, being as technical as possible, that we don't want to watch them all spunking up. It's not that we don't enjoy porn, it's just that we're not supposed to experience the rough unedited end of it.

As we hide in the hallway, relieved to be out of harm's way, Ben jumps us, stark naked. Spear in hand, pearl of semen hanging from the tip, he dances around the hotel corridor. "Aaaaargh! How about that?" he shouts, bouncing up and down like Tigger in one of AA Milne's cheese nightmares. Grinning, he takes his forefinger, swipes the semen from the tip of his cock, pushes it into his mouth and disappears back into the bedroom shouting, "I fucking love this game! I fucking love it! There's nothing like it!" He's probably right, but I don't envy him. Unlike Bob, I happily can't remember the last time I had some big blond bloke spunking up my leg. At least I think I... ◼

Ben's latest, Busty Blonde Bombshells, *is out to buy on 27 July.*

I was going to buy a new pair of Reebok boots. But my friends talked me into buying fireworks instead. What's it called? Peer group pressure?
Andy Cole, Chip Shop assistant, Nottingham, England
500
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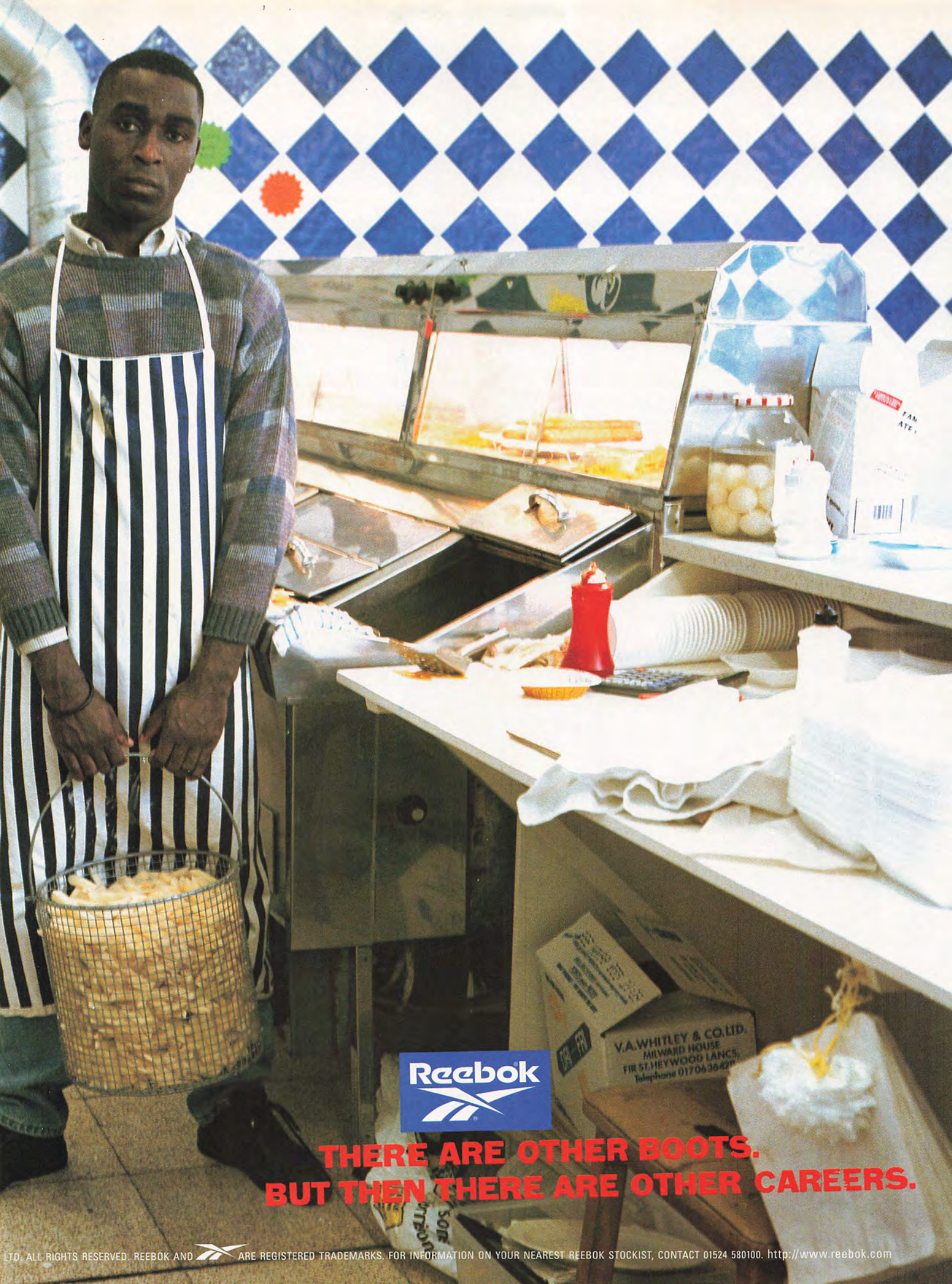

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I HAVE HEARD WHAT HELL SOUNDS LIKE. IT IS THE CLATTERING of a kitchen being turned upside down. It is the thud of steel against ocean. It is the groaning of winches and ropes. It is the violent rattling of a metal boom trying to break free inches above your head. It is the retching of a crew-mate. I have listened to this cruel cacophony shivering in a tiny bunk trying to get some sleep. I have woken up hoping it has all been a bad dream.

Hell is marked on the map by a dotted line. Its latitude is 66 degrees 33 minutes north. Crossing it by air just wouldn't be the same. No, the only way to cross hell is at the helm of a 67ft racing yacht in the middle of a force-eight gale with a school of killer whales off the starboard bow. Welcome to the Arctic Circle.

Let's pause to consider those statistics: 66 degrees 33 minutes north: that's way above Iceland, and far past most of Sweden and Finland, almost to the North Pole. It's cold. The sort of bone-chilling cold that saps all your energy from every pore in your body, even when you're wearing several layers of socks, thermals, fleeces and oilskins. A 67ft-long yacht: that's about five car lengths, or just a bit longer than a penalty box. At the front, the foredeck is about 10ft wide at its widest point. At the helm (near the back), it's probably about 15ft. The deck is studded with winches, cleats, blocks and pulleys. Ropes and metal stays sprout from all over the place. A two-foot-thick, 25ft-long metal boom is at the right height to provide a constant threat of decapitation or a severe braining. And 12 people are expected to work up here at any one time without getting in each other's way. ✈

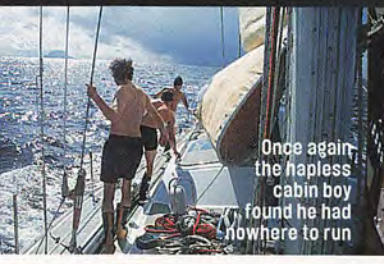
Perilous seas, high winds and cold enough to freeze your seamen. That's the Arctic Circle, and loaded sailed there

story by TREVOR WARD photos by RICHARD FAWCETT

SEA OF TR

Eeeuuuurrrggh!
Spleeurrrggh!
ROUBLES

"We are sailing, wee arre saaaaailing..." "Oh shut up!"



Once again, the hapless cabin boy found he had nowhere to run

"Not bad. You've played 'Pin The Fjord On Norway' before, haven't you?"

The real Captain Birdseye and his fish-fingered crew

A force-eight gale is like being in the final rinse cycle of God's washing machine

A force-eight gale: that's winds between 34 and 40 knots and waves up to 20ft high. Put simply, it's like being in the final rinse cycle of God's washing machine.

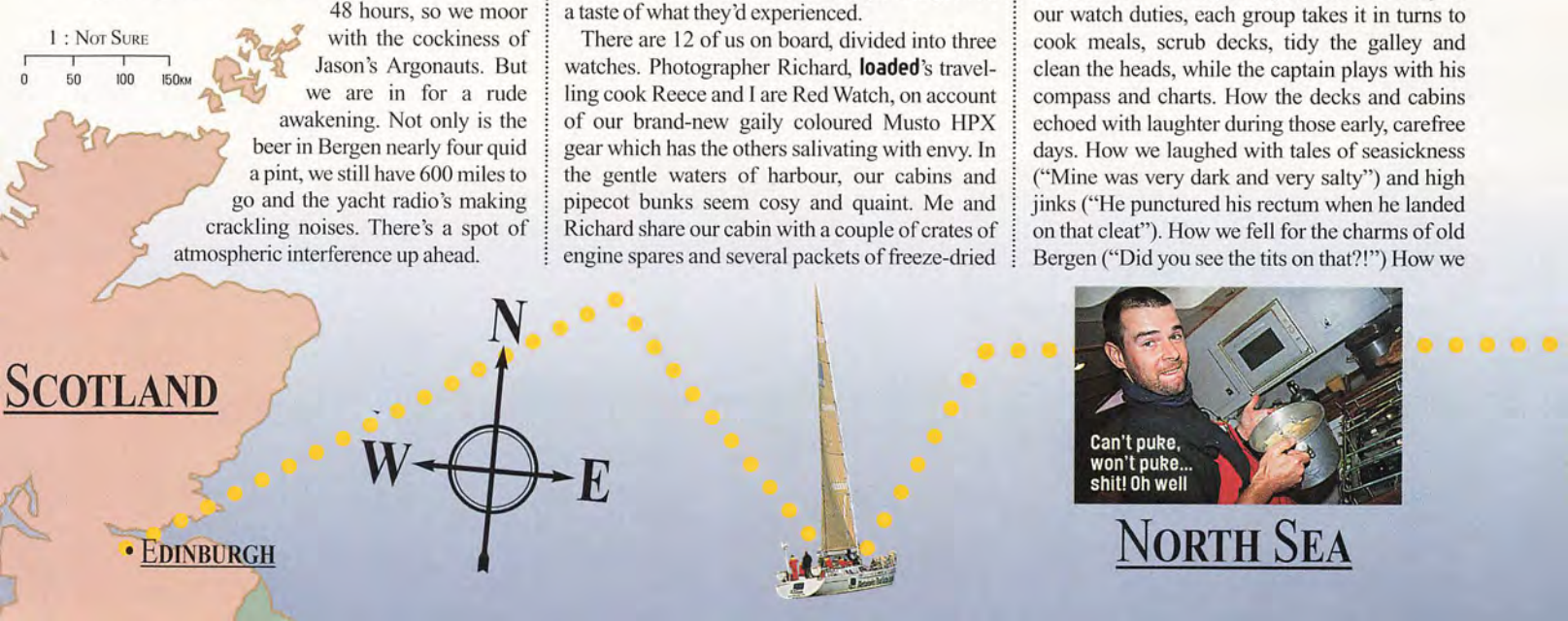
THE FIRST LEG OF OUR JOURNEY, THE 300-MILE crossing of the North Sea from Edinburgh to Bergen in Norway, is a doddle. The wind never gets beyond so much as a force two in the whole 48 hours, so we moor with the cockiness of Jason's Argonauts. But we are in for a rude awakening. Not only is the beer in Bergen nearly four quid a pint, we still have 600 miles to go and the yacht radio's making crackling noises. There's a spot of atmospheric interference up ahead.

The smooth crossing from Scotland had at least given us a chance to make ourselves at home on board. The yacht, 3Com, is a steel-hulled veteran of two 'round the world the wrong way' races. Crews have lived aboard her for up to 40 days at a stretch, without ever seeing land, as she crashed through relentless storms at the bottom of the world in the Southern Ocean. Our nine-day voyage to the Arctic Circle is designed to give us a taste of what they'd experienced.

There are 12 of us on board, divided into three watches. Photographer Richard, **loaded**'s travelling cook Reece and I are Red Watch, on account of our brand-new gaily coloured Musto HPX gear which has the others salivating with envy. In the gentle waters of harbour, our cabins and pipecot bunks seem cosy and quaint. Me and Richard share our cabin with a couple of crates of engine spares and several packets of freeze-dried scrambled egg and bacon.

The galley consists of a four-burner gas stove on a bevel device so it remains horizontal while all around it is pitched at an angle. There are two heads (toilets) and pissing on target becomes more hazardous as the weather worsens. Flushing involves turning a valve, usually dripping with the previous user's piss, then pumping a lever. Yacht heads are designed for nothing bigger than rabbit pellets, so trying to pump away anything bigger is not for the faint-hearted. First you have to mash it up with the toilet brush. Lovely.

The watch system means we have three hours on, three off and three on standby. Our days will effectively be nine hours long. And, as if our sleeping patterns weren't fucked up enough, we are sailing towards the land of the midnight sun. For the rest of the trip, it never gets dark. A bit of a bummer for one of our number, who'd wanted to learn how to navigate by the stars. On top of our watch duties, each group takes it in turns to cook meals, scrub decks, tidy the galley and clean the heads, while the captain plays with his compass and charts. How the decks and cabins echoed with laughter during those early, carefree days. How we laughed with tales of seasickness ("Mine was very dark and very salty") and high jinks ("He punctured his rectum when he landed on that cleat"). How we fell for the charms of old Bergen ("Did you see the tits on that?!") How we



Can't puke, won't puke... shit! Oh well

But the strange thing is, there was nobody on board called Ralph

Action Man with Flash Sailor Outfit

yearned for somewhere private to have a wank. It was a deceptively enjoyable introduction to life on the high seas – quite literally, the calm before the storm.

As we leave Bergen, a sturdy breeze means the captain is able to put us through some drills, teach us some nautical terms and show us some knots. As we make our way out to open sea, we put up the mainsail, staysail and, at the bow, the number one yankee. Then we practise tacking and gybing, with the captain shouting out orders from the helm. That evening, we turn into a channel between islands to see a road bridge spanning the gap. On the charts, its height is given as 30 metres. No one's quite sure how tall our mast is. Estimates vary from 24 to 26 metres. Either way, the captain slams on the brakes and asks for a volunteer to go to the top of the mast and check the clearance as we inch forward. The log will show that my hand was first in the air, but the next entry will reveal that the captain declined my offer as it would take too much time and effort to haul my 16st to the top in the bosun's chair. Tony the skinny Scotsman gets the glory instead, and we sail under with loads to spare.

By next morning, we are at sea, ploughing a course of 40 degrees with Norway about 20 miles to starboard. The first indication that the sea is getting rougher comes when Max from White Watch sticks his head up through the galley hatch and offers us some toast and Marmite. Richard and the captain's mate take a bite each and are soon heaving up over the side. While I eye them sympathetically, Reece asks if they could vomit again so he can take a photograph.

Not long afterwards, as we are changing out of our oilskins in the doghouse, the radio crackles into life: "Attention all ships, attention all ships. This is a gale warning. Southwesterly, seven. Imminent." The captain scribbles some notes on his chart. The air of experience and authority lent to him by his sea dog's bushy beard is only slightly undermined by his Metallica T-shirt.

"Right," he declares grimly. "I want everything put away now. I don't want anything left lying around. Things are going to get broken." The force seven is expected within six hours.

"We've got the crew, we've got the boat – we're not running away from this one. Excuse me, guys." Then he sticks his head up through the hatch and pukes into a bucket.

So this is it, then. Some weather is on its way. It would be lifejackets and harnesses at all times from now on. There is one thing I have to do immediately: have a dump while the yacht's still relatively horizontal.

Up on deck, we have to trim some sails. We have to replace the number one yankee with the smaller number two in preparation for the force seven. This means me and Reece clipping on our safety lines and making our way forward to the narrow foredeck while Richard is at the helm. The sea is by now rough enough for waves to come crashing over the bow, and we will be working in the most exposed part of the yacht. We have to haul down a sodden piece of heavy canvas, which means bracing ourselves right at the very bow of the boat. As it comes down, the wind sends chunks of it flapping overboard, and we have to drag it up from the foamy clutches of the sea. The piece of canvas we are wrestling with is at least 30ft square. As it's pulled down lower, there's less for the wind to take a hold of, and we throw our body weights onto it before wrapping ties around its length. Then, like a monstrous, slithery python, we feed it through our hands and down the hatch. Reversing the procedure, we haul up the number two yankee. Once we've debagged it, we have to clip it onto its halyard. As I make my way back to the winch to start pulling the sail up, the boat plunges down the side of the swell and I'm thrown back against a cleat. My safety line keeps me on board, but I suffer a nasty bruise on my arse. Reece takes up the slack and I slot the winch handle into place and begin turning, but nothing is happening. My arms don't want to function. It's as if I've plunged them into a bowl of concrete mix. I try to get a better foothold – the boat is now lurching at 30 degrees as well as being buffeted from the front as the valleys between waves grow deeper. The skipper's warning is ringing in our ears: "Keep your hands well away from the winch or you could have your arm ripped off!" Finally, the sail in place, we tie off the slack and begin the treacherous walk back to the cockpit. With our safety lines repeatedly getting snagged by halyards and ropes, it's actually more of a crawl along the deck, with great, freezing squirts of North Sea slapping us in the face. By the time we slump into the cockpit, we're knackered. And the force seven hasn't even arrived yet.

I keep looking over my shoulder in the direction the storm is forecast to arrive. It's still light on the horizon. Maybe the coastguard has got it wrong. It's been four hours since the forecast. Maybe we'll be lucky.

I've barely swallowed my last mouthful of Reece's shepherd's pie when the boat is slammed over to a list of 45 degrees. It will remain more or less at that angle for the next 48 hours.

It is then that hell begins its terrifying chorus. The bow plunges from the top of the waves and hits the water with sickening, thudding monotony. The boom flaps fiercely from side to side. Inside, dozens of cupboards, boxes and drawers, a million pots and pans and spoons and forks clatter and crash together. And in between it all I can hear the ghostly howling of the wind and the distant, panicky shouts of the crew on deck. I lie in my bunk thinking surely it will have blown itself out by the time Red Watch is next on deck.

It doesn't. Not for that watch, nor the one after, nor our next one after that. Each ✈

NAUTICAL TERMS

Beam – widest part of boat
Halyard – rope for hauling up sails
Tack – a course sailing into wind coming from forward of the beam
Tacking – a zig zag of such courses
Gybing – when sail and boom move from one side of the ship to the other and wind is coming from behind
Stays – cables bracing the mast
Cleat – device that sheets (ropes) are jammed into to secure them
Yankee – forwardmost sail
Staysail – sail set behind the yankee
Skate's mouth – vagina
Octopus – sex toy
Man – woman
Splice the mainbrace – nonsense

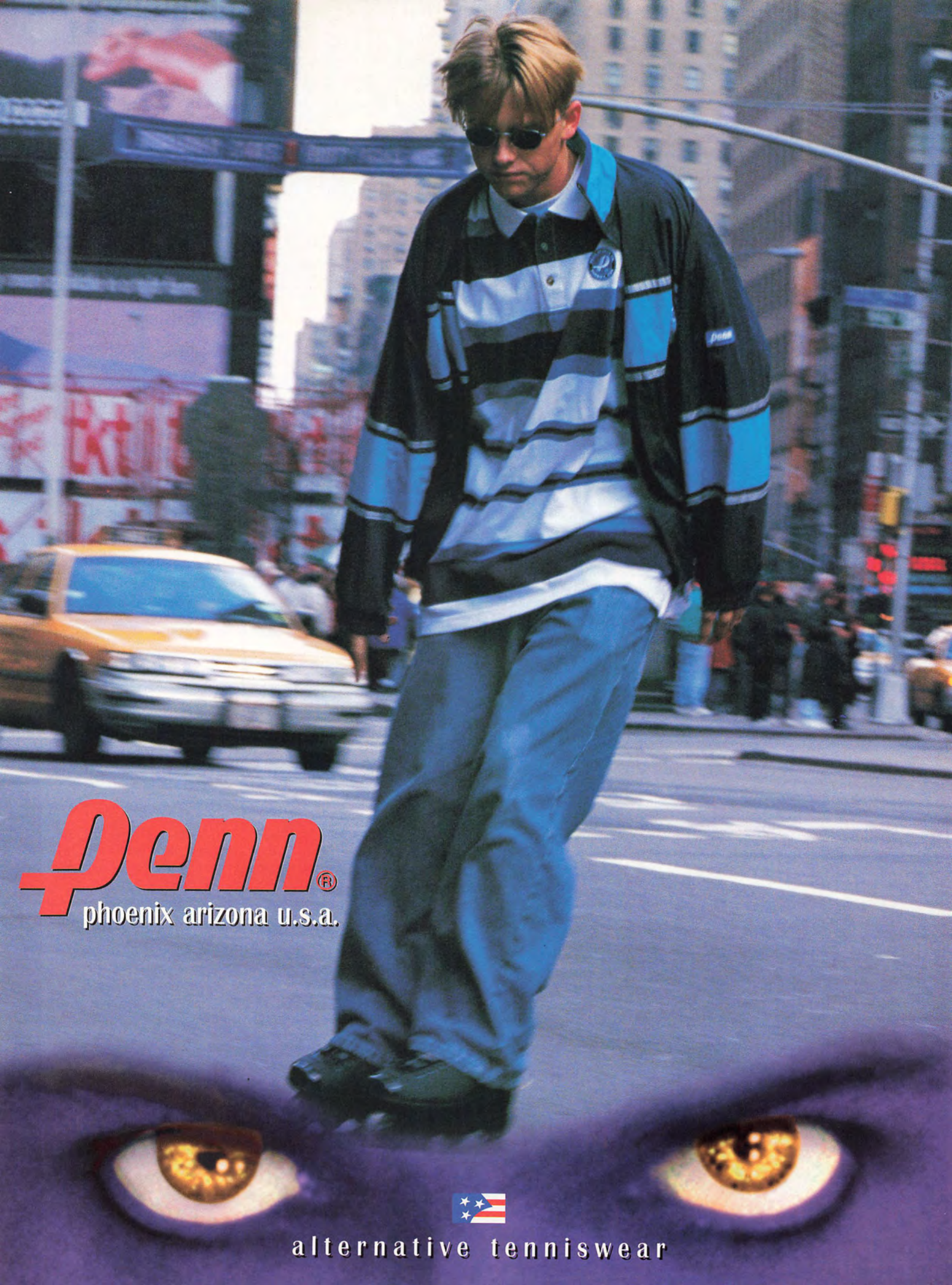
Sailorboyz, a new, ahem, band

ARCTIC CIRCLE

There's nothing like picking the pants from your crack at high altitude

NORWAY

• BERGEN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"Unzip me! I don't want to be buried at sea!"

time we climb into our sleeping bags still wearing our socks, thermals and fleeces, seemingly minutes later we are being roused from our bunks. Outside in the half-light of the corridor, we are like drunks, trying to climb into our boots and salopettes while being thrown from one side to the other. The lifejackets and harnesses are so fiddly to clip on, even in calm weather, it is tempting to leave them off. But we don't. Just one rogue wave would be all it needed to wash us overboard.

On the way up to the deck, we glance at the chart table where our hourly positions are marked. The wind is blowing us off course. We'll have to tack. Typical – it's down to **loaded** to man the winches, trim the sails and save the day.

I take the helm. Computer displays in front of me tell me my bearing and speed. They also give the wind speed: it's gusting 36 knots. This isn't a force seven any more, it's a force eight, and a fully-fledged gale. Taking the steering wheel of a 44-ton racing yacht amidst the frenzy of a gale has to be as big an adrenaline kick as anything else you can do without leaving the surface of the planet. Your view takes in the entire length of the vessel of which you are in control. It's the biggest bonnet I've ever looked down. You are surrounded by terrain so unpredictable and violent that it is surely the most hostile environment on earth. While huge, foaming swells threaten to overturn you from the side, great, gunmetal hills of sea turn into sudden, empty chasms in front of you. You plunge down a wave and suddenly can't see the horizon in front of you, just a wall of water looming above. And all the time your red, raw hands are battling to keep control of the wheel. It's the scariest, most heartburstingly exciting rollercoaster ride in the world.

As we near the Arctic Circle, we hit a hailstone shower. Hard pellets of ice fly into my face. I need both hands for the wheel. There's an ice hockey helmet with visor on board specifically for this occasion, but it's out of reach. I must endure the misery of pins in my eyes until the hailstones turn to sleet. And then our watch is over. We've got us back on course, but we're heading to our bunks blistered, buckled and spent.

When I awake, it is mid-morning and the storm has dissolved into a strong breeze beneath blue skies. Sudden shouting has me pulling on my fleece and oilskins and clambering on deck. We are within sight of land – jagged, snowy peaks fill the length of the horizon – but the excitement is at something in the water. About 100 yards ahead, just off the starboard bow, we can see a group of huge, black dorsal fins arcing through the water. As we get closer we catch glimpses of white markings on their undersides. The biggest fin is easily three feet high. It is a school of killer whales.

Eight days after setting sail from Edinburgh, the good ship 3Com finally moors at its destination – the port of Bodo, 80 miles north of the Arctic Circle and home to the world's only annual Festival of Grandmothers. Fortunately, that's not for another couple of months, so, after our first shower in more than a week, we set off on wobbly legs in search of their granddaughters. We're salt-soaked, barnacled mariners, and we have tales to tell. ◘

TRAVEL FAX

Sir Chay Blyth's Challenge Business are the organisers of the BT Global Challenge race of 1996-1997 and for the year 2000-2001, considered to be the hardest yacht race in the world. Challenge Adventure Sailing offers a chance for novices and advanced sailors to experience life on board a challenge yacht. Trips run for anything from three days to one month, for the trans-Atlantic adventure; a variety of weather conditions from Arctic cold to tropical heat. The Bodo Arctic Challenge from Edinburgh to Norway exploring the fjords and glaciers for nine days cost £765. Azores Ocean Challenge; mid-Atlantic warm water cruising for seven nights. Fastnet Challenge classic make-or-break sailing around the Fastnet rock, five to seven nights £450. Return flights not incl. Challenge Adventure Sailing are on 01579 348387 or at http://www.challengebus.co.uk Thanks to the crew of 3Com; skipper Mark Sadler, first mate Cameron Springthorpe, also Max, Matty, Tony, Di, Steve, Mandy, Alistair. Cheers!

Clothing & equipment The Arctic circle is cold – fucking freezing in fact – so you need plenty of layers, thermals, fleeces, woolly hats, gloves and socks. Challenge yachts supply you with basic Musto gear but you must bring your own Wellingtons – the white-soled yachting type: **MUSTO** M1 boots cost £25. We were also given the same kit as used on the global races, including Gore-tex HPX foul weather oilskins, not cheap at £700 for jacket & trousers, but we stayed dry. Chances are you probably won't shower, especially in rough conditions. Musto thermals are designed to draw sweat away from the body and let it dry. Top & bottoms together cost £50 . Musto Snugs wind stopper fleeces, £129, basically stop wind. Perfect with the dodgy food on board. Thanks to MUSTO for keeping us warm, dry and very cool. Tel: 01268 491555. Thanks to **FIELD & TREK** for the glacier glasses, £34.95 by Bolle, tel: 01277 233122.

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... *we are visiting Spain*

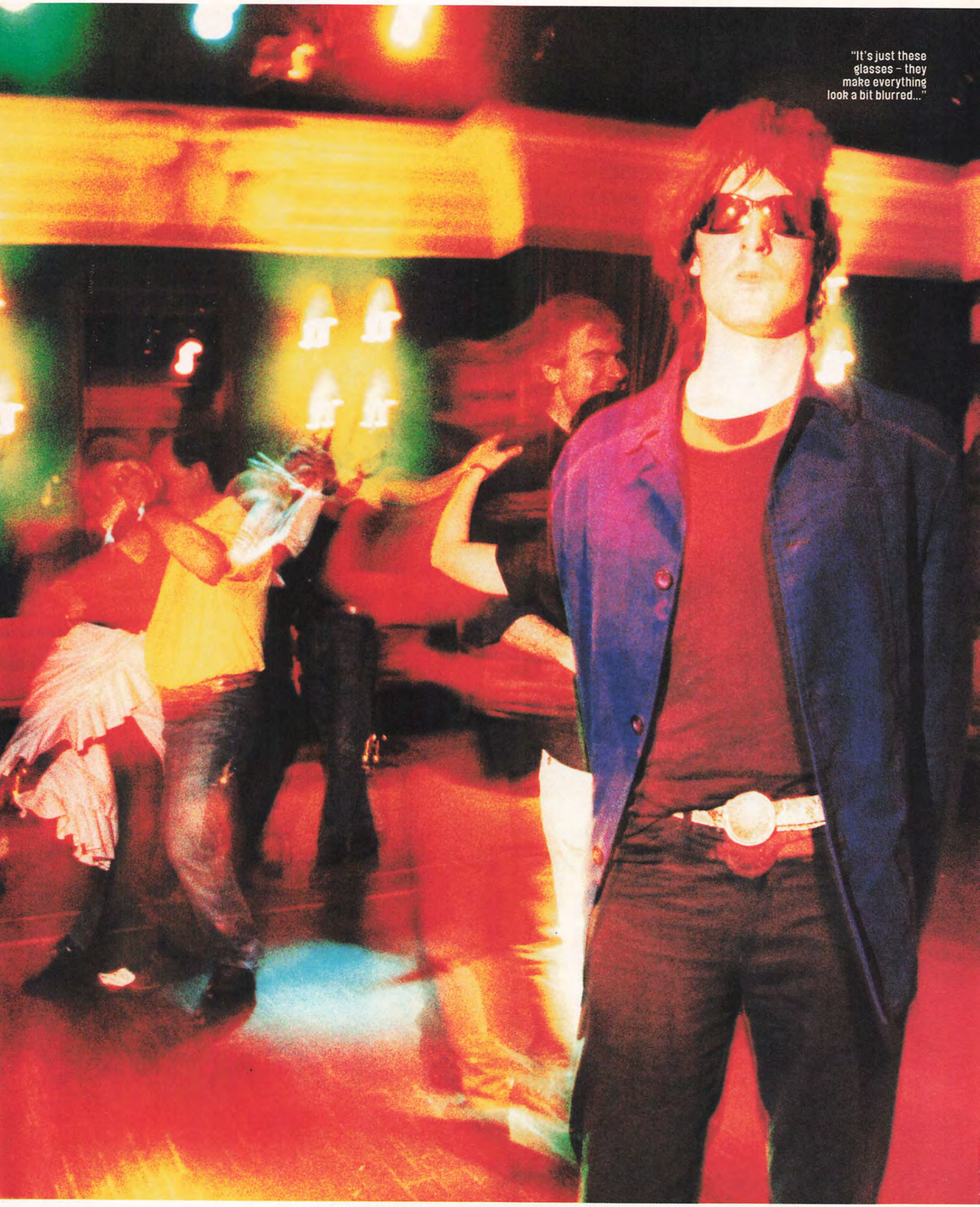
Spiritualized carry on their quest to get higher. And they're not talking about drugs

BACK IN THE '60s, PSYCHEDELIA WAS ABOUT people taking acid and hanging out in forests. It was the first youth movement that took its shoes off, wore Sally Army combats and lived underneath a canopy of hair. Nowadays there are no such regulations. Anyone can head into this former acid-world, listening to carrier bags in the mire of Glastonbury while watching the earth move to music.

We're in Madrid to meet the heroes of '90s musical explorations. A band who've uplifted their own epic sound of indie smack-rock psychedelia and called themselves Spiritualized. It is the work of Jason 'Spaceman' Pierce. Originally Spaceman and partner Sonic Boom went under the guise of Spacemen 3. They began formulating their own free-wheeling explorations in 1983 from the wet, Disney-less cement-manufacturing town of Rugby.

Rumours of drug excess circulated, including tales of Jason Spaceman ✈

story by ROWAN CHERNIN
photos by ANTONY MEDLEY



"It's just these glasses – they make everything look a bit blurred..."

criticizing the other band members for not imbibing enough psychedelic influence. This was back in a time when the art of shoe-gazing (looking over your guitar at your shoes) was about as exciting as indie bands got. Seven years in, Spacemen 3 were ready to crash barefoot into the forests of the past. Jason founded Spiritualized while Sonic Boom got back into the studio and took off to create a solo LP, *Spectrum*.

JUNE 1998, SITTING IN A '70S HOTEL MECCA IN MADRID, AND JASON Spaceman soberly addresses the Spanish press. With last year's album, *Ladies And Gentlemen... We Are Floating In Space*, packaged like a giant pharmaceutical pill, drugs are the hacks' favourite line of questioning. The questions must sound like the doorbell on Saturday morning. The 10am ring. The intrusive religious twats have arrived but still you answer, thanks to some perverse politeness gene. It's a question which has been on the agenda since about 1986, following the release of the Spacemen 3 track 'Taking Drugs To Make Music To Take Drugs To'.

My turn. Jason, are you still taking dru...

"Nooooo. Not that again."

It's his own fault. He's been a very naughty boy. What else can he expect? Appearing in magazines wearing a spacesuit, staying up late doing God knows what, selling 100,000 aurally hallucinogenic LPs last year and spending his formative years as Jason Spaceman.

"If it doesn't come out of my mouth they put it in their spiel. When we made that track it was very radical at the time. We were 16 years old. It was before the start of the Thatcherite 'Just Say No' campaign. Remember that advert with the heroin addict entitled, 'I can handle it'? That came five years after the start of Spacemen. I think the only other band on the planet who wanted to discuss drugs and music were the Butthole Surfers; they were quite open about what they got up to. As for everybody else it was a no-go area. Now when everybody's talking about drugs, it means nothing. The whole idea about sex, drugs and rock'n'roll being counter culture doesn't apply. It's so much a part of normal life. It's odd you can still make some kind of dumb quote about sex or drugs and the tabloids still get news from it."

Aren't you now an integral part of this over-the-counter culture?

"I'm not looking for that any more. I've always maintained I'm doing this for the music now and that's my main love. That wasn't the case with Spacemen 3. We had to make waves to get people to listen. One way was to do that, the other was to cover material we liked – The Stooges, the Stones – and making references to bands, figuring that people who knew them would explore what we were doing. Aside from anything else, towards the end of Spacemen it got macho. It was kind of like the 'I can drink 16 pints and still stand up' kind of behaviour. If you need drugs to get into the music there's something wrong with the music. 'This ain't going to sound good now, but check it out at 3am when you've had whatever you're going to lace yourself with – then it's going to sound good.' That's not why we made music."

Ouch. Imagine the chaos when all of disco's whirling, squid-lipped dervishes finally collapse with the realisation that cheesy house is shit. They're going to burn their dance compilations and shove them up the nearest DJ's arse. In sales terms, Spiritualized have appealed throughout the '90s to a steady supply of musos wigging-out on their sofas, regardless of the club trends. But surely the relaxation of pillheads has helped boost the massive sales of *Ladies And Gentlemen...*?

"The *Lazer Guided Melodies* LP [*released in '92*] was post-E for a lot of people. I think much has to do with the volume. In the same way that you can play Brian Eno. It's music that is essentially quite ambient, but turn the volume up and you get a completely different sensation from it. I think that's why a lot of people didn't understand drum'n'bass. Going out and listening to it in a club is totally different to playing the CD on your home system. A lot of people just hear the rattly top end, when it relies on the bass sound being like dub for most of its rhythm. When you hear it on a stereo you can't crank the bass the same way, so you get a different perspective."

Size is also a big part of the Spiritualized mythology. A full band backed by the wall of heavenly soul from a gospel choir, brain-waxing lights, a retro-touch blues and a decorated brand of psychedelic rock turned the Royal Albert Hall last year into the kind of experiment which, even without the lysergic vitamins, left you with heavy temporal damage. Then came the highest show on earth, when Spiritualized performed the second of their 'Floating In Space' shows in Toronto's CNN Tower, thus making it into the *Guinness Book Of Records* for 'the highest concert ever performed in a man-made structure'. Can't imagine Jason on *Record Breakers* though. Where is there left on this planet for Spiritualized to surprise us, or even the great Norris McWhirter?

"Maybe the lowest show on earth, but who wants to play that? Though we could have said that was it after the Albert Hall, or after the CNN Tower gig. We've had people asking us where do we go from here and the answer is Norway. The Island of Svalbard, up near the North Pole. When the earth rotates there's a point every day when it hits the top of the world."

"If you need drugs to get into the music, there's something wrong with the music"

But does the space in which we are floating have a top or a bottom? Who gives a shit. Maybe Howard Marks. Anyway, Jason wants to play in winter despite the murderous -30°C temperatures and man-eating ice bears helping themselves from this little floating fridge full of people. He wants to be on top of the world for God's, Thor's, Jah's, whoever's, ultimate free show – the Northern Lights.

Two hours after the interview, Spiritualized are layering *Ladies And Gentlemen...* into the wall-to-wall heads nodding beneath a sweet cloud of hash. The essential item for the enjoyment of Spiritualized is a deckchair. That way, while the neuro-screws unwind, you don't have to worry about losing any of your physical bits.

Spiritualized will be live at the Flux festival in Edinburgh on 14 & 15 August and headlining the Reading Festival on 30 August. For more info contact their website on www.no-fi.com/spiritualized/index.html. The last three LPs are Lazer Guided Melodies, Pure Phase, *and* Ladies And Gentlemen... We Are Floating In Space, *all on Dedicated.*

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fashion

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p141 **Stockists:** Expand your wardrobe all the way into Narnia

RIOT COUTURE

IN MAY 1968 FRENCH STUDENTS ROSE UP AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT. IT DIDN'T DO THEM ANY GOOD, BUT AT LEAST THEY LOOKED COOL

photos by LAWRENCE WATSON story by TOM STUBBS

Left: Dave 6876 charcoal windcheater £135 **Schott black combat trousers** £60 **Glitterbest black T-shirt** £25 **Kangol black beret** £8 **Shoes and sunglasses** model's own **Paul Lee dark blue jeans** £49 **John Smedley cream short-sleeved rollneck** £56 **Clarks Wallabees fawn suede shoes** £75 **Alex Helmut Lang dark blue denim jacket** £135 **Wim Neels light blue shirt with placket** £99 **Armand Basi black narrow trousers** £69 **Sarah CP Donna dark green sleeveless top** £88 **John Bartlett light grey pencil skirt** £140 **shoes** model's own

Below: Sakis Agnes B brown herringbone slim fit jacket £175 Agnes B trousers £98Lambretta navy suede bowling shoes £55 Natural Blue patterned blue and beige short-sleeved polo shirt £29.99 Kate CP Donna dark red zip jacket £190 Etro yellow and bronze gingham blouse £91 CP Donna grey pencil skirt £68 Kirk Originals blue plastic sunglasses £150 shoes model's own Alex Wrangler dark indigo denim jacket £49.99 Christophe Lamaire black multi-check shirt £132 PS by Paul Smith grey/brown slim-fit trousers with slight flare £120 Lambretta Burgundy leather loafers £60 Cutler & Gross plastic sunglasses £120

Above: **Dave** as before **lemon** model's own **Miles Wrangler faded flared jeans** £44.99 **Byblos navy asymmetric zip jacket** £195

Above: Alex as before Sakis as before **Right:** Alex **Wrangler pale blue flared cords** £39.99 **D&G jeans black and white gingham short sleeved shirt** £95 **Burberrys beige three-quarter-length mac** £325 **Kangol black 'Modelaine' beret** £14 Sakis **Nicole Farhi Burgundy short sleeved cheesecloth shirt** £79 **Paul Smith jeans dark blue wide denim jeans** £79 **Agnes B stone cotton zip jacket** £138 **Cutler & Gross brown plastic sunglasses** £120 Kate **CP Donna red jacket** £190 **CP Donna grey pencil skirt** £68 Sarah **CP Donna dark green sleeveless top** £88 **John Bartlett light grey pencil skirt** £140 **Calvin Klein dark olive sunglasses** £99 Dave as before Paul **Lee dark blue jeans** £49 **John Smedley cream short sleeved cotton roll neck** £56 **6876 blue zip Harrington jacket** £120 Martha **French Connection navy sleeveless top** £25 **Nicole Farhi white leather skirt** £299

MAI 68

Right: Miles John Smedley Burgundy rollneck £65 Clarks black Oxford shoes £49 CP Company narrow navy trousers £99 6876 grey puppy tooth check mac £450 Paul John Smedley navy windowpane check jersey £78 Iceberg navy trousers £150 Lambretta black leather loafers £60 D&G by Dolce & Gabbana black and amber plastic glasses £100 Dave John Smedley green knitted waistcoat £75 6876 pale red long sleeved shirt £65 Schott black combat trousers £65 Paul Smith watch £295 Ben Sherman black para shoes £49.99 Kangol black 'Modelaine' beret £14

Left: Sarah, Alex, Sakis, Paul, Miles, Dave, Kate as before
Below: Alex Helmut Lang dark blue denim jacket £135 **Wim Neels light blue shirt with placket** £99 **Armand Basi black narrow trousers** £69 **Kangol black fashion beret** £8 **Combat trousers and boots** CRS officer's own

LA CHIENLIT C'EST LUI!

Above: Paul Diesel tan leather jacket £356 John Smedley navy windowpane check jersey £78 Iceberg navy trousers £130 Kate Etros yellow and bronze gingham blouse £91 CP Donna grey pencil skirt £68 Left: Miles 6876 grey puppy tooth check mac £450 Dave John Smedley green sleeveless cardigan £75 6876 pale red long sleeved shirt £65 Schott black combat trousers £60 Paul Smith watch £295 Kangol black 'Modelaine' beret £14

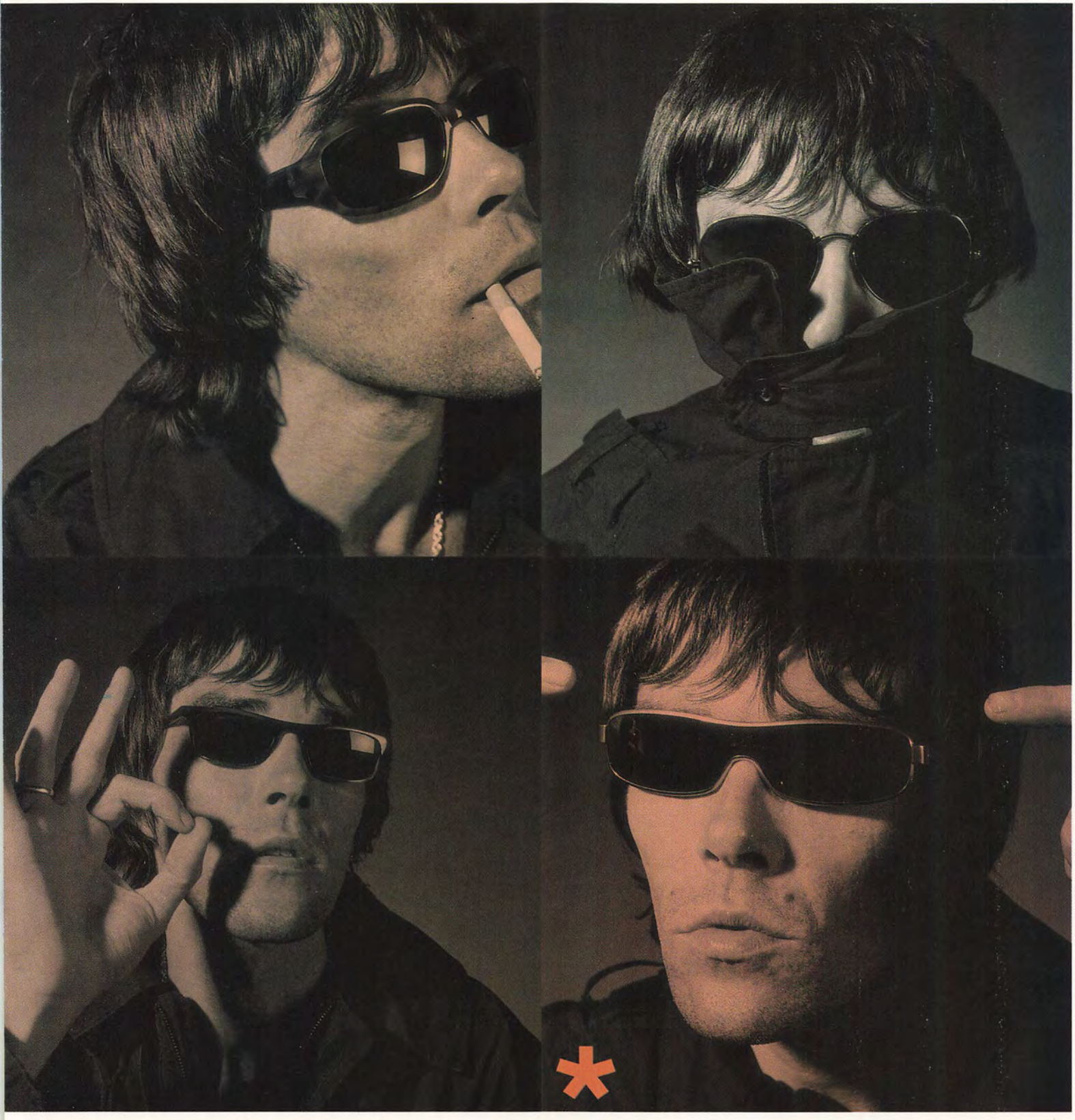
STYLING ASSISTANT: ANTHONY MCGRATH; CONSULTANT ANARCHIST: DEREK HARRIS. PHOTOGRAPHY ASSISTANTS: JASON& STUART WATSON

For stockists see page 141

SHADES OF BROWN

Stone Rose-tinted glasses, Monkey mafia lenses and er, dusky bins. Our Ian tests the coolest summer eye-wear

photos by MICHAEL BIRT story by TOM STUBBS model IAN BROWN



Top: Blue tint crystal £109 by Cutler & Gross **olive green frames** £99 by Calvin Klein **Tortoise-shell wraps with metal arms** £40 by Kangol **unusual bargain** £7 by any chemist or garage
Bottom: Black and clear crystal £150 by Kirk Originals **chrome frames dark lense** £10 by Dolland & Aitchison **tortoise-shell, dark lense** £18 by Mondo
***Our Ian's choice: Brown tint one lense** from £100 by D&G by Dolce & Gabbana

For stockists see page 141

chain gang

Mountain bikes: the ultimate accessory. Man, machine and fashion fused in life's saddle-sore, uphill struggle

story by DAVE SIMPSON

IT STARTED WITH CALIFORNIANS THROWING THEMSELVES DOWN VERTICAL slopes in the pursuit of high thrills and a healthy lifestyle while looking extremely cool. In Britain, mountain biking has taken a less hazardous route via smog-laden streets and a 10-minute asthma dash to the shops for 20 Bensons. After all, who wants to land on their head after cycling off the edge of a quarry, or smash their groin into the crossbar while descending a rocky hillside?

Really, the only excuse we've got for having a mountain bike in the first place is to look flash. For most of us it's not about fitness, fresh air or being at one with nature. It's about indulgence, excess, male bonding, impressing mates/females, snobbery, fun and even mild perversion. It's also increasingly about high-fashion and labels. Not Armani, Lacroix or Versace, but Orange, Klein and Bontrager. In fact, this season's favoured casual wear also takes in hooded sweatshirts, cagoule-style tops, zip-fronted jackets and drawstring pants – all staples in any serious mountain biker's wardrobe. My addiction to the indulgence of a top-notch mountain cycle as the ultimate '90s status symbol and the pursuit of the most desirable and impeccably cool mountain bike clothing has cost me my bank balance, my hairstyle, the well-being of one of my limbs, at least one of my friends and, once, the use of my manhood. But that doesn't matter, because mountain biking has given me purpose ✈

SHIMANO

"Alright, who's had my stabilisers?"

"This saddle is a right Royal pain in one's arse"

It's all about male bonding, snobbery, impressing females and mild perversion

and my purpose is to at least attempt to look really, really cool.

Mountain biking is a secret expression of male vanity. It is not really acceptable for men to wear make-up and flouncey hairstyles, hence man created the mountain bike for maximum pose value.

There's already a mountain-biking rock star, although Seahorse and former Stone Rose John Squire very nearly ended his career (and life) when he piled his Merlin into the back of a lorry in San Francisco, shattering his collarbone. On the bright side, he was wearing the very latest gear and looked fantastic in the ambulance.

Actually, it was a conversation with John Squire that began my addiction. Interviewing the guitarist, I happened to mention that I was considering buying a £200 American bike. His response was withering. "Why are you considering that particular model?" he intoned with disdain. Thankfully, John pointed me in the right direction. My wallet heard sirens. Seeing his bike glistening down from the rack that day, a strange glow came over me. I found out what it felt like to be starstruck by a bicycle frame. Admittedly it was no ordinary frame – it was a £1,200 Santa Cruz Heckler, and it was naked, without so much as a wheel or handlebar. I needed to touch it, to smell it. One sniff and I was hooked.

It's Alexei Sayle's bag – although he'd probably claim he borrowed it off his sister or something

Becoming a mountain biker is easy. There are no riding tests, and although a top-notch bike can cost the equivalent of a desirable motorcycle, it is usually much cheaper than that. But to become the coolest cat on your block, you have to endure punishing rites of passage, the first of which is your initial visit to the specialist bike shop. Not all mountain bike shops are run by snobbish, anally retentive pseuds, but most are.

Buying a mountain bike is like discovering sex: it helps to read a few magazines first to know what the bits look like and what can be done with them. You'll find yourself wanting it all the time, and lusting after a classier model. You realise there are thousands of them out there. What are they all like? Could you devote a lifetime to obtaining all of them, possibly several at once?

HALL OF FAME

Celebs partial to the twist of wrist and pose in hose:

Damon Albarn
Alex Ferguson
Leslie Ash
Jarvis Cocker
Bernard Sumner
Sarah Cracknell
Gena Lee Nolin
Jason Donovan

Your bike says a lot about you. Buy a serious model with good specifications (brake type, gears, tyres etc) and it will say you are a discerning person. Get a sub-£100 "mountain bike" from a mail-order catalogue and it will say you are a cheapskate with no regard for your cred, personal safety (some of these are death traps) or the scornful chuckles of small children. Your bike should be sturdy but light, and should radiate an inscrutable cool when gliding into a pub car park.

The trendiest bikes are full-suspension models (ie: springs at front and rear) from ProFlex and American makers like Klein and Santa Cruz, with glorious colour decals. But these are expensive and impractical for daily riding. Start with a 'rigid' bike (ie: no suspension) – £300 usually guarantees a decent one. As with any fashion item, labels go in and out all the time. Kona and Orange are not as trendy as they were a couple of years back, but Klein's super-light aluminium bikes are hot. Marin and Trek make cool-looking bikes, while anything by GT, Giant, Cannondale and Bontrager will be worth looking at. Specialized and Saracen make reasonable bikes but are a bit too mass-market for the serious poser. Bikes with virile names like

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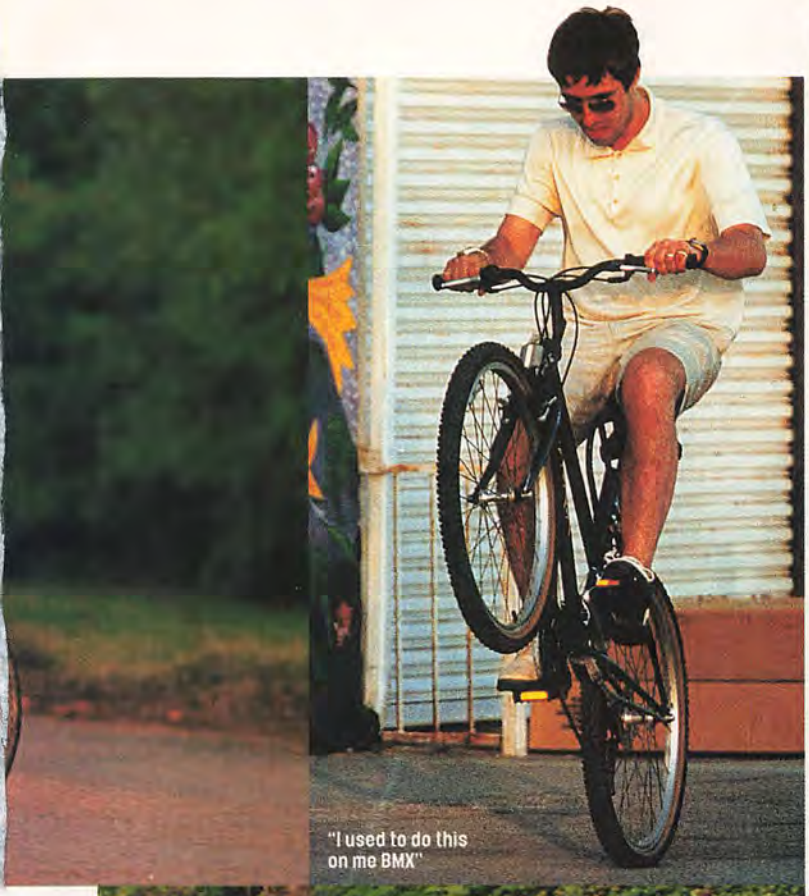


"I used to do this on me BMX"

Madonna: bike

'Apollo' or 'Invader' are usually terrible. This year's colours are yellow, mango and blue, while silver remains a classic.

The fun really starts when you go shopping for gear. Suddenly, the humble bike shop becomes a mysterious boutique. Mountain bike clothing comes in special materials (eg: 'Cool Max') which will take the sweat off your body when it's hot, keep it warm when it's not, and look 'designer' in the pub. The fleece has been a staple of any mountain biker's wardrobe for years, and a good bike one will easily beat a 'casual' bobbly thing for looks. My favourite came from Next's NX range, an ultra-cheap gold and yellow beauty.

Perhaps the most important item of a mountain biker's wardrobe is the shorts. Cycling shorts have a bad reputation and deserve it. However, a good pair will not only protect your gonads, but open up a whole new world of dubious, transsexual possibilities. Trying on a pair in a shop's dressing room is one of the most pleasurable experiences known to man. Experts maintain you should never wear underpants with cycling shorts. There are probably sound reasons for this, but I like to think that, deep down, even the most serious cyclists are secretly very kinky. Sometimes I wonder if my mountain biking is, subconsciously, the first tentative step on the road towards having a sex change.

Then there's the helmet, a foam-plastic, brain-cladding device that gives the casual user the look of an alien invader or the recipient of an amateur lobotomy. The sleek, robotic 'lids' made by Specialized, Giro and Met tend to be best. Add sunglasses (especially ultra-cool models from Oakley, Eassun or Bolle) and not only will your eyes be protected from flying shit, but your helmeted head will resemble that of a Stuka pilot.

Once you've got the basics, your wardrobe will expand as your wallet contracts. That £200 budget can easily multiply tenfold, and there will always be something new that you can't really afford but desperately desire. It's just like wanting one more signal box for your train set. And you're an adult, for God's sake. ◼

TRENDY BITS

Suspension forks: enormous springs so you can go bouncy-bouncy

Bar ends: little arm things that go on the end of your handlebars

SPDs: (or spuds): daft little pedals that attach themselves to your even dafter special shoes

Crud catcher: mudguard that fits under your frame and collects crud. Though I'm not sure why anyone would want to collect crud

IT'S NOT ALL POSING YOU KNOW

Hazards and injuries in mountain biking

Broken willy
One of the hardest moves in mountain biking is the vertical descent, especially when you are new to the game and nobody has told you that if you go downhill vertically you will slide off the saddle, causing a crunching sound to come from your genitals. Most likely to say: "Nnnnggggghhhhh!"

Hot wee
Often a by-product of broken willy or excessive cycling. Every trip to the toilet results in a painful tingling sensation right up your... yes, well. Most likely to say: "It's definitely not venereal then, doctor?"

Wanker's wrist
Biking can lead to repetitive-stress wrist injuries and inflammations usually associated with typists and tennis players. Most likely to say: "Just how often are you at it, sir? Snigger, snigger."

Woodland pervert
In every remote stretch of woodland lurks a deviant who is interested in you. Tell-tale sign is usually a man with a lead but no dog. Most often to be found admiring the 'view' – usually your legs. Most likely to say: "Have you got the time, young man?" Only marginally less likely to say: "It's the shorts!"

Schoolgirl assault
Common and terrifying. Ever wondered why schoolgirls travel in packs? There is but one reason: they are intent on inflicting terror on the mountain cyclist. When faced with such a gang, the only thing to do is put your head down and cycle very hard straight at them. They'll usually disperse. Otherwise, you'll be the subject of cruel taunts and hurled lollipops.

Vivienne Westwood (headscarf supplied by HRH the Queen)

Least likely to say: "Cor, love yer lean physique. Fancy a shag?" Most likely to say: "Get off and milk it, weirdo."

Spoke mincemeat
Rare but life-threatening. While hurtling along, you hear a grating sound: your front wheel is loose. You bend over your handlebars to investigate and... whoops! You hurtle over the bars, catch your fingers in the front wheel and are spoke mincemeat. Most likely to hear: the last rites.

Dog savaging
Many dogs are now programmed to cover huge distances in straight lines with the sole intention of biting hard into a biker's backside. Most likely to hear: "Biker at two o'clock, Fido." "Grrrrrrrr-ufff!"

Helmet hair
Biking is impeccably trendy, but sweating in a helmet will mean your bonce itches and your hair resembles an oriental plant fixed on with glue. This is why pros always wear caps after races.

Saddlearse
After hours in the saddle, burning off mopeds and splashing bystanders with mud, you are well on the way to becoming a total arse.

CHECKS 'N' THE POST

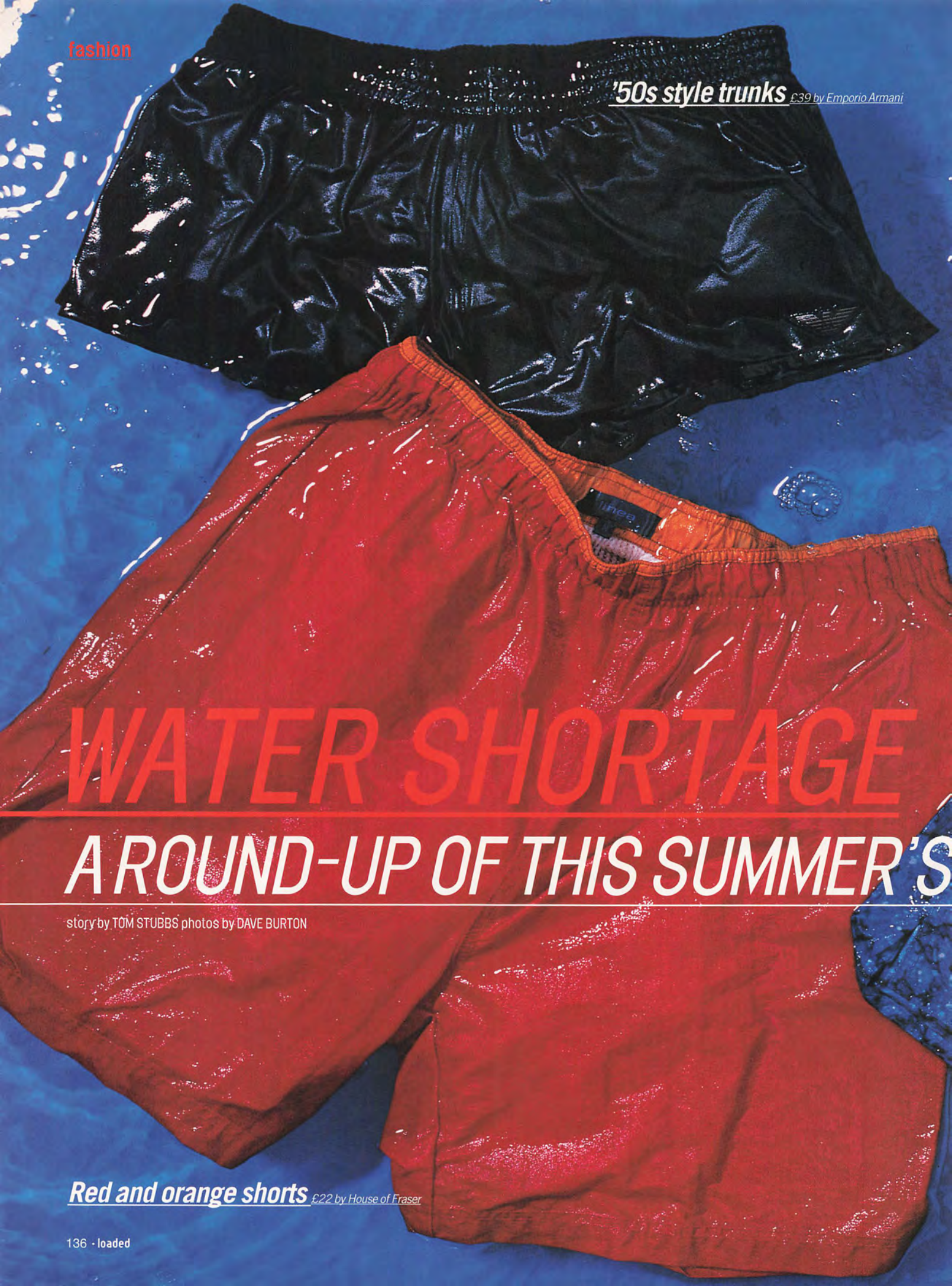
It's the end of the game, and the Barnet players

Lacoste navy shirt £69 **Stussy navy shirt** £60 **Diesel red and white shirt** £54.99 **Comme des Garcons pale blue and terracotta shirt £75 Gio Goi red and pink shirt** £65 approx

swap shirts. For brightly coloured summer ones

styling by TOM STUBBS photo by GRANT FLEMING models BARNET FC

All Saints gingham and floral shirt £60 **PS by Paul Smith pale blue and white shirt** £85
Bond International red and white shirt £49 **Ben Sherman multi-coloured shirt** £35
Replay navy large check shirt £68



WATER SHORTAGE

A ROUND-UP OF THIS SUMMER'S

story by TOM STUBBS photos by DAVE BURTON

Bathers shorts £45 by Paul Smith Accessories
SPEEDO
RESERVOIR TOGS
SPEEDO
Blue 'bubbles' shorts £16.99 by Speedo

Black with Union Jack' on back £30 by Thomas Burberry Sport

Orange multi-check shorts £16 by Marks & Spencer

Pale blue swim shorts £55 by Napapijri

Red floral trunks £75 by D&G by Dolce & Gabbana

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GAS
YSL
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MORGAN
BONEVILLE
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STOCKISTS

RIOT COUTURE (from page 120)
6876 Liberty, Regent St, London W1R; Aspecto, 85 Bridge St, Manchester; Drome; Autograph, 15 Ethel St, Birmingham; Enq: 0181 960 4864 **Agnes B** 35-36 Floral St, Covent Garden, London WC2. Enq: 0171 379 1992 **Armand Basi**, 12 Floral St, Covent Garden, London WC2; Intro, St Anne's Square, Manchester; Cruise, Renfield St, Glasgow; GQ Clothes, Charter Square, Sheffield. Enq: 0171 470 8600. **Ben Sherman** selected dept stores nationwide. Enq: 0171 734 9222. **Burberrys** 165 Regent St, London W1; 39-41 Prince's St, Edinburgh; Wade Smith, 1 Matthew St, Liverpool; Great Clothes, 84 York Rd, Leeds. Stock enq: 0171 734 5929. **Byblos** Harvey Nichols, 109-125 Knightsbridge, London, SW1; V2, 4 Simmon St, Blackburn, Lancs; Nicolls, 1 Temple Row, Birmingham; Woods, 7 Railway St, Chatham, Kent; Enq: 0171 355 4944. **Calvin Klein Eyewear** selected dept stores nationwide. Enq: 0800 722020. **Christophe Lamaire** Jones, 14 Floral St, London WC2. Enq: 0171 240 8312 **CP Company** and **CP Donna** Harvey Nichols, 109-125 Knightsbridge, London, SW1; Broadwalk, 26-30 The Arcade, Barnsley; Turners, 71 Crouch St, Colchester; Cruise, 45 Renfield St, Glasgow. Enq: 0171 287 6767 **Clarks** outlets nationwide. Enq: 0990 785 886 **D&G Jeans** Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, London SW1; Wade Smith, 1 Matthew St, Liverpool; Harvey Nichols, 107-111 Briggate, Leeds; Eltex, 12 Dalton Way Prior Square, Birmingham. Enq: 0171 878 8600 **Diesel** 43 Earlham St, Covent Garden, London WC1; 8-9 Lower Temple St, Birmingham; 116-120 Buchanan St, Glasgow. Enq: 0171 8332255 **Etro** 14 Old Bond St, London, W1. Enq: 0171 495 5767 **French Connection** branches nationwide. Enq: 0171 399 7200 **Glitterbest** Urban Outfitters, 36-38 Kensington High St, London W8. Enq: 0171 761 1000 **Helmut Lang Jeans** Harvey Nichols, 109-125 Knightsbridge, London SW1; Strand, 20-22 Queen Victoria St, Leeds; Zagger, 20 Baddow Road, Chelmsford; John Anthony, 55 Union St, Bristol. Enq: 0171 581 9928 **Iceberg** Selfridges, 400 Oxford St, London, W1; Flannels, 3 Brazil St, Manchester; Cruise, 45 Renfield St, Glasgow. Norton Barrie, 25 Bradshawgate, Bolton. Enq: 0171 629 1234. **Jeffery West** 12 Piccadilly Arcade, London SW1; Wade Smith, 1 Matthew St, Liverpool; Cruise, 39-45 Renfield St, Glasgow; Aspecto, 85-87 King St, Manchester. Enq: 0171 499 3360 **John Bartlett** Harvey Nichols, 109-125 Knightsbridge, London, SW1. Enq: 0171 235 5000 **Johnny Moke** 396 Kings Road, London, SW1. Enq: 0171 351 2232 **John Smedley** Harrods, Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, London SW1X; Christopher Scotney, 130 London Rd, Leicester; Flannels, 3 Brazil St, Manchester. Spiral, 16 Gardener St, Brighton. Enq: 0171 734 1519; **Kangol** selected dept stores nationwide. Enq: 0171 487 4888 **Lambretta** 22a Fouberts Place, London W1; Pilot, Silver St, Leicester; Schuh, Elden Square, Newcastle; Hardware, The Corn Exchange, Leeds. Enq: 01604 586081 **Lee** selected dept stores nationwide. Enq: 01159 656565 **Natural Blue** Ricardo, 10 Turnham Green Terrace, Chiswick, London, W4; Italian Suit Co, 1 2 Duke Lane, Brighton; Kitchi Guy, 27 Broad St, Bath; Rebbel, 2 Park Road, Peterbrough; Enq: 0171 261 9888. **Nicole Farhi** 158 New Bond Street, London W1; Harvey Nichols, 107-111 Briggate, Leeds;. Brown Thomas, Grafton Street, Dublin; Kafka, 41 Union Terrace, Aberdeen. Enq: 0171 499 8368 **Patrick Cox** 8 Symons St, London, SW1; Wade Smith, 1 Matthews St, Liverpool; Van Mildert, 21 Elvet Bridge, Durham; Strand, 20-22 Queen Victoria St, Leeds; Enq: 0171 730 6504 **PS by Paul Smith** 41 43 Floral St, London WC2; Van Mildert, 21 Elvert Bridge, Durham; Giulio, 26-32 King St, Cambridge; Strand, 22 Queen Victoria St, Leeds. Enq: 0171 379 7133 **Schott** American Classics, 390-400 Kings Rd, London SW10; Aspecto, 85-87 Bridge St, Manchester; Xile, 38-42 Southbridge, Edinburgh; Badger, 25 Bond St, Brighton. Enq: 0171 436 0986 **Wim Neels** Harvey Nichols, 109-125 Knightsbridge, London, SW1. Enq: 0171 584 0011 **Wrangler Jeans** outlets nationwide. Enq: 0845 600 8383.

SHADES OF BROWN (from page 128)
Black Flys Slam City Skate, 16 Neals Yard, London WC2; Planet X, 12a Cliff Rd, Newquay; Consortium, Dalkeith Arcade, Bournemouth; Urban, 30 Drury Street, Dublin. Enq: 01872 572000 **Calvin Klein Eyewear** Sightcare, 45 Oxford St, London W1; Trotters, 44 George St Edinburgh; Brodgill, 24 Victoria Quarter, Leeds; Coulons, 11 13 Ranclagh St, Liverpool. Enq: 0800 722020 **Cutler & Gross** 16 Knightsbridge Green, London SW3; Philip Brown, 2 Guildhall, Norwich; Wade Smith, 18 Whitechapel, Liverpool; Innes Coal, 5 Old Lane ,Colchester. Enq: 0171 881 2250 **D&G Sunglasses by Dolce & Gabbana** Harvey Nichols 109-125 Knightsbridge London SW1; Brodgill, Victoria Quarter, Leeds; Bannisters, City Plaza, Cannon St, Birmingham. Enq: 01635 529997 **Dolland & Aitchison** branches nationwide. Stock enq: 0121 706 6133 **Kangol Sunglasses** Debenhams and Sunglasses Hut nationwide. Enq: 0171 487 4888 **Kirk Originals** 36 Earlham St, Covent Garden, London WC2; Angela Campbell, 6 The Royal Exchange, St Anne's Square, Manchester. Enq: 0171 240 5055 **Mondo Sunglasses** all major dept stores nationwide. Enq: 0181 974 1642.

CHECKS 'N' THE POST (from page 134)
All Saints 8 Fouberts Place, London W1; Ethos,11 Sadlergate, Derby; Drome, 24 Dorby Lane, Old Swan, Liverpool; Psyche, 201/203 Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough. Enq: 0171 323 3883 **Ben Sherman** Interstates,17 Endell St, Covent Garden, London WC2; Euromark, 14/16 Rochdale Rd, Manchester Gallery,13 Highbridge, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne; Legend Clothing, 12 High St, Coventry. Enq: 0800 592 549 **Bond International** 10 Newburgh St, London W1. Enq: 0171 437 0079 **Comme des Garçon** Browns, South Molton St, London W1; Matches, 38 High St, Wimbledon, London, SW19; Harvey Nichols, 104 Briggate, Leeds; Pollyanna, 14/16 Market Hill, Barnsley. Enq: 0171 491 7833 **Diesel** 43 Earlham St, London WC1; 8/9 Lower Temple St Birmingham; 116/120 Buchanan St Glasgow. Enq: 0171 833 2255 **Gio Goi** Duffer Of St George, 29 Shorts Gardens, London WC2; Bozo, 109 Prince's St, Stockport; Home Boy, 18 Scott Lane, Doncaster; Infinity, 19 Haffell St, Newcastle-Under-Lyme. Enq: 01534 481 311 **Lacoste** 20 Brompton Rd, London SW1; 34 Prince's Square, Buchanan St, Glasgow; 24 Wicklow Street, Dublin; Wade Smith, 18 Whitechapel, Liverpool. Enq: 0171 439 2213 **PS by Paul Smith** 41/43 Floral St, Covent Garden, London WC2; Strand, 22 Queen Victoria St, Leeds; A2, 9 Ethel St, Birmingham; Richmond Classics, 9 Richmond Hill, Bournemouth. Enq: 0171 379 7133 **Replay** 52 Long Acre, London WC2; Replay, Unit 30 Prince's Square, Shopping Centre, Glasgow; Replay, Unit G12, Royal Exchange, Manchester; Replay, 132 Grainger St, Central Arcade, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne. Enq: 0171 505 2700 **Stussy** Bond International,10 Newburgh St, London W1; Hip,14 Thornton Arcade, Leeds ; Seven Ages, 5/7 Pottingers Entry, Belfast; Dr Jives, 113 Candleriggs, Glasgow. Enq: 0171 224 2656

SWIMWEAR (from page 136)
Burberrys 167 Regent Street, London W1; Hurleys Menswear, 69 Deansgate, Manchester; Stone, Unit 43, Clayton Square, Liverpool; USC branches nationwide. Enq: 0171 734 5929 **D&G by Dolce & Gabbana** Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, London, SW1; Cruise, 39-45 Renfield Sreet, Glasgow; Eltex, 12 Dalton Way Prior Square, Birmingham; Brown Thomas, 92 Grafton Street, Dublin. Enq: 0171 878 8600 **Emporio Armani** Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, London SW1; Emporio Armani, 84/86 King Street, Manchester; The Italian Centre, Glasgow; Selected House of Fraser nationwide. Enq: 0171 761 8888 **Linea** House of Fraser nationwide. Enq: 0171 963 2590 **Marks & Spencer** nationwide. Enq: 0171 935 4422. **Napapijri** Harrods, Knightsbridge, London SW1; Bureau, Wellington St, Belfast; Capolito Roma, City Plaza, Birmingham; Punch, 28 Wood St, Doncaster. Enq: 01785 819 787 **Paul Smith Accessories** Paul Smith, 41/43 Floral St, London WC2. Giulio, 26/32 King Street, Cambridge; John Anthony, 40 The Arcade, Swinton. Van Mildert, 21 Elvert Bridge, Durham. Enq: 0171 379 7133 **Speedo** outlets nationwide. Enq: 0115 916 7000.

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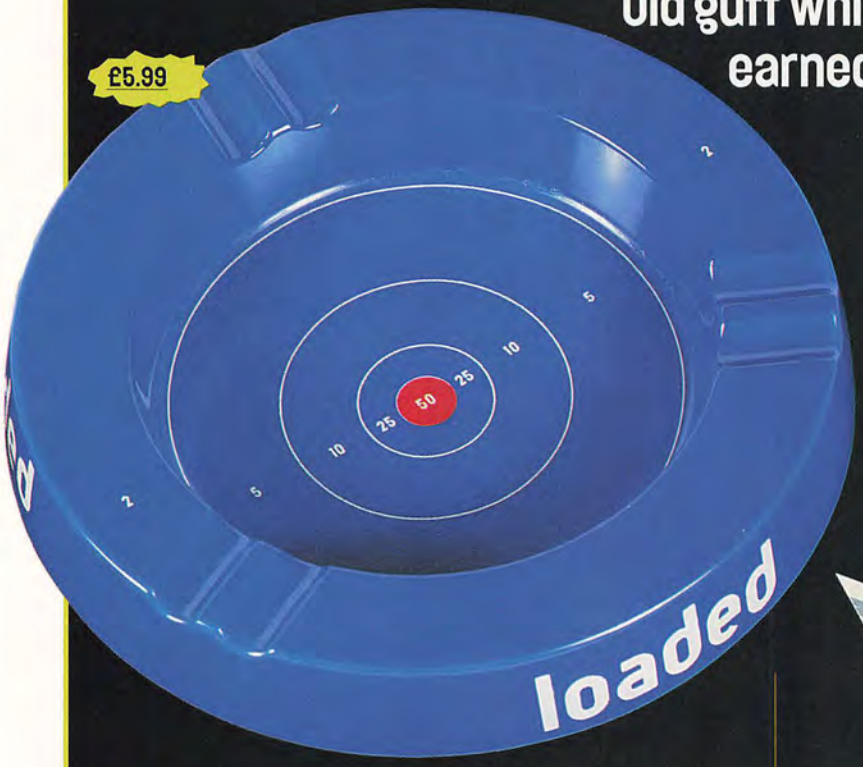

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Dave Prowse

The man inside Darth Vader

He was also the Green Cross Man, Frankenstein and Britain's Strongest Man and now owns a high-profile gym. All this despite having 'ugly feet'

What was your first job?
I hated school so I didn't really know what to do with myself when I left. I went to work for an accountants but I was only interested in bodybuilding which I'd taken up as a teenager to get over a problem I'd had with my leg. The pay was awful but because work was near where I lived I didn't have to spend hours commuting so I had more time for bodybuilding.

What's been your worst job?
Working for a meat wholesalers. I thought I'd get cheap meat, which I needed for the bodybuilding. I also thought humping around great sides of beef would build me up. I had to be there for five in the morning and they said I was too intelligent for just lugging the meat around, so they set me to work in the logging and checking in area. It was just like the accountancy office. Bloody terrible. I stuck it for about six months then told them to stuff it.

Do you have a personal philosophy?
Never give up. Like the end scene from Monty Python's *The Life Of Brian* where they're all on the crosses singing. Basically that's the attitude towards my life and career. I was told I wouldn't win the Mr Universe contest because I had ugly feet! I'd done nine years of training for it and all my hopes were dashed in one day! I thought stuff it, I'll do it my own way, ugly feet included. I formed my own show, *Britain's Strongest Man*, and went touring around the country. That's what got me noticed after that and all sorts of acting parts came my way.

What was your favourite role?
It was good working with Roger Moore in *The Saint*. In *The Avengers* I had to be killed off by Linda Thorsen which was obviously enjoyable. I had to choreograph the fight for her so she could throw me around. Also my first film role in *Casino Royale* working alongside Peter Sellers, Woody Allen, Ursula Andress, Orson Welles and David Niven. Not a bad start in movies!

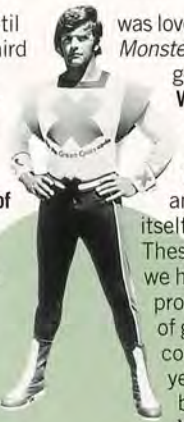
Have you got any regrets?
Only that the people behind *Star Wars* didn't give me any publicity. Especially since Darth Vader's now become one of the biggest cult figures in cinema history.

Are you bitter about that?
Yes, a bit. At the time it was the lack of trust that got me the most. You weren't allowed to see the whole scripts, only your pages and you had to hand them back at the end of the day's shoot. I mean, I didn't know I was Luke Skywalker's father until I'd seen the films! In the third one I didn't even know I'd been killed until a reporter told me that another actor was used for the final death scene.

Did you apply for the position of Mr Vader in the new films?
I haven't, no. Hopefully they'll approach me. If I'm fit I'd love to do it.

What's the weirdest fan mail you've ever received?
One woman, years ago, wanted me to send her my dirty underpants so she could sleep with them at night. It's strange that Darth means so much to so many people. Sometimes it's just not healthy.

Were the Hammer Horror films a good time in your career?
They were fun. The first I did was *The Horror Of Frankenstein* with Ralph Bates as Dr Frankenstein. It was tongue in cheek but I had some good times. Kate O'Mara was lovely. *Frankenstein And The Monsters From Hell* was another good one.



What's been your biggest gamble so far?
Business-wise, the gym. It's been going 28 years and although it supports itself now, it has been tough. These days it's well known and we have a number of high-profile clients along with lots of great people who've kept coming back over the years, but it hasn't always been easy.

What's been the secret of your success?
I'm not sure. All I know is one thing leads to another. *Star Wars* led onto *The Empire Strikes Back* then *The Green Cross Code Man* because all the kids knew I was Darth Vader.

Who's been the greatest influence on your career?
Stanley Kubrick. I got asked to do *A Clockwork Orange* and I went out to meet Stanley and we became friends while working together. I don't think he ever thought of me as an actor, more a strong man, but the mere fact I'd worked for Stanley Kubrick established me as an actor in people's eyes. Russ Meyer came over from America with a proposition for a film called *The Immoral West*. I had visions of buxom ladies and the like but he said: "I'm not having sex in this movie at all. After *A Clockwork Orange*, I've decided violence is in and sex is out." Russ said that if I was good enough for Kubrick, I was good enough for him.

Whose job would you most like?
I'd like to have been Mr Universe, obviously. I like what I do and what I've done with my life but I'd love to have played James Bond.

Made a lot of cash then?
Not as much as people might expect. The *Star Wars* films didn't exactly make me a rich man. I worked on them for about five months and didn't even make 20 grand. I don't get any of the royalties from it and the gym's not a big profit-making venture.

When did you last lay down the law?
I'm not a quick-tempered person. Not for my size anyway. I'm aware of how strong I am, or was. Perhaps I'm just too big. Back in the '70s people knew who I was, so they didn't bother me.

When you're invited to fancy dress parties, who do you go as?
The only costumes I have is a suit from *A Clockwork Orange* and one that I kept from a kid's TV show I did when I was zapped by a little girl and turned into 6ft 5in Shirley Temple. I've worn that to parties. A little gingham number with a blonde wig.

Got any ambitions left?
I'd like to see the gym do well enough for me to retire comfortably in the future.

Have you ever been run over?
No! I had to be careful though during my Green Cross Code days because the car I used to drive from school to school had all the Green Cross Code logos on it and when I drove it I was always dressed in costume. I was in Southampton once on the ring road there belting along at over 70 and the press got wind of it and the next day it was like 'The Speeding Green Cross Code Man' all over the front of the bloody papers!

PIERS TOWNLEY

Dave's organising a Star Wars and Sci Fi convention called Multicon '98 in Blackpool, 26 to 27 Sept. Tel: 0181 928 0800.

The Hedonists' Handbook

What's going on in the world at the moment

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Tequila mocking band

Haggis, kilts, tartan, shortbread and the Beta Band. How much more Scottish can you get, Amigo?

Without Scotland, life as we know it would be dull as hell. They thought of the television, they thought of the telephone. And now we have the Beta Band to contend with. A four-piece group come down from the wild north country with a handful of instruments, the kind of creative determination that enabled *Blue Peter* fans to turn household items into spacecraft, a brilliant record collection, guts, humour, a love of dressing up and a sackful of ferns.

Named after the old state school maths book for underachievers, the band first came to this office's attention with their video for 'Inner Meet Me', a song from their second EP. In it, the band dress like grotesque extras from a special school's nativity play and roll up a mountain backwards. This, combined with the music, was an astonishing piece of work. Hypnotic, daft, brilliant and funny. Clearly something was at work in these men's minds that merited investigation.

"The mountain inspired us," says Steve Mason who, along with Richard Greentree, John McLean and Robin Jones, makes up the band. "John's dad has a hut near Stackpolly, the mountain, in a place called Secret Location in north Scotland. You can see Summerisle from there, where *The Wicker Man* was filmed. And we tend to dress up like that fairly religiously."

At their last London show they dressed the venue in foliage, showed separate films for each song, flanked by slideshows of ferns, and took to the stage in karate suits. It was like the Zappa soundtrack to a Bruce Lee film set in a garden centre. It was great. But what can it all mean?

"Robin's from the country and me and John are from small fishing towns," says Steve. "We're used to a lot of greenery so we try to bring it with us... it's the whole idea of reminding people there's green things out there and they need to be appreciated as well." And the clothes? "Me and Rich were in a shop in Liverpool, we saw these karate suits hanging up and I thought, 'That's what I want!' So he bought a judo suit and I bought a karate suit. Then Robin went out and bought a black karate suit. John just wore the bottoms 'cos he was embarassed. There's no real significance to it."

"We're used to a lot of greenery so we try to bring it with us"

Ah, but there is. How long has it been since you could go and see a great band and wonder what they'd be *wearing*? And then there's the music. When Miles Leonard, A&R director at Parlophone/Regal records and the man who spotted the potential of the nascent Verve, heard the Beta Band's demo, he had no hesitation about signing them. "The artwork was awful and the production was awful," he recalls. "But the music was truly amazing. And what I love about the Beta Band is I never know what they're gonna do next." Neither, it seems, do they, as they veer between using a handful of instruments in ways that nature never intended, and using a lot of instruments that they can't play. But it works. Making sound for the love of music; exploiting, repeating and refining the kind of creative obstacles other artists would simply choose to avoid.

"The whole point about this band," enthuses Steve, "is that we're in it to have fun. There's no point hiring a session musician to play perfectly when you can have a go yourself and stumble across something that's better than what you planned."

And if that attitude were law, there'd be no such thing as Phil Collins. Think on.

MICHAEL HOLDEN

The Beta Band's third EP 'Los Amigos Del Bandidos' is out on 13 July on Regal Records.

PHOTOS: MICHAEL SPENCER JONES

Cryptic Crossroads

"We're not a soap, we're a rock'n'roll band," claim Rocket From The Crypt

Arms like hamhocks. Speedo, Rocket From The Crypt's singer, guitar-juggler, fire-eater and big-mouthed spokesman looks like Popeye's sparring partner Bluto. Only harder. And with a better beard. In fact, the whole of San Diego's loudest big band look like they've just burst out of their very own comic book. Going by the dubious names of Apollo 9, ND, Petey X, Atom, JC2000 and Speedo, they're six hoodlum Elvises in matching bowling shirts and big rings that'll bust up your face. But don't go calling them a gang. Not if you want to keep your teeth.

"I'm real tired of the gang thing..." growls Speedo menacingly. "We're a kick-ass rock'n'roll band, not a gang. We're entertainers, man. Sure, we carry knives. Sure, we've got tattoos. But just because we rob banks wearing false beards doesn't make us *bad people*."

Ahem. We should point out that Rocket From The Crypt don't always take themselves *completely* seriously. The myths and fibs surrounding the band (the story about cutting off a fan's finger or the one about beating up Iggy Pop in a lift for example) are as big a part of the Rocket experience as the souped-up Stax-driven rock'n'roll roar of the live shows.

"There are no small parts to this band!" booms Speedo. "*Everything* is big in Rocket From The Crypt! The show is our world! It's passion, sweat and commitment. And that's why we're NOT a Goddamn 'project', we're NOT a soap opera, we're a rock'n'roll band! We do what feels good, and *man*, this feels good!"

So why has there been such a long silence since the burning rubber screech of 1996's *Scream, Dracula, Scream*? Where have Rocket been?

"Barbecuing, dude!" enthuses Speedo. "Fishing, bowling and hosting our own late night TV show, *Tiger Feet Tonite*. It's real cool."

More to the point, the band have been waiting for bassist Petey X to recover from a near-fatal car crash.

"It was really scary," says Speedo. "Pete was in the passenger seat with the window rolled down so when the car rolled, his head was smacking against the ground – SMACK! SMACK! – as it flipped over and over. There were lumps of gravel embedded in his *skull*! That was the only thing Pete was pissed about; that they shaved his head to put these big stitches in. He don't like anyone messin' his hair."

Petey X wouldn't let a little thing like a smashed skull slow him down.

"Yeah, he was out the second day!" says Speedo admiringly. "Stitches hanging out of his bald head, playing fucking football. The only problem is that his memory is totally fucked now. If we don't rehearse during the day, we can't play at night, because Pete will have forgotten the songs by then."

Speedo cheers right up when I tell him a similar thing happened to Slade's drummer back in the '70s.

"WOW, really?!" he laughs. "I didn't know that! COOL! Hey, maybe I should blow my head off and then we can be just like Nirvana too!"

The good news is that the freshly patched-up RTFC are back with a smokin' new single, 'Break It Up', a new album (the cleverly-titled *RFTC*) and a whole heap of appearances at festivals.

"We hate festivals," grumbles Speedo. "All that mud and shit. People getting messed up on drugs and shitting in their pants. Fucking stupid, man!"

In fact, Rocket's last festival appearance, at Reading '96, didn't help their hatred of open-air gigs. A sudden downpour shorted out the electrics, the band started fighting with the audience and then stormed off after Speedo demanded that the crowd throw their shoes at him.

"I actually enjoyed that show!" he chuckles evilly, "It was cool! Ugly and nasty, some real serious demons being exorcised on that stage. I'm glad people saw that side of the band. The *dark* side... Heh-heh... You just wait till this year!"

And with that Speedo is off to prepare: "I've got to go get my hair cut, dude! I'm gettin' a mohican, man! All the kids are doing it!"

They will now.

JOHN PERRY

RFTC *is out now on Elemental. 'Break it Up' is out 27July. Rocket play Reading 28 August.*

"That's neat, that's neat, we really dig those tiger feet!"

COMPETITION

It's that time of year again when you can stand in fields watching bands and get second-degree sunburn with a veg/nut gut rumbler burger in one hand and a fine beer in the other. V98 has a staggering line-up of bands and we've got some tickets to give away. Budweiser join up with Virgin Cola to provide: a pair of backstage weekend passes (for Chelmsford AND Leeds), 10 pairs of standard tickets, five crates of Budweiser and 20 Virgin Cola festival goody packs. Answer this question and Bud-Virgin Cola festival fun could be yours. **Festival toilets are: a) Fragrant; b) Fun; c) Futile**

Answers to Budweiser/Virgin Cola V98 Comp to the usual address.

albums reviewed by cheeky

Lara Croft: Come Alive (Discovery)
Big-titted cartoon bird from popular video game *Womb Raider* comes to life, and what's the first thing she decides to do? Have a long soak in the bath? Nip out for some chips? Or just stand there playing with her brand new flesh breasts in a long mirror? No, the crazy lesbian abortionist records an album of shit sub-Republica techno pop. I despair, I really do.

John Travolta & Olivia Newton John: Grease (Polydor)
You wouldn't think it to look at me, but I'm actually old enough to have been in the original *Grease* movie. I wasn't, of course. But I've been in some pretty greasy places in my time, I can tell you.

Heaven 17: Retox/Detox (Eagle)
Saucy Sheffield old romantics Hev Sev return in sparkling gold lame form with all their top hits – 'Temptation', '(We Don t Need This) Fascist Groove Thang', 'Crushed By The Wheels Of Industry' – remixed by a load of camp blokes in leather chaps and Marlon Brando hats. A great big gay disco with knobs on. And good.

Dogs Deluxe: Dogs Deluxe (Second Skin)
Dogs? Urgh. I hate dogs. For some reason dogs seem to take exception to my overt monkeyness. "Oh look! A monkey! I'll go and chase that!" I can't even go for a stroll in the park with the missus. I have to take refuge on the boating lake. Dogs are the Nerys Hughes of the animal kingdom. God's daytime quizshow guests.

CONTINUES P151

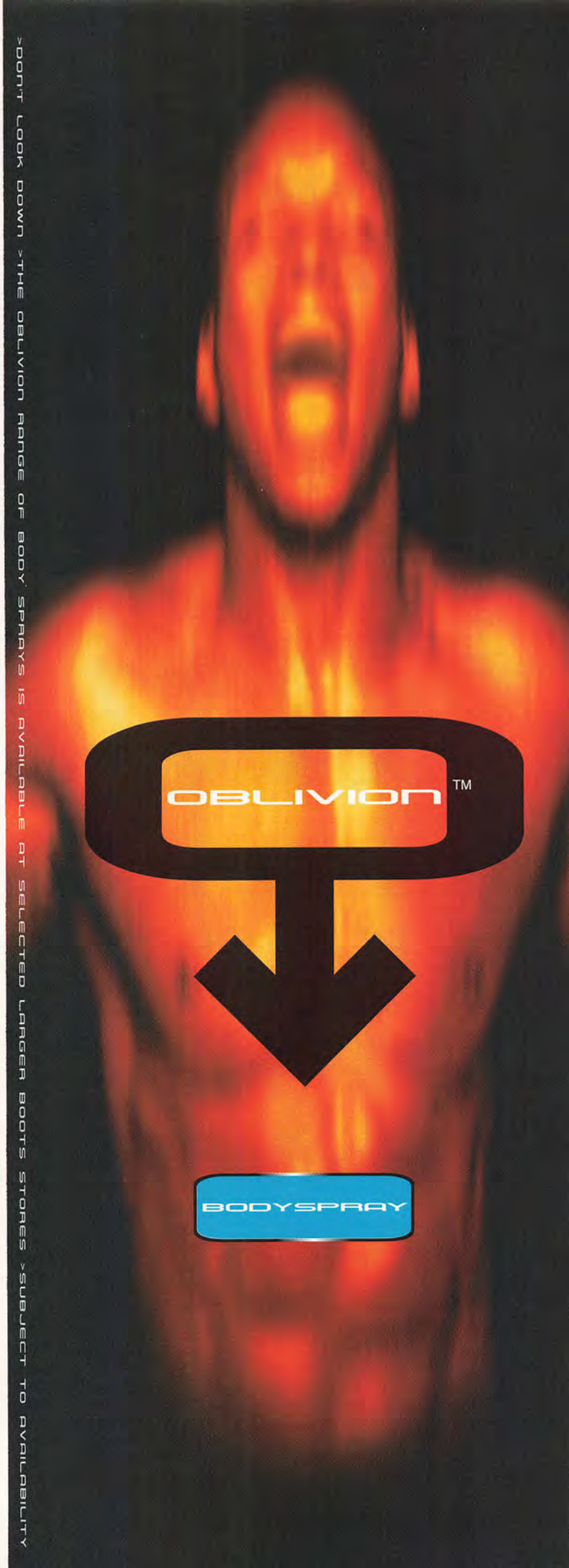
What we're listening to

1 Pete Tong tapes every night
2 Neil Young *Decade*
3 Raiding Apache war parties
4 Jimmy Bow Horne 'Spank'
5 Black Sabbath 'Paranoid'
6 Olivia Newton John 'Hopelessly Devoted To You'
7 Beastie Boys 'Intergalactic'
8 DJ Niall 'Turntable Irie'
9 Ian Brown 'Can't See Me'
10 BBC World Service News
11 Motorhead 'Louie Louie'
12 Embrace *The Good Will Out*

cheeky recommends

The Walker Brothers: Images/Portrait/Take It Easy With The Walker Brothers (Mercury)
Utter, utter, utter class. If you only know 'The Sun Ain t Gonna Shine Anymore', then you really should grab a-hold o' these li'l beauties, available on CD for the first time. Pure heaven in plastic form. Scott Walker's voice is like a cool drink of Vimto on a hot day and the songs are like a bag of Bovril crisps after swimming. Ace to the power of skill.

Ronnie Lane: Tin & Tambourine (NMC)
The lost album from The Small Faces dead peeannah prodder, made in a gypsy caravan in a lay-by in Norfolk back in 1973. All a bit fiddly-diddly-eye-tiddle-eye-lend-us-10-pee, but there's some nice songs about robbing pies off window sills and tarmacking drives.


>DON'T LOOK DOWN >THE OBLIVION RANGE OF BODY SPRAYS IS AVAILABLE AT SELECTED LARGER BOOTS STORES >SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY
OBLIVION
TM
BODYSPRAY

The loaded Puressence Dogs Deluxe Page

The waiter eyes the four bulky Mancs in the corner and counts the steps to the alarm button. He's overheard Puressence recounting their history, the tales of punk riots, petty theft and mob violence. He's even gathered that they're mates of – gulp! – Shaun Ryder. He shies away, unwilling to risk his kneecaps for a tip.

"I used to work in casinos," bellows bassist Kevin Matthews. "Started in Manchester then got a job on a ship. Robbed all the money and started a band."

"That's where the money came from to buy our drumkit," says singer James. "And there was the time Kev walked out of a shop with loads of cymbals under his coat..."

On the mean streets of Manchester you do anything to survive. Some beg. Some steal. Some sink to presenting *The National Lottery Big Ticket*. And, if you're a fledgling band with soaring falsetto rock epics in your souls and a bloody great hole where your bank account should be, you go to any lengths to get your 'gear'.

"We didn't harm anyone," defends Kev. "We didn't go and bash an old lady to get the money. All these rich casino owners could afford it."

"Sometimes you have to do things you're ashamed of to get on," adds James, goaded on by drummer Tony and guitarist Neil. "But someone was sacked because of it and he's probably out bashing old ladies right now."

BLOODY YEAH! All hail Puressence, the Robin Hoods of pop! Go on kids, steal from all those evil rich bass-string merchants and give to rock'n'roll! Loot, riot and rampage in the name of Hendrix!

"Oh," James continues, "and we rob **loaded** every month at the train station."

Thieving bastards. Still, to keep them here until the 'pigs' arrive, **loaded** feigns interest in Puressence's bumpy ride from *Nil By Mouth* to *TFI Friday*. Emerging in post-baggy '91, the band released a string-swathed mammoth of a debut album, and watched as the pop world discarded them as 'shallow noodlers who sing like big girls'.

James scowls. "I didn't know I sang like a big girl..." Sorry, I meant 'gold-tonsiled cherubs'.

Need an Uzi? Look no further

With Britpop finally choking on its own sleeve stripes, however, music has come round to the Puressence way of emotive howling in a Verve-with-concealed-baseball-bats style. 'This Feeling' even nipped at the pinkies of the Top 30 and saw them sharing underwear with Gazza on *TFI*.

"James had his clothes drying on the patio outside," Kev explains, "and Gazza came out and goes, 'You wearing them on the show in two hours? Nah mate? Well, have mine.' And he took his pants and shirt off and gave them to James. He was standing there with fuck all on."

Meanwhile, new single 'It Doesn't Matter' is set to propel them into the superleague, where they'll set about making pop a much more bizarre place to visit. I mean, can you imagine Knebworth swarming with 250,000 budding Dana Internationals?

"We get quite a few ladyboys at the gigs," says Tony. "Chicks with dicks."

"But," Kev interrupts, "what would you do if you met a stunning ladyboy and she had a bit of a cock? You'd just turn her over and bum her stiff."

Indeed. Now, lads, I understand you might have, er, 'contacts' in the 'motor trade'. I've got £20 here and I was wondering if you could get me a car, y'know, very *quickly*.

James snorts. "I can get you a fuckin' Uzi for £30."

Really? And what if I were to want someone to, as it were, 'disappear'. Could you oblige?

James leans over conspiratorially. "Everybody knows somebody who knows somebody who could sort somebody out..."

He pauses, then laughs the laugh of the mild-mannered piss-taker and we skip cheerfully from the restaurant, Puressence exposed forever as law abiding do-gooders after all.

Ten minutes later, nobody remembers paying.

"Gazza took his pants and shirt off and gave them to James to wear"

MARK BEAUMONT

Puressence's new album, Only Forever, *is out on Island on 3 August.*

PHOTOS: DEREK RIDGERS

Dulux Dogs. Hang on, no, that's Dogs Deluxe. They make 'genre-less music'. So that's us lost for words

"It's a bad album, man", says the PR bloke. Eh? It's not that bad. I know bad when I hear it and this sounds pretty good as it goes. Then the penny drops and I see his point. It's bad like Michael Jackson claimed to be, not bad as in cack.

Dogs Deluxe are Rolo McGinty, who also records under the name of 'Pluto' and was the leader of indie swingers The Woodentops, and Rob Miller, co-founder of Second Skin records and one of London's 'top choppers' due to his dance music editing exploits. Their eponymous debut album, like all good LPs, approaches 'breakbeat technology' from a number of angles. Spoony dance mag types have invented names for them all, but the lads "don't like talking genres" and rightly so. It's an accomplished collection of solid arrangements; slinky rhythms, spanking brass, dark acid squelches, chipmunk effects and ghostly vocals.

"It's amazing how conservative people are," says Rolo. "If they buy a record and it doesn't sound like someone else, they quite often don't understand it. We're trying to break through that. We didn't invent this type of music but we're trying to add something to it".

In times of war, people turn to Chuck Norris, right?

That's right. Fireworks for a start, on the sizzling 'Missing in Action'. "When we were writing that, it looked like we were about to go back to war with Iraq." And in times of war people's thoughts turn to Chuck Norris, right? "Well yeah, and with respect to soldiers, they're often young people sucked in by the advertising. It looks like a good career move and then you get poisoned – it's hell out there."

Quite so. Now, can you explain the luxury canine monicker?

"As soon as we finish making something it's out of our hands," Rolo explains, "it goes through the same selling process as dog food. It's just a snigger we had that ended up being the name."

CHAS CHANDLER

The Dogs Deluxe 12in 'Wreckin' Ball' is released on 6 July. Their debut LP, Dogs Deluxe, *is released on 20 July. Both are on Second Skin Records.*

PHOTOS: AKIM ANDREOLLI

albums reviewed by cheeky ctd...

The Dury's still out on this one

Ian Dury And The Blockheads: Mr Love Pants (Ronnie Harris)
A return to form for the Yoda-like fool with the big rhythm stick and the withered arm.
I dunno why, but I've always thought of Ian Dury as the male Toyah Wilcox. Must be those tiny feet.

Various: The X-Files (Elektra)
A coal-scuttle of has-beens (pig-scarer Björk, reggae liars Aswad and fur hedge Noel Gallagher) loudly spraying their musical dirt over that ginger bird. Wossername, Geri Anderson. All very irritating.

Mind you, *X-Files* fans will be pleased to hear that at the end of the CD, the series creator reveals the whole truth about that pesky alien invasion plot. Apparently it's all my fault.

Lydia Lunch: Widowspeak (NMC)
Rubbish goth bird wailing about make-up, ponies and how her periods are a terrible burden. Nice picture of Lydia having sex on the inside cover though.

911: Moving On (Virgin)
I like a nice boy band, especially if their shirts fall open in the middle of their dance routine. But there is a scurrilous rumour going around that 911 are frigid. Apparently, there's no end of teenage girls daubed in cheap make up camping out in 911's garden. "I long to feel your hot tongue lapping at my milky white neck!" they cry. "I yearn for your musky male perfume to fill my nostrils!" they yelp. "Touch my vagina with your fingers!" they add. And where are 911? Tucked up in bed with a mug of cocoa, reading instructive verse. Crying shame.

The B-52 s: Songs For A Future Generation (WEA)
A compilation of B-52 s songs. Oh, cheers. Then again, perhaps the intention is to bury these all in the *Blue Peter*

B52s: da bomb

sunken garden and thereby spare future generations from their hideous shrieking shit.

CONTINUES P153

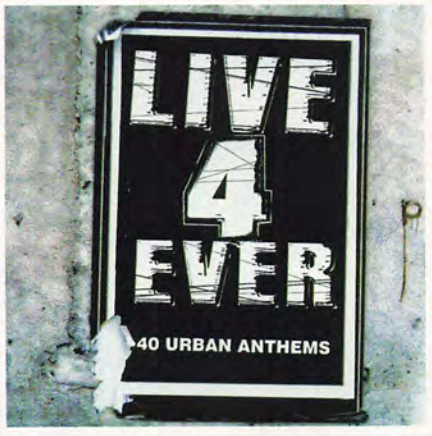
cheeky stands up like Le Tour Eiffel for

Oof blimey

Blondie: Atomic - The Very Best Of Blondie (EMI)
Ahh, the distilled sound of the late '70s/early '80s on one big floppy record. If only they could add that scary bip... bop noise *Asteroids* made, throw in the theme to *Minder* and splice in the rustle of *Cosmopolitan* under the nylon sheets at night, then *Atomic* would be the soundtrack to the Grifter generation. Hey, but who's complaining, when Blondie can make your fur stand up with songs like 'Heart Of Glass', 'Sunday Girl' or 'Picture This'? Peroxide bliss, even if it does remind me of my unrequited love for a number of 10-year-old girls.

HMV

eternalanthems



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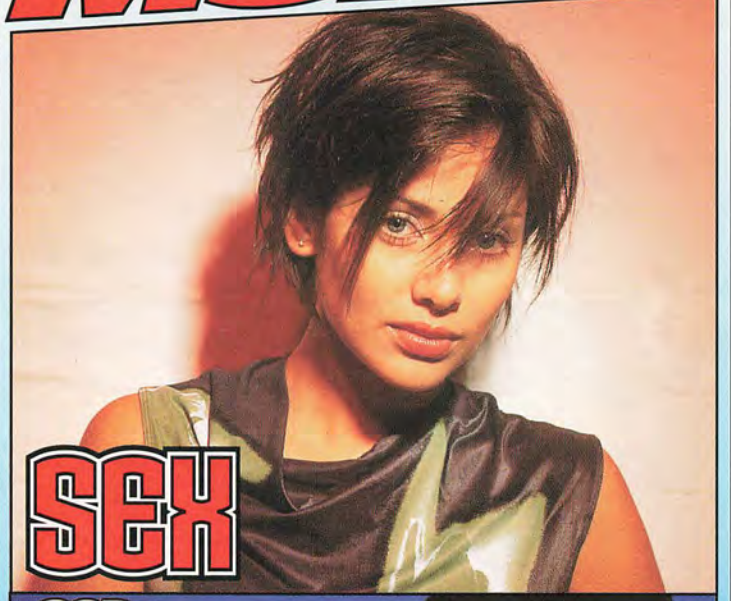

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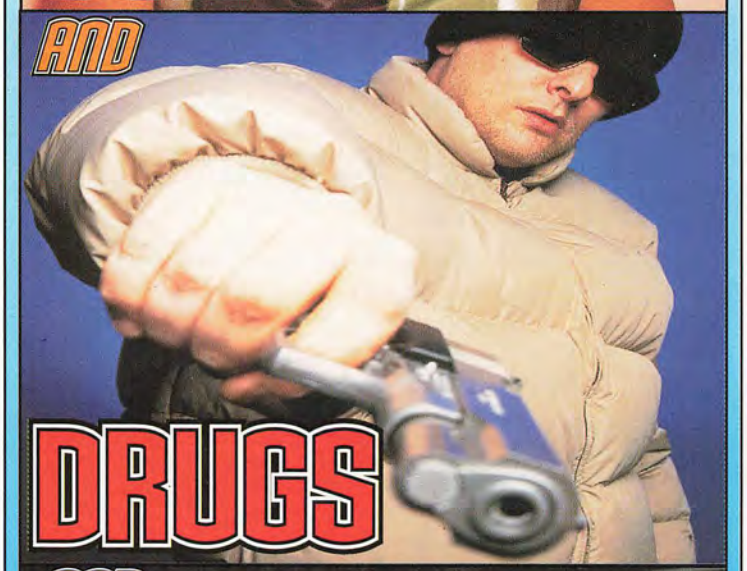

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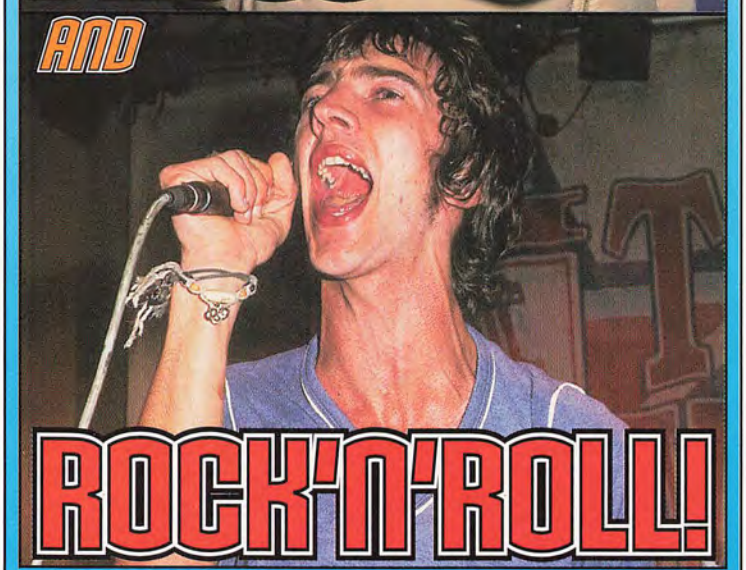

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The feather girls

All-gal teen band Chicks – cheeky cluckers or punk fledglings?

"Oh, those Catholic girls, eh?" sang Frank Zappa famously. "Filthy as a docker's jockstrap, the lot of 'em." I may be paraphrasing here, but Ol' Goggle Eyes would have creamed his crushed-velvet bell-bottoms at the prospect of Dublin's Chicks, three 17-year-old convent rebels lured into the sordid realms of punk rock by the sticky glint from Joey Ramone's leather keks. Hell, it sure beats lap-dancing to kick that Catholic guilt trip, right?

"We're very good," murmurs guitar munchkin Annie Tierney. "We sit home and watch films and stuff."

'Scuse me?

"We'll resist the sex and the drugs but not the rock'n'roll," she continues. "I wanna be rock'n'roll and I *am* rock'n'roll. I *shred* the guitar! Drugs are really great in other people but I wouldn't take them myself."

I'm sure Drew Barrymore said the same to ET. But Chicks have got Zappa sussed for the leering hippy tosser with halitosis that he was and refuse to take the traditional route from habit to wet T-shirt. Theirs is a world of curly-wurlys and *Captain Caveman*, hairslides and hopscotch. Their debut single 'Let Me Go' is a frivolous Breeder-punk number about how only losers get jobs and they'd much rather joyride round the galaxy until they die. Indeed, you'd think that between meeting at school aged seven and forming a band 18 months ago, Annie, singer Isabel Reyes-Feeney and their drumming Cabbage Patch Doll Lucy Clarke have never had an impure thought between them. Until Annie suddenly mistakes **loaded** for a confessional.

"I *am* rock'n' roll. I *shred* the guitar"

"Last night I crashed a scooter," Annie giggles. "I was at a sushi bar and I went on their scooter and crashed it. I gave them a wad of cash and I left it stuck in a lamp-post."

That's the attitude! And there's more corruption hidden beneath these cherub cheeks. They have their own cartoon strip that's "really goofy. We beat the shit out of people". Lucy admits she was "a bit of a thief" in her, um, 'youth' – and even the cutesy Manga cartoon on their single sleeve conceals hidden perversion.

"The face I'm making means 'fuck off,'" explains Annie. "It's corruptive."

Your EP is entitled 'Criminales, Coches, Pistoles Y Chicas' ('Criminals, Cars, Guns And Girls') More questionable morals or is Quentin Tarantino your Spanish tutor?

"It's because they're all fun. Criminals are fun because the Fun Lovin' Criminals rock. Cars are good because you get car chases on telly. And guns are good to shoot people with."

But BEHOLD YE SINNERS! Surely punk is the sound of SATAN SPUNKING! Aren't you worried your convent teachers will drag you out of class and burn you atop a pile of B*Witched CDs?

"No, they're very supportive," Annie says shyly. "They even announce our gigs over the intercom."

That sound is Frank Zappa dribbling in his grave.

MARK BEAUMONT

Chicks' 'Criminales...' EP is out now on Supremo.

Isn't it past your bedtime?

albums reviewed by cheeky ctd...

Fatboy Slim: On The Floor At The Boutique (Skint)

An LP packed with big beats where Norman Cook puts his Binatone tape player next to his phonogram and records us his favourite tracks. Thus it's a bit like going around Norm's house when he was 13 and too spotty to get off with any girls. "No Norman, you can't practice kissing with me. You'll put your tongue in my mouth. I'm off home and I'm telling your mum."

Mica Paris: Black Angel (Cool Tempo)

Meesha! Meeesha! MeeeeeeSHAAAAH!! Poor old Mica, she s cursed with a name that has become the new Sharon on the council estates of England. However many smooth jazz funk grooves she pumps out, any time she walks past a tower block she runs the risk of being forced to go down the bookies to put on complicated accumliator bets for her uncle Kev. Never happened to Dee Cee Leeeee.

Various: The Breaks (Harmless)

A collection of all the big chunky funk tunes you'll ever need: 'Funky Drummer', 'Apache' and of course, 'God Made Me Funky'. It's like honey dripping out of your ears and messing up your fur, so your mum makes you go and have a bath. I love this record so much I'm going to marry it and spend two weeks in Bognor rubbing my cock against it.

Reggae Blokes: Island Reggae Greats (Spectrum)

A great big roving herd of Reggie grooves, re-released from the Island catalogue (free towel set or mock carriage clock with first order), sweeps majestically into view. Little Jimmy Cliff, Toots & the Maytals, Lee Scratch Perry, the lot. Irie, as I believe they say in Jamaica.

Various: Coffee Table Music (Cup Of Tea)

Track one, by Brown Susan, is entitled 'How We Used To Live' and is named after a 1970s schools programme where loads of kids dressed up in Victorian clothes and persecuted each other. *Lord Of The Flies* in period costume. Evil landowners in false beards pushing sooty urchins up chimneys and beating them for suggesting that evolution had any validity. Man evolving from monkeys? As if.

Neil Finn: Try Whistling This (Parlophone)

I couldn't. But then I've got really dry lips. I'm a martyr to it.

cheeky also gets engorged about:

Beastie Boys: Hello Nasty (Grand Royal)

Beastly. Just beastly.

I like the Beastie Boys. Not only do they Fight For The Right To Paaaarteee, they've also put their weight behind the Campaign for Chinese People to be Nicer to Monkeys. Oh no, hang on, it's *monks* isn't it? Bugger that. Little orange vermin, torture's to good for 'em. Still, *Hello Nasty* is great, like *Ill Communication* without all that acid jazz widdling. Fat and tasty like an extra large cod.

THE SOPHISTICATION STATION

Modern classics for the man who doesn't have time to bugger about

the video

La Haine (Hate), directed by Mathieu Kassovitz, 1995, Tartan, £17.99

The struggles of ghetto youth have been consistent fodder for recent film-makers, sometimes with top-class results like *Boyz N The Hood* and *Fresh*. Few efforts, though, have hit the screen with the impact of this offering from director Mathieu Kassovitz. This, his second feature (his first being 1994's *Café Au Lait*), is both more subtle and explosive than the American pictures it emulates; a biting mélange of Godard, Scorsese and Spike Lee.

The film opens as residents of the hellish housing projects outside Paris storm the local cop shop and torch cars in protest over the arrest and battery of a young Arab lad, now in a coma. Over the next 24 hours, Kassovitz (whose inspiration came from the real-life murder of a youth in police custody) trails a trio of angry young men as they mooch about, bullshitting, brooding, flirting with violence and gabbing endlessly in 'Verlan' – a type of street slang akin to 'Nasdat' from *A Clockwork Orange* – which is beautifully subtitled for our enjoyment.

Hubert, a boxer who hopes to slug his way out of the mire, is the wisest of the three and the sober yin to the raging yang that is Vinz, a Jewish skinhead and the spirit from which the film gets its title. During the riot Vinz has got his hands on a police pistol and now vows to whack a cop if his comatose friend dies. Sayid, a bungling drug dealer who is more confused and affected by the racial strife, makes up the unholy trinity.

Though the film is set in an urban nightmare, the visual results are stunning. Switching from the wilfully poetic to brute ugliness via the downright bizarre, it offers a rare glimpse of a vigorous subculture where DJs mix KRS One with Edith Piaf, and disenfranchised youth breakdance and host rooftop barbecues. A ticking clock, perfectly revealing the tension, divides the scenes and – although there's a lot packed into 98 minutes – it's the rare dual triumph of style and content that really has you drooling. As such it is an object lesson to contemporary British directors.

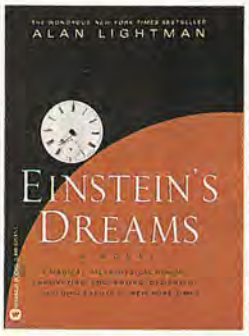
When it opened in France, *La Haine* caused widespread moral panic. Prime Minister Alain Juppe held a compulsory screening for his cabinet so they could investigate the commotion and brought issues of poor housing and racial segregation back to the fore, giving a voice to an under-represented section of the populace. Now that's powerful stuff.

CHAS CHANDLER

the book

Einstein's Dreams, by Alan Lightman, Warner Books, £5.99

Treacherous and shifty fellow, time. Inevitably governing our lives, it's got all of us by the short and curlies. Too slow for those who wait, too swift for those who fear, too long for those who grieve and too short for those who laugh. A bugger's muddle of elusive possibilities likely to mess up the mind six ways from Sunday if hardcore physics isn't your bag.



Like most people, I've never been too fussed about reading Albert Einstein's work on the subject, but having read this small tome, I can't see I'll ever need to.

Physicist Alan Lightman lets us in on the workings of Einstein's mind as he's coming to the end of his special theory of relativity. To explain it all, Lightman takes us into the man's dreams during those last crucial few weeks, each one a parallel universe where time flows in wildly different ways, with fascinating results.

It's set in Berne in 1905 where Albert, baggy and a bit loose at the seams, is a young patent clerk with marital difficulties. For the past 30 nights he's dreamt about time, and all 30 dreams are riveting fables creating theoretical realms that are both brilliantly simple and incredibly complex.

For example, in one world time flows backwards so the future is remembered. In another, time terminates in the present. Picturing the future is impossible and each laugh is the last. Then there's the place where time is a local phenomenon, with every town an island in time where no traveller ever returns to his origins.

My personal favourite is the world where people have no memories so things such as sex and drugs can always be experienced for the first time.

The great achievement here is Lightman's ability to produce creative fiction that explains Einstein's motivations by conveying, in a casual manner, the playfulness of the clever bloke, who worked more like an artist – using intuition and imagination – than a scientist.

In the final analysis then, splendid work. It drags you in from the first page, gently boggling the mind with a series of far-sighted and fanciful ideas. It's also bloody short, so its real genius lies in the fact that it can be finished in a couple of hours, so everyone's got time to read it. **CC**

the cd

Bar-Kays, Soul Finger, Rhino/Atco Remasters, £9.99

Most right-minded punters would agree it was a huge loss to music when the plane carrying Otis Redding plunged into lake Winono, Wisconsin on 10 December, 1967. But Otis wasn't the only performer of note to buy the farm that day. Also lost were the best part of his young backing band, the Bar-Kays who, just two months before, made what was to become their musical epitaph. And what a belter it is, too.

Entirely instrumental, it's in the classic Memphis soul vein with nary a duff tune in sight. It's no surprise it's reminiscent of Booker T & the MGs, because the Bar-Kays were essentially their proteges, a teenaged Stax studio band groomed by MGs drummer Al Jackson. However, as a complete piece of work, you could pit Soul Finger against any MGs LP and the closest Booker T and the boys would get is a late-round knockout. And that's saying something – especially as this album took just two days to record.

With it's accentuated bottom end and uncluttered arrangements of chiming guitars, solid snare with a slightly delayed backbeat and horns in place of vocals, it always fills dancefloors and you'd have to

have lived on Uranus for the last 30 years not to have heard the title track before – a perennial party jam. There are at least four other band-penned tunes that are just as groovy, as well as exquisite slower numbers that the late Frank Sinatra could have genially spun one of his tales to.

The only surviving Bar-Kays, bassist James Alexander and trumpeter Ben Cauley, put together another line-up and took them down the path marked black-rock in the Sly Stone/Jimi Hendrix mode. Some of their finest work can be heard backing Isaac Hayes on *Shaft*. They survived the demise of Stax in 1975, donned silver afros and face paint, as was the fashion, and rode the hobby horse of black music styles well into the mid-'80s, though never produced a record that could hold a candle to 'Soul Finger'. Which gives us cause to rue the passing of the original outfit even more. A truly marvellous record. **CC**

PHOTO: RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE

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Few club histories are as colourful as that of Moscow Dynamo

SERIOUS FREAK DOWN

Russian bare

Nude clubbing in newly decadent Moscow

In Russia, Ataraxia means freedom from pain. To cast away the fear of death and poverty to reach a state imperturbability, calmness of mind, emotional tranquility (*Sounds like pill head talk to me – clubs ed*). It is also the name of a Moscow party that happens each year at the end of winter. By May everyone is so fed up of the snow they organise this party in what was once the Bulgarian embassy. If you ask me it's another excuse to indulge in what the Muscovites love best: dancing with a bunch of naked girls and doing a load of drugs.

It's another excuse to do what the Muscovites love best, dancing with naked girls and doing a load of drugs

And here we are, Saturday night and the tiny dance floor, formerly a sewing room, jammed with revellers in fancy dress. Ivan Salmaksov the DJ is banging out the techno on decks wedged between two giant marble columns with smoke belching out all over the place. I'm just about to get a beer when the girl next to me gives me a wicked smile and slips her dress off… bingo. Next thing she's sandwiched between a chubby bloke in a suit smoking a fat Havana and a crazed Tutankhamen.

The same thing is going on all over the room. Apparently they've hired six strippers but already I can see nine naked female forms. A few of the girlfriends must have caught the vibe and got their kit off too. But it's nothing new, Russians have the Scandinavian thing about being naked. Why is it that the colder the climate gets, the more willing people are to strut about without any clothes on?

Since the break up of the former Soviet Union, stripping has swept the country. In the early '90s posh restaurants opened daily to cater to all the western businessmen and new Russians. They all had strippers, which was supposed to show an air of sophistication.

Looking around, at least half the girls losing clothes are 'models' in one way or another. And despite the number of revolutions we've had here, the Russians haven't got round to the sexual one yet. Out here, PC stands for "penetrating chuff" and marrying a man is a career move.

As for the rest of Moscow, with the president a pisshead it's hardly surprising that clubbing in Russia has developed a lot faster than anything

The club was founded in 1887 by two Blackburn-supporting British mill owners

Stalin sent Dynamo to Britain in 1945 for a triumphant four-match tour

PHOTOS: BEN ARIS

Their stadium was given undersoil heating in 1997...

... however, the heat scorched the grass and were forced to relay the turf

They were the first Russian team to take part in a European club final in 1972...

... losing to Rangers in a Cup-Winners' Cup final

Their kit was originally modelled on that of Blackburn Rovers

They last won the Russian Cup in 1997

else. DJ Salmaksov was part of a small crowd that organised Russia's first rave in the Cosmos Pavilion in 1991, where they keep the defunct spaceships and satellites. At that time no one knew what a "rave" was and they went around for a few weeks beforehand telling people that it was a party, a political seminar or even a poetry reading. Six thousand people turned up and went mental. Russians love poetry.

For the next few years, clubs came up fast, got big and were closed down by the police after a few months. But now the promoters and owners have worked out who to pay off at Petrovka 38, the Russian Scotland Yard, and there are hundreds of well-established places packed to the gills at the weekend.

With proliferation has come diversification. The Titanic is still the most famous club in Moscow but costs between $50 and $75 to get in, whereas places like the Sports Bar only cost about $10 and run 'cultural events' like topless boxing and exhibitions of naked "body painting". So it is that at midnight a bunch of scantily clad teenage girls shoulder their way through the crowd, wearing little more than G-strings and Day-glo paint. The manager comes over to hassle me about taking pictures. "We have to be careful," he explains, picking his nose. "This is a famous body paint artist and we have to protect his copyright"

Some places are more, erm, classy. Beverly Hills casino has a nightly show of Russian beauties in the buff, with the croupiers in the VIP lounge all topless.

The best parties are still the private ones, however. Ivan Bublikov (not his real name – the police have sub-machine guns) is a prime example. With a surplus of cash, he built his own club in the basement of his office block. At the end of tedious negotiations he takes everyone downstairs to cane a gram of charlie and listen to his new $10,000 sound system. Finally losing patience with Moscow, Ivan built a $2 million club in St Petersburg. If you have the money, Russia is the perfect place for decadence.

BEN ARIS

Moscow Disco

Hungry Duck Probably the maddest bar in the world. Tuesdays and Fridays are "ladies night", free between 7pm to 9pm and they drink for free. At 9pm they let the men in. Packed wet carnage. Sex in the toilets, vomit in the hallway, dancing on the bar obligatory and if you can't score here then kill yourself. Next door to the Kuznetsky Most metro. Doors 7pm-5am.

Jazz cafe Currently the coolest club popular with models and new rich. After 10pm it gets hard to get into without a membership card. Plays a mix of techno and acid jazz. Ul. Bolshoi Ordinka 27, doors Noon-5am.

Master A techno club with the nosebleed upstairs for 1,500 people and the mild trance downstairs. Attracts a youger student crowd with regular big name DJs. Ul. Parlobskaya 6. Doors 9pm-8am.

Titanic Dance Mecca for the rich and decadent decorated like the imaginary Garden of Eden with giant papier mache apples hanging over the dance floor. Stadion Yunykh Pionerov (Young Pioneers Stadium), on the corner of Leningradskoye Shosse and Ulitsa Begovaya, doors 11pm-6am.

Manhattan Express The haunt of the mafia and hookers. Just off Red Square in the corner of the Hotel Rossiya. Doors 8pm-5am

Pilot Large aircraft hanger where the middle class secretaries and office workers pull each other. Tryokhgorny Val, Thurs-Sun 11pm-6am.

The hand-jive has just caught on in Indonesia

My wife's gone to the East Indies. Jakarta? No, I carried her there myself

Get Jakarta

loaded goes clubbing in the world's troublespots

Jakarta is a city on the edge of a nervous breakdown. The Indonesian economy's falling through the floor, there are troops on the streets and just weeks ago rioters burned down half the city's shopping malls. It's a heaving, sticky, polluted sprawling mess, the sewers stink and the traffic's a nightmare, but the people are nice-looking and so friendly that it breaks your heart to see what a mess the recently deposed President Suharto got their country into.

It's all too grim for words, so we decide not to worry about it and go clubbing instead. First stop is the Jaya Pub, a hangout for balding Germans larging it to the sounds of a cover band's Tina Turner pastiche.

Our next stop, just down the road, is the Hard Rock Cafe. Lots of local girls, all gorgeous pouting beauties leaping around on the dance floor to Chumbawamba. Shame that the drinks are close to London prices, when the economy's so weak here at the moment you can buy a big meal, five pints and a taxi home for a fiver.

We stop off at Cafe Batavia. A grandiose '30s bar in Kota, the old town. The place is as dead as midweek Coventry, but we have to christen the 'Pisswall' – a giant urinal with a mirror behind it and jets of water which are activated when your todger interrupts a light beam sensor. As for the local girls, we are told by an old-time traveller that there are nice girls who want to pull you because they fancy you, and then there are heavy hookers.

Our mission leads us to Tanamor, a noisy hard, chunky house bar where overweight white men shark around the dozens of girls lounging around. Unfortunately Tanamor got a bad name recently after a British man was stabbed to death after leaving the club with a girl, in one of the dodgy taxis that cluster around the place and was set on for his money.

JJ's, right next to Tanamor, is friendlier and less of a meat market. What's more, on the giant screen above the bar they're showing *The Goodies* – the one where Graeme takes on Bill and Tim at the 'OK Tearooms' in a showdown with ketchup squeezers.

Suddenly, I realise I've found the elusive Jakarta nightlife thing we've been looking for. The DJ's sliding from hip-hop to salsa to garage, the tiny dancefloor is pulsating. It's cheap and it's tacky, but we love it. The local girls are friendly and, by comparison, the other English boys there are uglier than us. You can imagine the rest for yourselves.

DIARMID O'SULLIVAN

"Rise up kids! Don't let these old men take over with their ancient instruments!"

The girls are friendly and the other English boys uglier than us

PHOTOS: STEVE SANDFORD

loaded ADVERTORIAL

At last! A range of 'authentic drinking clothes' which stop people from freezing whilst enjoying beer. Produce of the Canadian Labatt label, 'Ice Safety Wear' - a fetching range of insulated Bonnets, Gauntlets, Body Warmers and Knickerbockers - is a must for those of a foppish disposition who enjoy drinking Labatt Ice but hold concerns about it's effect on their body temperature. So, by simply donning an item of Labatt Ice Safety Wear it's 'Goodbye!' unwanted pub chills. 'Hello!' cosy, snake-hipped fashionability. Etc.

For mofe information on Labatt Ice Safety Wear, including guidance on how to keep warm, call 0990 100 303.

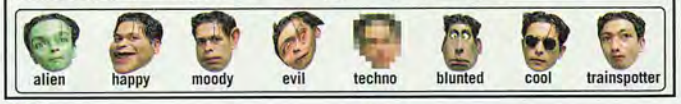
Travel Facts

Suddenly we realised we'd stumbled into a gym by mistake

Bring some cash, but only new, clean banknotes. US dollars are handy, but they must be no older than 1996. The rupiah is now about 20,000 to the pound. From the airport, hire a taxi to Jalan Jaksa, the main tourist street: it costs a rip-off £15. If a riot breaks out you'll probably get stuck at the airport till things calm down. In Jalan Jaksa, try Hotel Tator (tel: Jakarta 323-940, rooms at 30-60,000 rupiah a night), Hotel Margot (tel: 391-830, rooms at 120,000 rupiah) or, more upmarket, Hotel Karya (tel: 390-7119, double room with ensuite bath, 150,000 rupiah). The best bar is at the Margot. People there know the good clubs. Beers are about 10,000 rupiah a pint in bars. The locals are friendly but remember they're having a really bad time at the moment. Smile a lot, hide your cash and never, ever pick a quarrel for any reason – they may be small but there are lots of them. Oh, and bring some bog roll.

YOU DANCIN'?

records you're always too messed up to ask the name of



Beastie Boys: Intergalactic (Capitol/Grand Royal)
Mullet-shaking, perpetrating, big-trousered hip-hop from the Zimmer frames of rap. Put the needle on the record and injure yourself attempting the butterfly after 10 years of propping up a bar. The dope.

Depth Charge: Romario (DC Recordings)
Ode to football great Romario, Mr Charge's beats come on like a randy bull with its cock stuck in a Saab's exhaust pipe. Explosive, messy breakbeat.

Ian Brown: Can't See Me (Polydor)
King monkey Brown still plays hide'n'seek with the other Stone Roses on his days off. He's 35 but still shouts "Can't See Me" from behind trees, the mischievous chimp. Check the DJ Harvey remix if you like dancing around in "I'm mad, me" style.

Jurassic 5: Jayou (Pan)
The numerically challenged 5 (there are six of the rascals) take it in turns dribbling babbling nonsense into a microphone. Fortunately they chat less about guns and bitches and more about fun and games LA-style. Warning: this may make you want to change into a yellow Tommy Hilfiger tracksuit and slouch on street corners.

DJ Andy Smith: The Document (Go! Beat)
Tip top compo from Portishead's tour DJ including head-nodding magic from Grandmaster Flash, Tom Jones, Marvin Gaye and The Jungle Brothers. More fun than sticking little children's wet fingers in a faulty plug socket.

Red Snapper: Bogeyman (Warp)
Rolling, sticky green bogey beats with David Holmes and Lone Swordsman Weatherall carrying out remix repairs under the bonnet.

Bob Sinclar: Paradise (Yellow)
Like discovering a Bounty lodged up your crack while holidaying in Barbados, Bob Sinclar has created a disco Paradise on vinyl. His collaboration with Daft Punk's Thomas Bangalter 'Gym Tonic' is aerobics music for pill poppers.

Sunship: Heaven (Filter)
Bumpin' soulful speed garage. Music for tearing around dancefloors in a black BMW with fluorescent lights underneath.

Various: JBO – A Perspective 1988-1998 (Junior Boys Own)
Ten years ago some bright spark bought a drum machine, popped an E and created acid house. Junior Boys Own have been doing the same for almost as long and have decided it's time to sum up the fun and frolics on one compilation. St Etienne, the Chemical Brothers, Underworld, New Order and Primal Scream all remind you that the last time you heard them you were so nutted you walked across a ceiling chewing on carpet. If you've been doing Es since then you're buggered. Ha ha.

Various: Cafe Del Mar 5 (Manifesto)
José Padilla mans the deep fat fryer in the greasy spoon on the shores of the Mediterranean they call the Del Mar. He's managed to knock out a fifth collection of saucy Balearic beats after the lunchtime rush and before his siesta. "A cuppa rosie and a bacon sarnie, treacle. All this chill out business has got me a bit peckish."

Various: Mad Styles And Crazy Visions (BBE)
Master At Work Little Louie Vega is the man in charge of this mentalist house knees-up, applying electric shock treatment to everyone from Blaze to Lil Louis and Faze Action. Pleasant, like waking up with morning wood on your day off.

Psychedelia Smith: Different Strokes For Different Folks (Athletico)
Big beat beer bonanza with a lager top. The king of pork scratching returns.

Various: On The Floor At The Boutique (Skint)
Norman Cook used to make wanky songs for The Housemartins and now lives in a big, expensive House Of Love in London-By-The-Sea. Life is not fair. This fat slab of vinyl, however, celebrates the fortnightly goings on at Norm's scout hut in Brighton. The Big Beat Boutique is to yoof culture what kebabs are to Friday nights. Lager, Norman throwing frozen fish at people, big fuck-off beats and more lager. Skint rule.

ROB DA BANK
(Daft club casualty name – clubs ed)

Road rave

Summer's here and the time is right for crusties in the streets

It looked like they were handing out some bad acid. A big strip of coloured microdots given out one by one to the crowd hanging around Euston station at noon. This was the start of the Reclaim The Streets Protest to er, reclaim the streets for the er, people.

All we had to do was follow whichever flag matched the colour of our dots. Nobody, apart from the organisers we hoped, knew where this mystery Pied Piper routine was going to lead. It wasn't until we got to King's Cross tube station that a girl wearing a giant purple heart shirt spread the Chinese whisper, "get off at Seven Sisters tube."

Hundreds of people alighted here, fleets of cyclists wheeled in, a brigade of deck-chair carriers relaxed in the road alongside a barricade of flat-tired cars blocking off the A10 high road into London. On came the sound systems, out came the whirling disco-dervishes dancing themselves delirious well into the night.

PERRY TECHNICS

PHOTOS: VICKY COUCHMAN

"This bus queue is diabolical. Let's reclaim the streets!"

People like Polo. Except these two, obviously

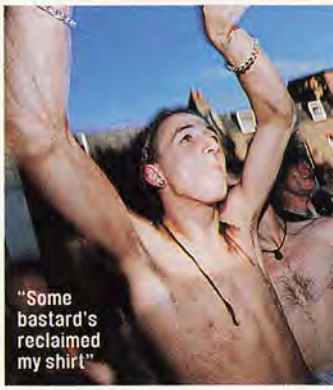
"Hmm, six down, stinky pink farmyard animal, three letters, starts with 'p'..."

"Hiya handsome, you dancin'?"

"That was fun. Now, where did I leave the motor?"

The RTS top five

1 'White Lines (Don't Do It)' – Grandmaster Flash
2 'Why Don't We Do It In The Road?' – The Beatles
3 'This Wheel's On Fire' – Bob Dylan
4 'Anything by that Petrol Emotion'
5 Anything by The Cars (particularly that one that goes 'who's gonna drive you home')


"Some bastard's reclaimed my shirt"

THE BRAHMS & PLAYLIST

Who's playing what you want and where...

Hydrogen Jukebox presents Get the Funk Out

A night of new school breaks and funky grooves with DJ Lol Hammond and mates. Don't forget, Brixton's not the new Clapham, it's just the bollocks. Friday 17 July at the Dogstar, Coldharbour Lane, Brixton. 9 till late. £3 after 9, £4 after 10, £5 after 11. Tel: 0171 733 7515.

1 Mekon feat Schooly D 'Skool's Out'
2 Propellerheads 'Spybreak'
3 Shades of Rhythm 'Psycho Bass'
4 Future Sound of London 'Papua New Guinea'
5 Girl Eats Boy 'Cool Disco – The Chamber Mix'

Implosion: The Rock Phenomenon

Beer is only a £1 and the sounds of the '70s and '80s are still causing mayhem on the dancefloors like some kind of DJ giant dropping cracked eggs into a frying pan. Fridays at JFK's Club, Union St, Plymouth. 9-2. £2 B4 10/£3. Tel: 01752 768 826.

1 J Geils Band 'Centerfold'
2 Journey 'Don't Stop Believin''
3 Kenny Loggins 'Footloose'
4 Joan Jett 'I Love Rock'n'Roll'
5 Bryan Adams 'Summer Of '69'

Saturdays

This discotheque offers: "The best of terrestrial dance anthems, past present and future." Saturdays at Planet Earth, Low Friar Street, Newcastle. 10-2. £2 NUS/£4. Tel: 0191 230 2186.

1 State Of Mind 'Take Control'
2 Energy 52 'Cafe Del Mar Remix'
3 Camisra 'Feel The Beat'
4 Karia 'Let Me Love You For Tonight'
5 Martha Wash 'Catch The Light'

Crew Cutz

Two guest labels host the night each month bringing along a live act and two DJs each battle for the clubbers communal haddock back-slapping. On the roster are Skint, Ninja, Bolshi, Concrete, Wall Of Sound etc. Third Friday of every month at The Beach,171-181 King's Rd Arches, Brighton. 10-3. £6 NUS, £7 humans. Tel: 01273 738 527.

1 Wiseguys 'Oh La La'
2 Eat the Rasmas LP
3 Justin Robertson 'Scatter And Swing'
4 Fat Boy Slim 'Rockerfella Skank'
5 Ninja Tunes Fungkungfusion LP

"I"m collecting for my grandson. He's a very sick little boy"

Wigan out

Eye-of-the-storm Lancashire disco workout

Fashions come and fashions go. But there's a club in the heart of Wigan where nothing ever changes. And, if local folklore is to be believed, for as long as anyone can remember it's been the greatest nightclub on the face of the earth. Forget Studio 54, the Paradise Garage and especially the Met Bar – Pemps, opposite Uncle Joe's Mintball Factory, adjacent to the Southport railway line, is where it's at.

They're not lying. In the heart of a town enjoying something of a vogue – due in part to the success of some band or other – lies an experience of timeless distilled hysteria so fantastic it deserves its own space in the Millennium Dome. And, in common with all the world's great clubs, it can be an uphill struggle just getting in.

In essence, *Pemps* is a members' club, though, uniquely, the only records of membership are stored in the memory of *Pemps*' formidable matriarch, Barbara, who spends each night perched inside a Japanese off-road vehicle parked by the front door deciding who's in and who's out. And her word is law.

However she does it, it works. Trouble is unheard of and, beyond the hallowed doorway, past the free sweets by the till, lie rugby league stars, locals, whoever's in town (the latter groups being predominantly female) freaking out on the numerous dancefloors and generally relaxing in a world beyond fashion. This is entertainment in it's purest form.

Pemps even boasts a unique "garden" area, neither open nor indoors, and somehow reminiscent of the birthplace of Christ. The scene itself is one of crazed happiness, non-regulars dance wildly at the thrill of having even been let in. The sounds have been supplied by Ola Adrian and his trusty telephone headset for as long as anyone can recall. Wham! and The Jam go back to back with Don McLean and almost anything else you dare to imagine. There's no draught beer, only cans and spirits, and the hen night/Christmas/last days of Rome atmosphere ensures even an elderly Swiss wine expert wouldn't find cause for complaint, and nor would anyone else, once they'd managed to get in.

MICHAEL HOLDEN

People dance wildly at the thrill of having been let in

Pemps Top Ten

1 Janet Jackson 'Together Again'
2 Driza Bone 'Real Love'
3 Jamiroquai 'Space Cowboy'
4 Jocelyn Brown 'Somebody Else's Guy'
5 The Jam 'Town Called Malice'
6 Wham! 'Club Tropicana'
7 The Verve 'Bittersweet Symphony'
8 Oasis 'She's Electric'
9 Billy Ocean 'Red Light Spells Danger'
10 Van Morrison 'Brown Eyed Girl'

"Look at this – it's a syrup!"

Wigan's first floating club hits a bit of rough weather on the Manchester ship canal

Got any soft rock?

Meet Touché, the man who plans to bring cowboy disco, mullet haircuts and Bonnie Tyler to the dance floors of Britain

Touché – the all-Olympic Downhill disco-bobsleigh champion

How long does it take you to strip down and reassemble a Technics SL1210 turntable?

To strip it, an hour. To put it back together... four years. I don't have a clue. The Technics turntable is like this magic thing... bad magic. You just don't fuck with it. For all you know there could be little men inside working it.

Are you an avid fan and collector of soft rock music?

Of course. I buy all manner of old bits to sample, so I've got some hideous soft rock. One of my all time front runners would be 'Total Eclipse Of The Heart'. If I ever had to do karaoke I'd give it all I had, I'd bring a tear to everyone's eyes as I belted it out.

Is the artistic banter of mobile DJs introducing records due a revival?

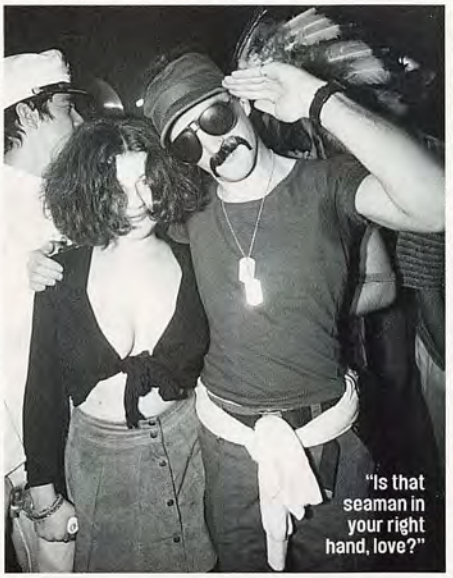
I recently herd Tuff Jam at the Southport Dance Weekender.

PHOTOS: RICHARD REYES

The Wiseguys' Top Ten

1 Deadly Avenger 'Illicit EP'
2 Herbaliser 'Wall Crawling Insect Breaks'
3 Jadell 'The Sure Shot'
4 Gangstarr 'Moment Of Truth EP'
5 Common Ground 'Get Yourself Together'
6 Swollen Members 'S&M On The Rocks'
7 Jurassic 5 *Jurassic 5* LP
8 Beastie Boys 'Intergalactic'
9 Various Artists *Lyricist Lounge Vol 1*
10 The Wiseguys 'Start The Commotion'

"I'm going to lead the dance in my Mr Motivator kit and a cowboy hat"


"Is that seaman in your right hand, love?"

Their MC was almost like, "OK, ladies and gents... let's dance here we go, here's a good one... another dance for the people on the left." He was cool though, singing along in a ragga sort of style.

There's a rumour circulating clubland that cowboy disco music is going to be the new groove sending clubbers whirling like squid-lipped Dervishes on the dancefloors of Ibiza this summer.

My tune for the Manumission movie – about clubbing in Ibiza – is a cowboy disco tune called 'Cowboy '78'. I wanted to make a tune you could drop out there about cowboys. So it just ended up that way, camp and weird. It starts off with this American Indian kind of chanting then goes into bongos and Indian drums, a gun fires and it goes off into this fat disco beat with Spanish guitar – spaghetti western style.

Is there a new dance step to go with the music?

I'm going to lead the dance, putting on my Mr Motivator kit with a cowboy hat and leading a sort of step class. "One two, come on you at the back," taking them into a bit of line dancing and handing out the mullet wigs. I already know a couple of people wearing hats at the moment because they are trying to cultivate a real mullet for summer.

Do you practise DJing at home, recreating the club experience with three flashing traffic lights in a box, projections of people dancing with fags, sick, knickers and booze all over the living room carpet?

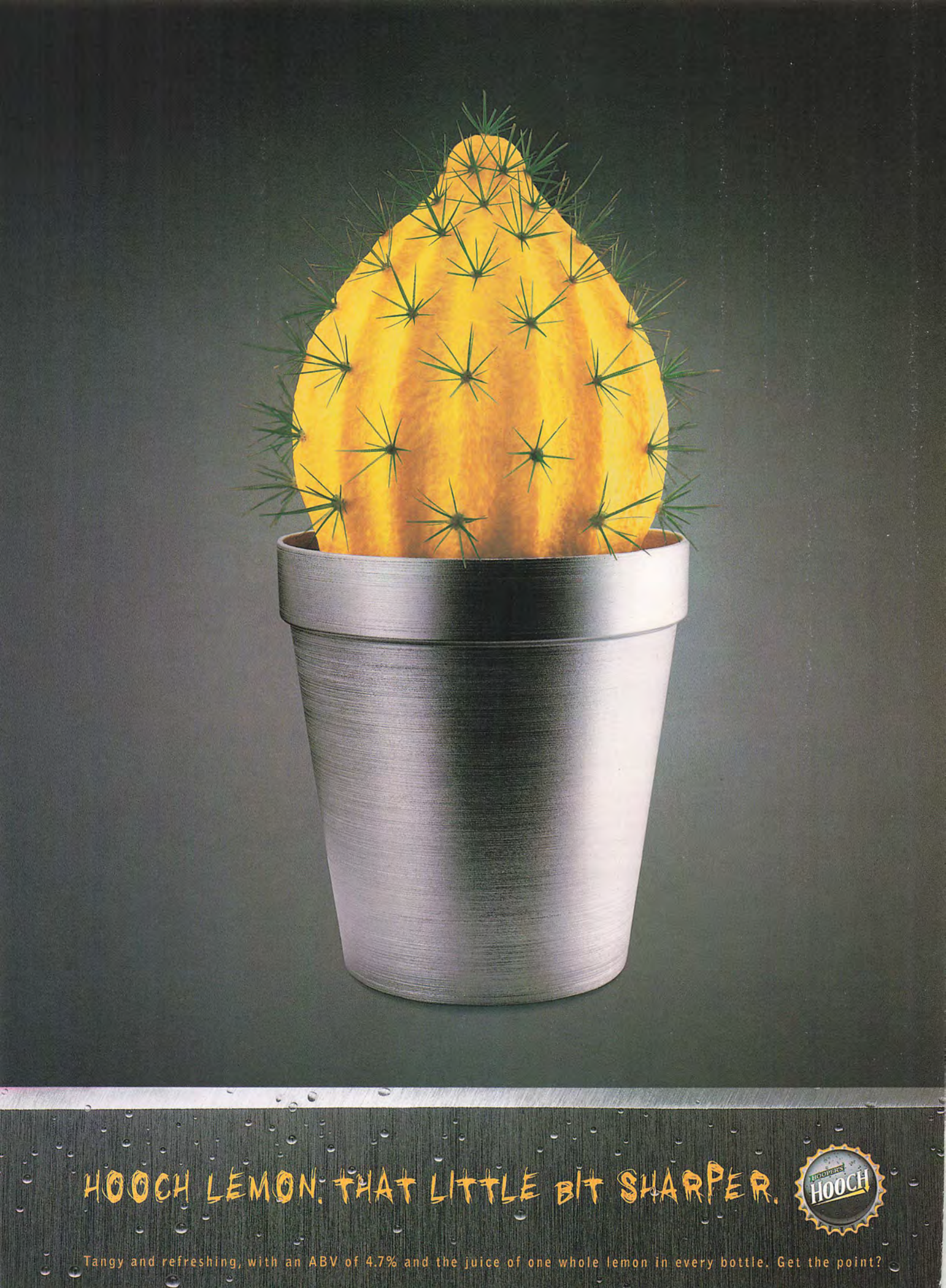
Have you seen that movie *The Lonely Guy*? There are these two guys who are both lonely; their wives have left them, they've no friends etc. He invites this guy to his house for a party. The bloke turns up, sees these silhouettes at the window of all these people dancing around and loud music. When he gets inside, the room is full of cardboard cut-outs with clockwork motors moving them across the room on wires. And the guest asks, "Where did you get all this great stuff?" And his mate goes: "From the lonely guy shop."

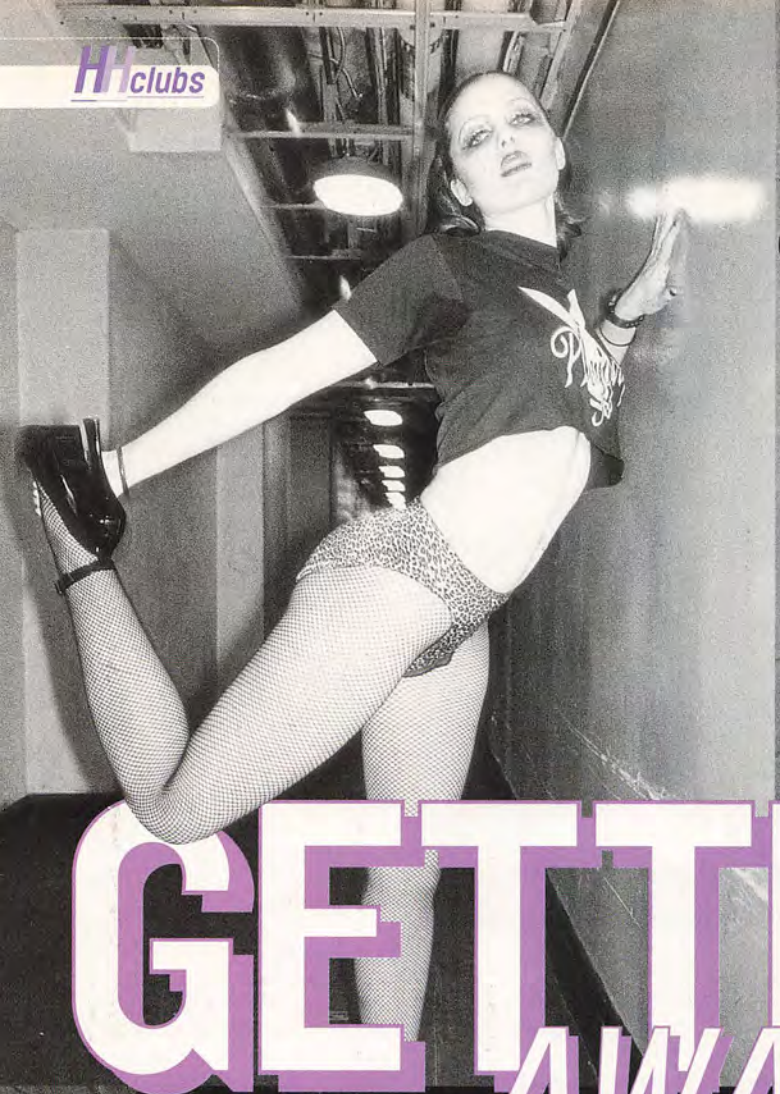
DJing is a wildly competitive sport, often bringing out the loose, untamed, sadistic beast in people. Have you ever experienced DJs sabotaging your pleasure behind the wheels of steel?

I've only ever experienced one sabotaging case. That was in this big marquee party out in the sticks. Me and my friend DJ Sophie were trying to get on to play, but you could only fit one person into the box at a time so the DJ in there put on this really long *a cappella* number and spent ages putting his records away. By the time we came on it was over for us. He'd killed the party.

ROWAN CHERNIN

You can hear, see and touch Touché every Wednesday at The System at Ormonds, 91 Jermyn Street, London W1 and on 16 July at the Phoenix Festival. Touché's band The Wiseguys' latest single 'Start The Commotion' is out at the start of August on Wall Of Sound.

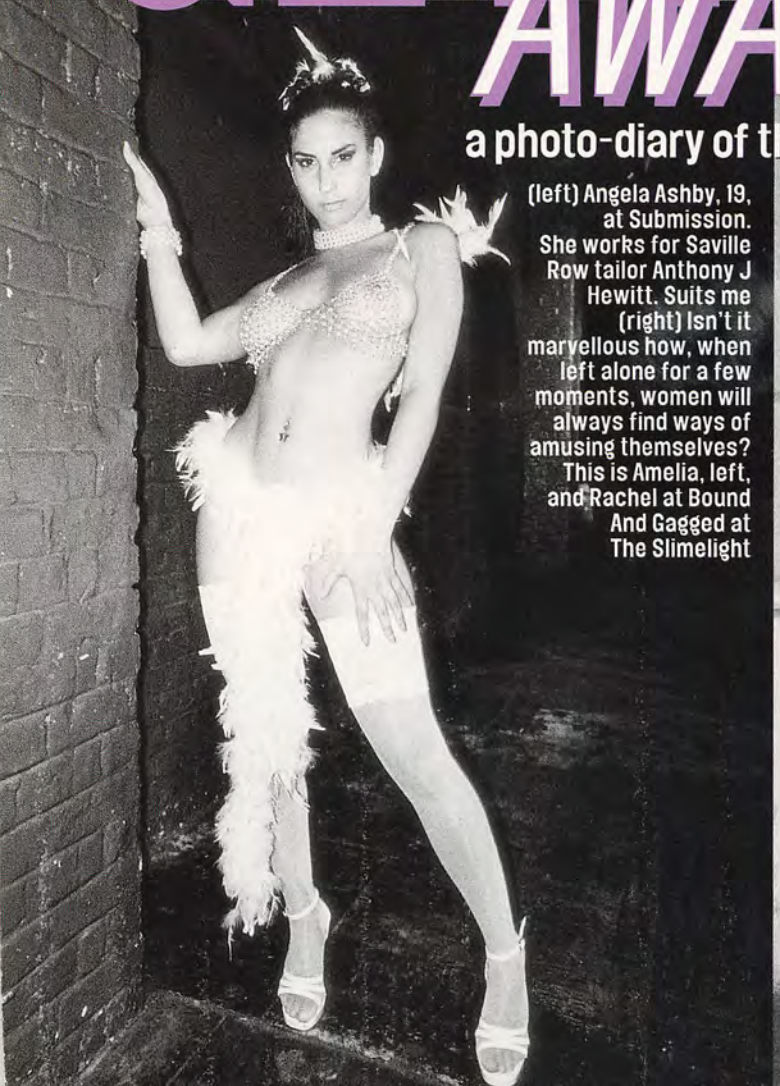

HOOCH LEMON. THAT LITTLE BIT SHARPER.
HOOPERS
HOOCH
Tangy and refreshing, with an ABV of 4.7% and the juice of one whole lemon in every bottle. Get the point?



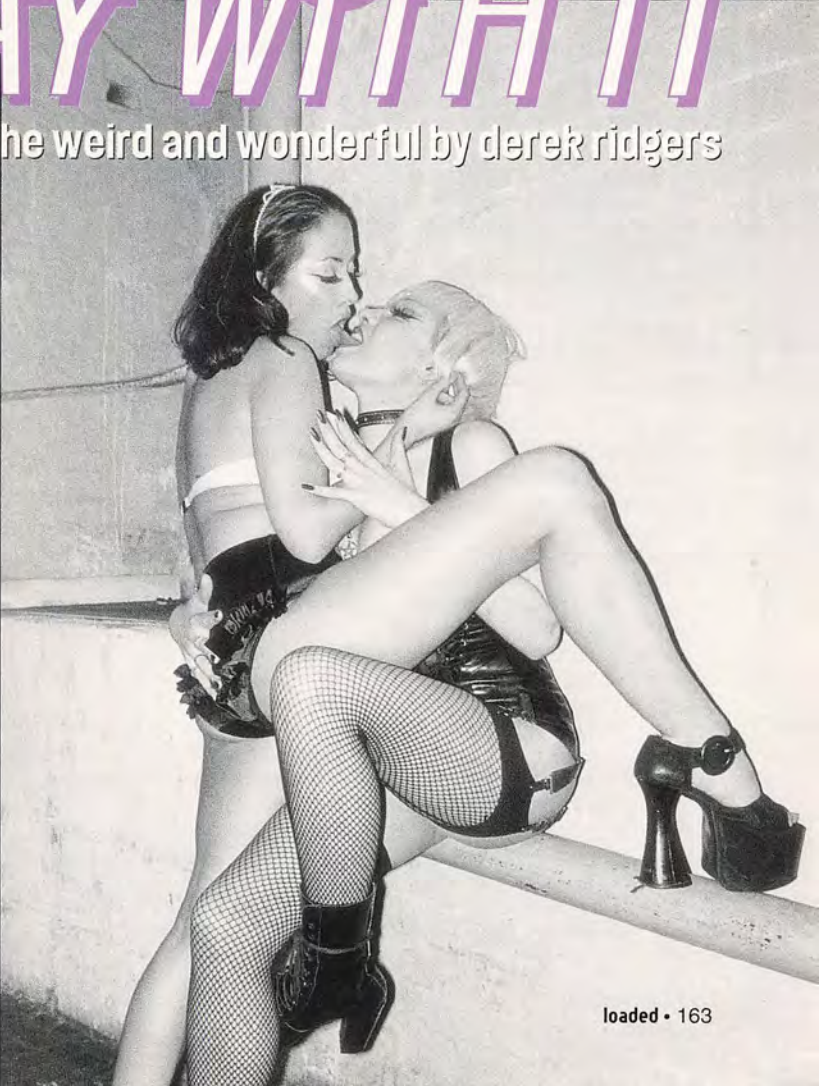
(left) This is New York's answer to Rollergirl. It's Amy 'mailing-list girl' at Lust For Life (right) loaded favourite Vanessa Upton, the 'Barnet Girl', at Submission

GETTING AWAY WITH IT

a photo-diary of the weird and wonderful by derek ridgers



(left) Angela Ashby, 19, at Submission. She works for Saville Row tailor Anthony J Hewitt. Suits me (right) Isn't it marvellous how, when left alone for a few moments, women will always find ways of amusing themselves? This is Amelia, left, and Rachel at Bound And Gagged at The Slimelight



Film of the month

Ooh aah Godzillah

New York is trashed by a giant lizard – and, as usual, the French are to blame

Godzilla

In a nutshell: *Jurassic Park* has sex with *King Kong* then hooks up with *Twister* and throws loads of cars about.
What's the story? Polynesian lizard mutated by French nuclear explosions heads for New York and kicks seven shades of shit out of the city. Nuclear mutants specialist and boy-faced man Matthew Broderick is brought in by the US army to help out. When, in one of many comforting and familiar cliches in this film, the army doesn't believe his well-founded hunch on how to avoid disaster for humankind, he ends up monster-hunting with Jean Reno, that French bloke out of *Leon*. Reno, claiming he feels personally responsible for the French nuking the Pacific and complaining bitterly about American coffee and donuts, is the one touch of class in the whole cast.
Clever stuff: The computer nerds have done a great job. Admittedly there are scenes almost identical to the velociraptors bit at the end of *Jurassic Park* but the effects are every bit as good. As for Godzilla himself, he's a loud and ugly triumph.
Stoopid stuff: The dialogue. The romance.
Lust: The monster has sex with itself. Wahey!
Carnage: After getting zapped in *Independence Day* and severely flooded in *Deep Impact*, New York is demolished once again, this time by incompetent squaddies who manage to shoot the top off the Chrysler building and by the big, angry lizard. The population of New York, however, seems to have been recruited from the cast of *The A-Team*. There's six French blokes in this film and more of them die in NY than anyone else for Chrissakes!
Best lines: US army sergeant looking at a lot of fish: "That's a lot of fish."
Interesting to note: The film's list of official promotional partners, as well as including KFC (although the monster prefers fish) also features Colgate toothpaste. Godzilla's teeth are a sort of metallic grey.
Verdict: Fantastic and very stupid. 7.5/10
DANNY PLUNKETT

Grease

In a nutshell: Boy meets girl, boy loses girl, girl turns into a slut, boy and girl get into flying car. Everyone sings.
What's the story? John (*Pulp Fiction*) Travolta is Danny, leader of 'The T-birds', a '50s gay leather gang. Danny spends the summer groping up Sandy (Olivia Newton John out of *Xanadu*), a frigid Australian and then sings a song about it. When Sandy implausibly turns up at his school, Danny blanks her, changes his mind, then sings a song about it. Danny and Sandy both get all mopey and then have a big dance. Finally, Danny has a car race, Sandy turns into Cher and everyone has a dance.
Clever stuff: The way they manage to get Travolta to look about 26.
Stupid stuff: Everyone else is at least 40.
Carnage: Jeff Conway out of *Taxi* gets hit by a car door.
Lust: Danny gives Sandy his greasy ring. She knees him in the bollocks.
Best line: 'A-wellah-wellah-wellah-OOH!'
Verdict: A musical treat. The best film I have ever seen. 10/10
JOHN PERRY

Guru In Seven.

In a nutshell: London-based tale of sex, drugs and Bhangra.
What's the story? Struggling artist Sanjay won't marry Jill, his girlfriend of five years, so she dumps him and goes to LA for a week to let him stew. Meanwhile, Sanjay's mates try to cheer him up by daring him to shag seven different women in seven days making him the Guru. Naturally, he accepts the bet and the naughtiness begins. But as Sanjay carves more and more notches on his bedpost our hero's bonkfest takes a downward turn. His parents are trying to arrange a marriage for him, so he spends his time dodging the whining girl they've chosen. To make matters worse, when Sanjay realises that Jill is the lady for him and tries to back out of the bet, he finds that local mafia boss Ram has a lot of money riding on his 'seven in seven' and will do him grievous bodily harm if he fails.
Clever Stuff: Fast, fresh and funny. None of that Hollywood sheen here.
Stupid Stuff: The unbelievable fact that Sanjay would let a girl as gorgeous as that slip through his fingers.
Lust: Body painting a young lady in his studio. Being handcuffed and straddled by the women in question while videoing the whole glorious event for future viewing. Some open-air toe-sucking followed by some how's your father.
Verdict: Told with *Carry On*-style cheek and delivered with an assured wink and a nudge. A raw and sexy tale with a twist. 7/10
GARY CROSSING

Gang Related

In a nutshell: James Belushi and Tupac Shakur (he now lives on in film) are two nasty dudes who set up and kill drug dealers for cash.
What's the story: The latest 'scum' to get whacked turn out to be undercover DEA. From then on they get increasingly paranoid, the humour gets very dark and the action more sordid. Twenty minutes later you realise it's all verging on farce and you have no sympathy for the two main characters.
Clever stuff: The script and some of the acting. It's a good slant with an uncommon ending and the feeling that they get what they deserve.
Stupid stuff: You wonder if it's action, black comedy or thriller.
Carnage: A few unexpected and violent bursts of handcannons and the beating of a young gentleman for the supposed telling of fibs.
Special effects overkill: Gunshot wounds to the head are popular.
Best lines: "Killing people can be OK."
Verdict: 7.5/10
PIERS TOWNLEY

Highly effective Catholic birth control method (*Monk Dawson*)

selector is constantly in 'Park'.
Lust: Not what you'd call a skin flick although Leigh does get undressed (whilst being watched through a hole in a picture on the wall) in a way that might just have given Rigsby a semi.
Carnage: The film had an 18 Certificate in Germany (the nation which gave us two World Wars and Dachau) and a 15 in the UK. Which is interesting. The blood in the shower during the 'shower scene' is actually chocolate sauce.
Verdict: The grandaddy of all slasher flicks. 8/10.
BILL BORROWS

Kurt Cobain: king of the home face-lift (*Kurt & Courtney*)

Kurt & Courtney

In a nutshell: Wacko-populated documentary about Nirvana's Kurt Cobain and his missus, Courtney Love.
What's the story? Nick Broomfield intended to make a film about Cobain, but, after getting no help from Love, he turns the film against her, unearthing ex-boyfriends, her dad and anyone who hates her. He even dredges up a Seattle freak who claims Love offered him $50,000 to shoot Kurt. The only person who likes her is her ex-dealer.
Carnage: Will a dead rock star do?
Best line: Court's dad: "I don't care what you're worth, I'll kick yer ass!"
Lust: No lust just Love
Verdict: 8/10
MICHAEL BONNER

Psycho

In a nutshell: An old woman who looks like the grandma from Beverly Hillbillies and a thin fella who doesn't iron his own clothes. They live and run a motel which would struggle to muster more than even a couple of RAC stars, although they are rumoured to be up-dating the communal shower facilities.
What's the story? You know, the usual. Domineering mother, some deaths, corpse in a chair.
Clever stuff: It's in black and white. Hitchcock is the fella in the hat who appears after four minutes.
Stupid stuff: More out-moded psychological/pscho-sexual theories than you can stab a penis-shaped stick at (although several students at the University of North East Taunton have recently uncovered definitive proof that Norman had a homosexual relationship with his father's brother). More importantly, when Janet Leigh drives from Arizona to California, the gear

Monk Dawson

In A Nutshell: Priest flick.
What's the story: It tells us what we know already: being a monk screws you up.
Who's in it: Lots of familiar faces. The model from the '80s VW ads for a start (Penny Stanten); Rhona Mitra, of *Tomb Raider* computer game fame; the odd-looking one from Spandau Ballet who's in *The Krays*. The whole thing is written by Piers Paul Read, of *Alive* fame.
Clever stuff: Managing to make it stretch out to 1 hr 47 mins.
Crap stuff: For a monk he doesn't half get about. In one scene he's blagged his way into an IRA meeting in Belfast.
Critics say: "A load of cassocks."
Carnage: If only.
Random line: "He never was Catholic."
Verdict: 5.5
FRIAR TOWNLEY

The Castle

In a nutshell: Stand-up Aussie bloke sticks it to the man.
What's the story: The Kerrigans live happily at the end of an airport runway. Life is a rich goulash of extending the house, greyhound husbandry, home cooking, admiring the local pylons and waiting for eldest son Wayne to get parole. Everybody's happy until they get a compulsory purchase order on their house from fat cats wanting to extend the airport. Darryl Kerrigan (Uncle Harry in *The Sullivans*) appeals for justice, the Aussie way.
Clever stuff: It has a subtle, cartoonish quality. Played straight it delivers the chuckles and, while it dips its toes in the waters of parody, it manages to stay mostly dry.
Stupid – but amusing – stuff: Darryl's lawyer, Dennis, telling the judge "it's the whole vibe of the thing" which is unconstitutional.
Carnage/Lust: This is a character comedy so you don't need them.
Verdict: 7/10
CHAS CHANDLER

Touch

In a nutshell: God moving in mysterious ways.
What's the story: Based on an Elmore Leonard novel, an innocent ex-missionary, Skeet Ulrich, has the ability to heal by touch. Smartarse. He catches the eye of ex-preacher/con-artist, Christopher Walken, who wants to make a quick buck. Unfortunately for Walken his helper Bridget Fonda falls in love with old miracle fingers and ruins his plans of making a marketing fortune. Helping to hinder everything are a selection of con-artists, a priest with rampaging dysentery, militaristic god-botherers and dipsomaniac believers.
Clever stuff: Walken's a slick hustler sporting a tasteful silver 'Jesus' necklace and shiny boots.
Lust: Some pastoral fumblings in Fonda's bed.
Carnage: No hellfire and brimstone just lots of bleeding from palms and sides.
Best line: "Do you have a condom that protects your soul?"
Verdict: 7.5/10 **PT**

"I am [illegible] Man and I'm here to save you" (*Touch*)

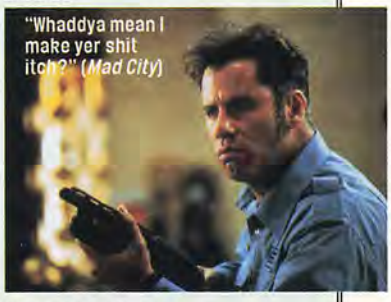
quick ones

Vor (The Thief)

Russian flick nominated for '98's Best Foreign Language Film Oscar. Single mum Katya is travelling in postwar Russia with her young son when she's befriended by Tolyan, a suave Army officer who persuades her to start a new life with him. Things, however, aren't quite what they seem... Casting the gorgeous Ekaterina Rednikova as Katya is a masterstroke, especially as Tolyan's mad keen to get in her knickers. A bit gloomy, but sincere. The Yanks would have ruined this. 6.5/10.
NIALL HAMPTON

Mad City

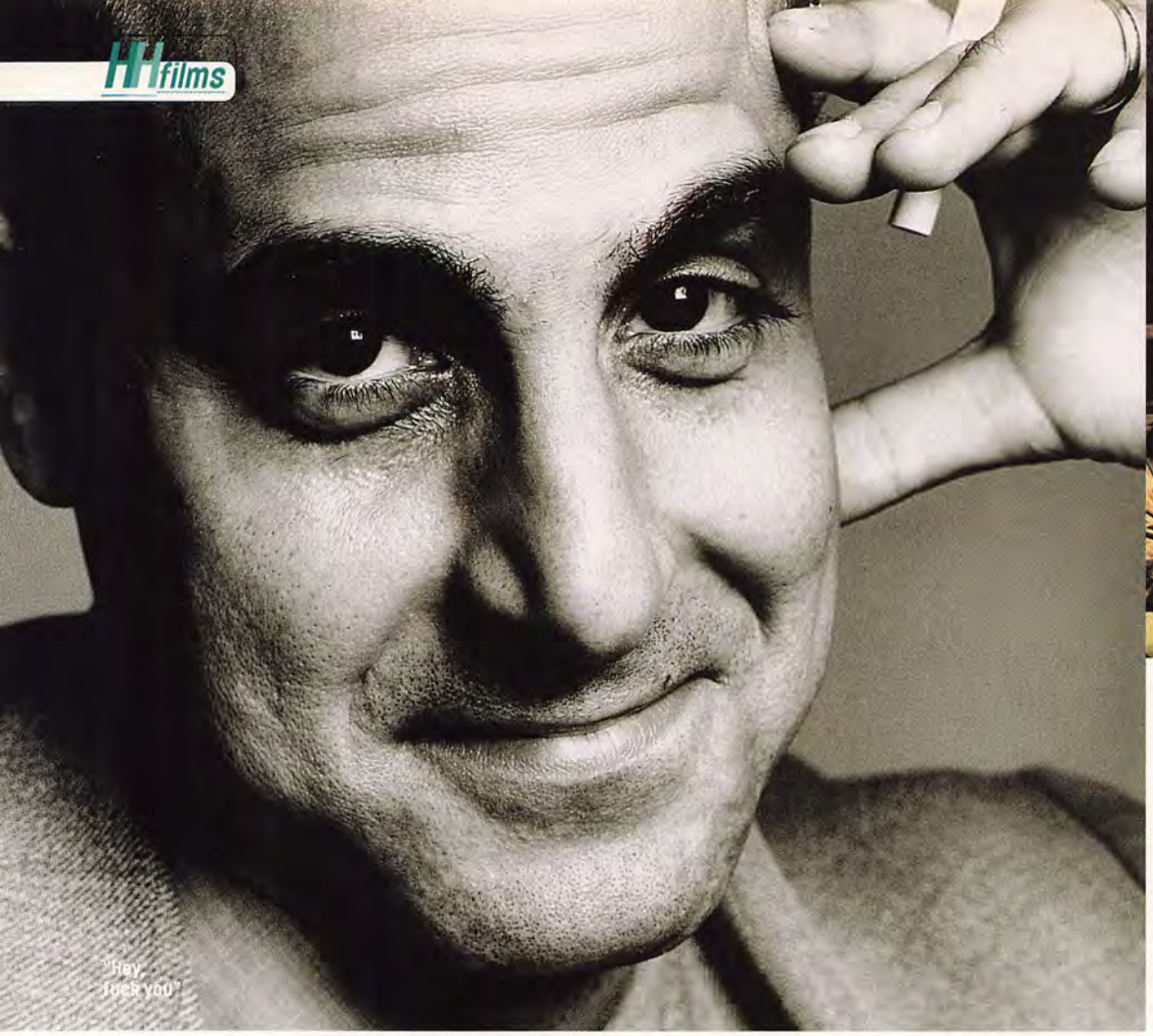
A cautionary tale of media overkill starring Dustin Hoffman and John Travolta. Hoffman's career as a reporter is in the shit when he gets caught up with nice-but-dim Sam Baily (Travolta) – a security guard who's just lost his job and plans to get it back with a shotgun and some dynamite. The two men bond, with Hoffman advising Travolta on the type of moves he should make to maximise news coverage. Things get bloated, the network broadcast their distorted version of events and our two heroes have to sweat it out. No surprises here. Hoffman is OK, but Travolta makes your shit itch. 5/10 **CC**



"Whaddya mean I make yer shit itch?" (*Mad City*)

Gingerbread man

A slick thriller that comes on all web of intrigue, goes wobbly in the middle then slopes off home like an episode of *Kojak*. Ken Branagh's a divorced bigshot attorney who gives a white-trash barmaid a lift home. Bad move. Turns out her dad's Robert Duvall, a loony who once stabbed a man for drinking out of his coffee cup. Punch-up ensues. Tom Berenger bowls in waving a spanner, sleazy PI Robert Downey Jr takes him out. Cinema applauds. "Right," says Ken, "keep an eye on her I'm off to get to the bottom of this." A spot of legal intrigue, a couple of murders and two hours of the most miserable weather in cinema history later and the whole lot's in the bag. Saucy, sweaty and two parts wild at heart. 6/10
MICK BUNNAGE


"Hey, fuck you"

"Fuck you and your fucking lasagne" (*Big Night*)

"Fuck you and your fucking rain coat" (*The Public Eye*)

Hoochie Tucci man

Actor, director and the meanest motorist in Noo York. It's, er, whatsisname

In Hollywood, time is money. To a Hollywood actor who spends every waking moment reading scripts, talking to his agent, chatting up dollybirds and quaffing Champagne, even the gaps between meetings are worth $3.70. You can't stop for a moment, not even for a red light. So when Stanley Tucci tells you he'll 'squeeze you in', he's not being smutty, he's doing you a favour.

"Hi, it's Stanley Tucci," says a crackly voice down the phone just as I'm climbing into my pyjamas. "Are you ready to do the interview? I'm on a carphone..."

What, you're actually driving right now? In the middle of the night?

"Yeah, I'm driving through Noo York. Heh-heh!" he laughs in his distinctive Italian-American 'What-choo-lookin'-at-you-fuckin'-fuck' accent. "Don't worry, I'm watchin' where I'm goin'."

Even if you were in a head-on collision with Stanley Tucci, you might be hard pushed to put a name to his face, but it's still a face you'd recognise. Tucci was the assassin in *The Pelican Brief*, the drug-crazed dentist in *A Life Less Ordinary* and, er, the evil dog-napper in cuddly kids caper *Beethoven*. But since the success of his directing debut *Big Night* last year, Stan has turned his attention towards independent films like Greg Mottola's excellent *Daytrippers*, a disturbingly realistic comic drama about one really fucked-up family. So fucked up in fact, that at one point Tucci is required to snog a man. How, I wonder, did he handle kissing another bloke?

"How did I handle kissing a *bloke*? Well, it was just a quick peck"

"How did I WHAT?" he shouts, the signal breaking up into crackles.

Tucci's voice fades on the line as he puts his head out of the car window. "HEY! YOU TOO BUDDY!" he yells, before returning to the phone as if nothing's happened. "How did I handle kissing another *bloke*? Well... ha ha ha! It was a little uncomfortable at first, but it *was* just a quick peck!" he chuckles.

But don't you have to repeat the same scene over and over until the director says cut?

"Yeah, we did it a few times," he admits. "But it I got used to it, ha ha! HEY! ARE YOU BLIND? Get in your goddam lane! JEEZ!"

Quite. So why the move from blockbusters to small independent films? Did *Big Night* make you fabulously rich?

"Sadly not," he sighs. "It was one of the highest grossing independents of last year, but it only made $12 million at home, which in Hollywood is peanuts. Plus, it cost four million to make and about five million to distribute. So I haven't seen a dime."

Hang on, maths isn't my strongest point, but haven't you got three million left? Maybe you should look down the back of the sofa, I suggest. Tucci isn't listening.

"Goddam truck drivers!" he yells.

So if it's not the money, are independents better for actors?

"Actors do have the most freedom in independent films," agrees Tucci. "But I like studio movies, they keep a roof over your head. I couldn't afford to do independents unless I moved to Europe. Americans only like big pictures with big explosions, Europeans tend to be a more open-minded; Woody Allen's movies always make as much money in France as they do in all of America."

But don't you miss being a big star of blockbuster movies?

"You can't miss somethin' you never had!" he laughs.

However, Tucci does get recognised in the street, and not just by angry lorry drivers. His role as the Satanic super-villain in hit TV series *Murder One* made him a household face, if not a household name.

"Actually I was in Ireland recently and I walked into this really old church in the middle of nowhere," he recalls, "and the priest comes up to me and goes [*slips into comedy Oirish*], 'What a pleasure to have you here Mr Tucci! What brings you to our little church?' That was cool. But I only started to get recognised when I started to lose my hair... HEY! You Goddam, Zzkkrtczzzz..."

Tucci is rapidly slipping into the ether. Do you ever get asked to wear a wig? I shout.

"What. *Pigs*? I do *what* with pigs? KzzK..."

GODDAMN PHONES! Click. Forget the pigs.

JOHN PERRY

Daytrippers *is out now.*

"Hey, loaded reader, fuck you etc"

PHOTOS: KATZ AND RONALD GRANT

Bap halla

Norway, salmon and weathergirl Anne Marie Foss

"This is my BBC weather rival, Michael. Arf"

"Hi! I'm Sian Lloyd"

"Oh no, I've got that 'John Kettley Is A Weatherman' song going round and round in my head!"

McCaskill finds more time for his rod these days

"It's raining men in here. Hallelujah!"

Bill Giles gets himself into an area of high pressure

Welcome to the wonderful world of moonshine. It looks like water, tastes like trouble and sends you leaping like a horny, naked salmon. We tried it just to see what it was like. It made us feel a bit sick at first, and I don't know why, but we just kept on taking it. Then I lost my mind. Then my pants. I was naked. They cooked me in a sauna and beat me with sticks. They rolled me into a lake and took pictures. It had to stop, but it wouldn't let go.

When life is this disturbingly real you hope you are not alone. This experience took place on the fairytale, evergreen banks of Ouch lake in the middle of Norway. We are here thanks to Live TV, who've invited us to travel with their bikini-clad weather reporter, Anne Marie Foss, to visit her home town of Overhalla, positioned just below the Arctic Circle, for the start of the giant salmon season. The idea is that Anne Marie reads the weather (in Norwegian) three times a day while we watch her goose pimples rising like spring bunnies.

Most English people don't know a word of Norse but it doesn't stop thousands watching her reports 19 times a day, five days a week.

"I spent three years at Oxford University studying meteorology," explains Anne Marie in perfect English. "Do you believe that?"

All I know is your moonshine.

"I come from one of the rainiest places in this country. The weather is unpredictable here, so I have to guess a little."

In a different world, imagine Michael Fish as a Norwegian weather celeb. An old man with years of experience under his skimpy trunks. Imagine him way back in October 1987, wobbling his knobbly boiled-egg knees on the banks of the River Thames reeling out the famous line: "There won't be a hurricane." That night, down came the divine hand of God and storm-whipped his arse so hard he still turns around to see who's there.

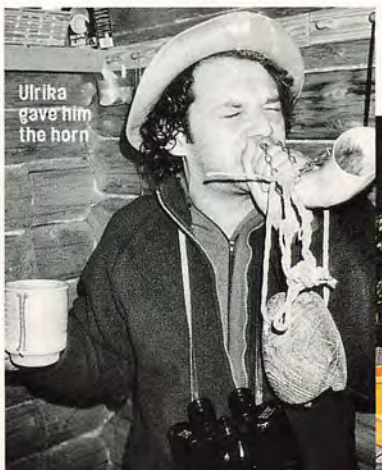
Anne Marie only talks to us in English about her location. The crucial climactic bits are in a language we just simply ogle. God's alright about that. If he spanks, it's just for fun.

As for the other main attraction here, the salmon season, well, around 500 people gather underneath the ceaseless daylight they experience this time of the year at the fishermen's nirvana of Namsen Fishing Camp. A remarkable band resembling Dr Who's Timelords play the national folk music while the local people send themselves mental on korsk (a mixture of coffee and moonshine) and become incredibly horny. Then, at midnight, a climax of Jedi-like mysticism takes place. A Robert Redford double fires a rifle into the sky. Two men enter the river in a little rowing boat. One of them rows, the other casts his two rods out the back. They disappear into the distance. Within five minutes everyone leaves.

At least the weather was nice.

ROWAN CHERNIN

Anne Marie Foss is on Live TV 27 minutes and 44 seconds past the hour.


Ulrika gave him the horn

The crucial, climactic bits are in a language we simply ogle

"Ugh, this stuff gives you the Wincey Willis"

This sort of thing's more Jackie Charlton than Suzanne. Fishing that is

video of the month

Bugs buddies

loaded loses its heart to Starship Troopers

Starship Troopers (Rental)

Whoooooooooo hooooo! Since the first peasant stretched a bit of cat gut across the end of his front room and borrowed his brother-in-law's magic lantern for a quick wank while his missus was at her step class, it has never been so important to get the birds out of the house while you've got a film on. This is more male than cabbage farts and setting your hair on fire. From start to finish it really doesn't put a bony alien foot wrong. Booom! Big bugs that rip you to pieces. Booom! Giant mother aliens that shoot electric bum spunk at battleships. Booom! Huge brains that do all the thinking so you don't have to! This is different, it's all oddly feasible and suitably fascist. The kids enlist in the army go and fight the bugs so they can become citizens of the new world order, win a vote and save the earth from asteroid showers. There's a tangled love story, a little bit of politics, but basically it's in the same mould as Verhoeven's previous miniature classic, *Robocop*. Doors that go swoosh, sensibly futuristic sensible discos and psychotic drill instructors maiming their cadets with knives and bone-splintering karate moves. Usually I hate sci-fi because it's so wide of the mark with no effort made on the dialogue, all electric fag packets and pointless musical instruments. Look at any episode of *Buck Rogers* to see bored blokes in wraparound specs conjuring up electronic versions of Beethoven's Fifth by lazily miming in front of a couple of spangly bin lids. You never got any of that in *2001*, or this for that matter. So it must be good.

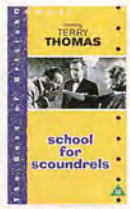
The Jackal (Rental)

This is like watching two old duffers sluggin' it out over a takeaway. Now approaching their twilight years as action heroes (not so much beef cakes as pea fritters), Willis and Gere are supposed to be international assassin-style operatives engaged in a battle of witlessness against a backdrop of post-cold war boredom and piles. Take away the dappy plot about Willis assassinating some big yank dignitary (I shan't say who it is!) and they could be arguing over a shared boundaries infringement or optional extras on the new company Vectra. Remaking *The Day of the Jackal* with this cast is equivalent to cloning Douglas Bader 62 times and restaging *Lord Of The Dance*. In the first film Edward Fox looked hungry and cold, like they hadn't fed him for a month, and carried a gun that weighed no more than a strawberry. In this one Bruce Willis looks like an interior designer on a pride march and buys a gun so oversized and cumbersome that he has to keep it in a van. That's useful. Very secret, very stealthy. Imagine a ninja crawling up the side of a warlord's castle in the 14th Century with Mallet's Mallet taped to his back. Mustn't pause, mustn't hesitate or you get a bang on the head. I'm only telling you all this so you won't have to rent it. As it happens, Derek the boss thinks I put far too many negative reviews in. I'm really just trying to be helpful.

COMPETITION

Dante's Peak. Not some poetic appraisal of the male phallus but a cracking good volcano yarn with Pierce Brosnan and Linda Hamilton in it. We've secured 20 copies of this fine piece of celluloid to give away, providing you get the answer right. That's not all though. Five of the top winners will also get a lava lamp. See the connection? Good, so do we. Send your answers marked 'Lava, lava, lava!' to **loaded**, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London. SE1 9LS.

Lava is:
a) Baby insects;
b) Hot sputum of the earth;
c) A fruit.



School For Scoundrels, £4.99, Warner Bros

Probably the finest British comedy to come out of the '50s. Terry-Thomas puts in a genius performance as the slippery rich cad who pinches the meek Ian Carmichael's would-be girlfriend (played by the incredible Janette Scott), thus forcing him to enroll in The School Of Lifemanship. Basically run by scoundrels for scoundrels, they teach Carmichael and other social misfits to dominate conversation at parties, bluff con men, cheat at snooker and behave with a genuine rumness. Worth having just for the tennis scenes, recently revived in the Vic Reeves One2One ads, telly fans!

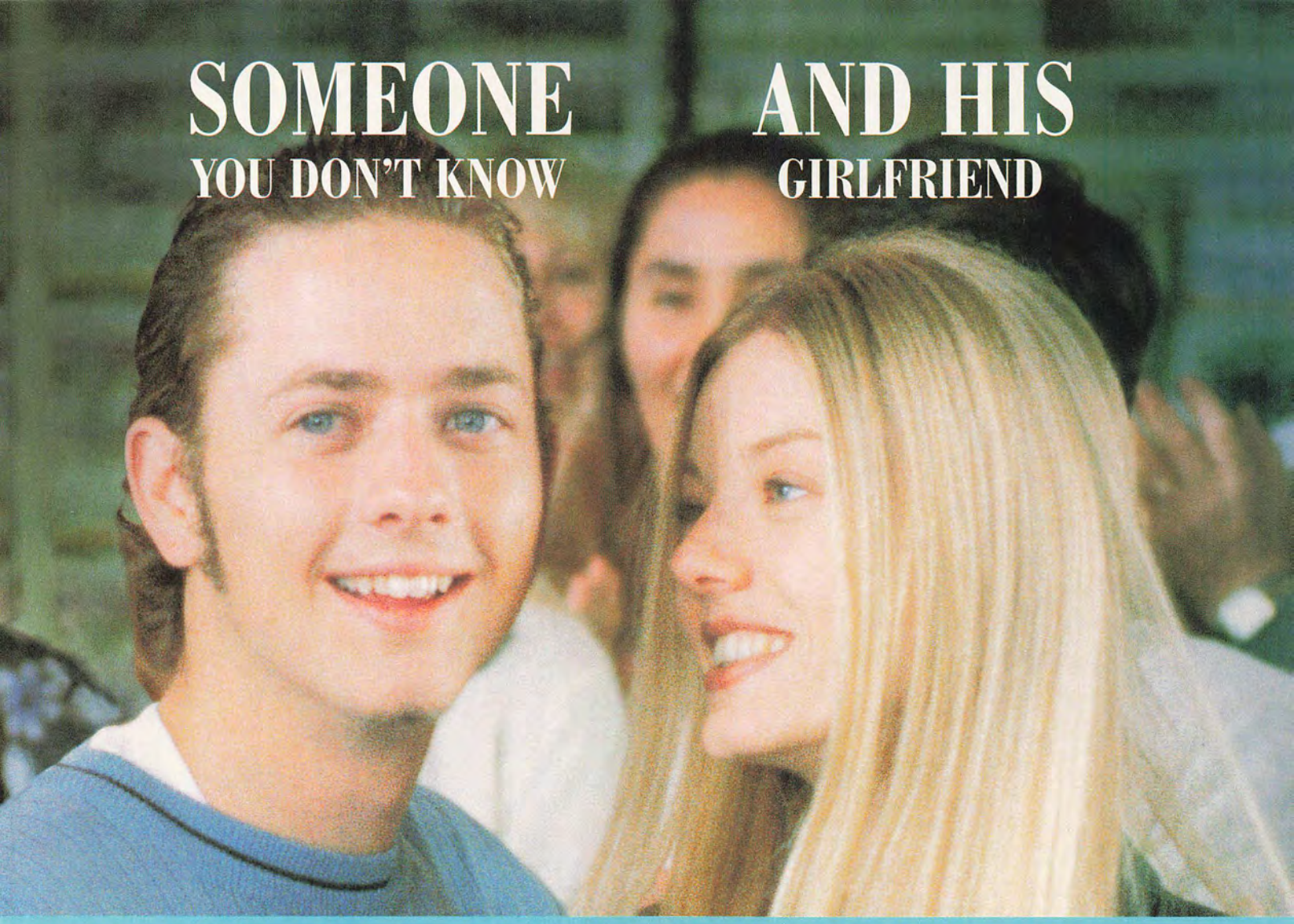
Kissed (Rental)

A little girl sniffing a dead crow wrapped up in bog roll and then rubbing them on her neck in an erotic fashion, smothering her self in old black crows' blood, while best friend Carol switches off the pop music and runs home, not enjoying being in the forest any more, pleased to be home with mother and no longer in fear of what might happen next. With the crow? You couldn't make it up. Arf Arf.

Booty Bounce: The Ultimate Music Video Album, B Video (£10.99)

All these songs have the word booty in the title. It's all suitably rough and includes an '18 cert bonus track' by Sir Mixalot. Other artists of note include The Spack Pack and DJ Nasty Knock, set down on this tape in full blown bum-slapping colour for future generations to appreciate. The extra rude bonus track by Sir Mixalot, who's fat, surrounded by lots of the things he never had back on the dole hanging with his brother Neville Mixalot. Loads of big-bootied dancehall style foxes cleaning cars with their soapy breasts out. Apparently 'put 'em on the glass' is something to do with pressing them against car windows. "If you see me on the freeway don't pass, slow down and put 'em on the glass." I stopped watching when he started licking his finger like a chicken drumstick.

PHIL ROBINSON



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LO

pot head

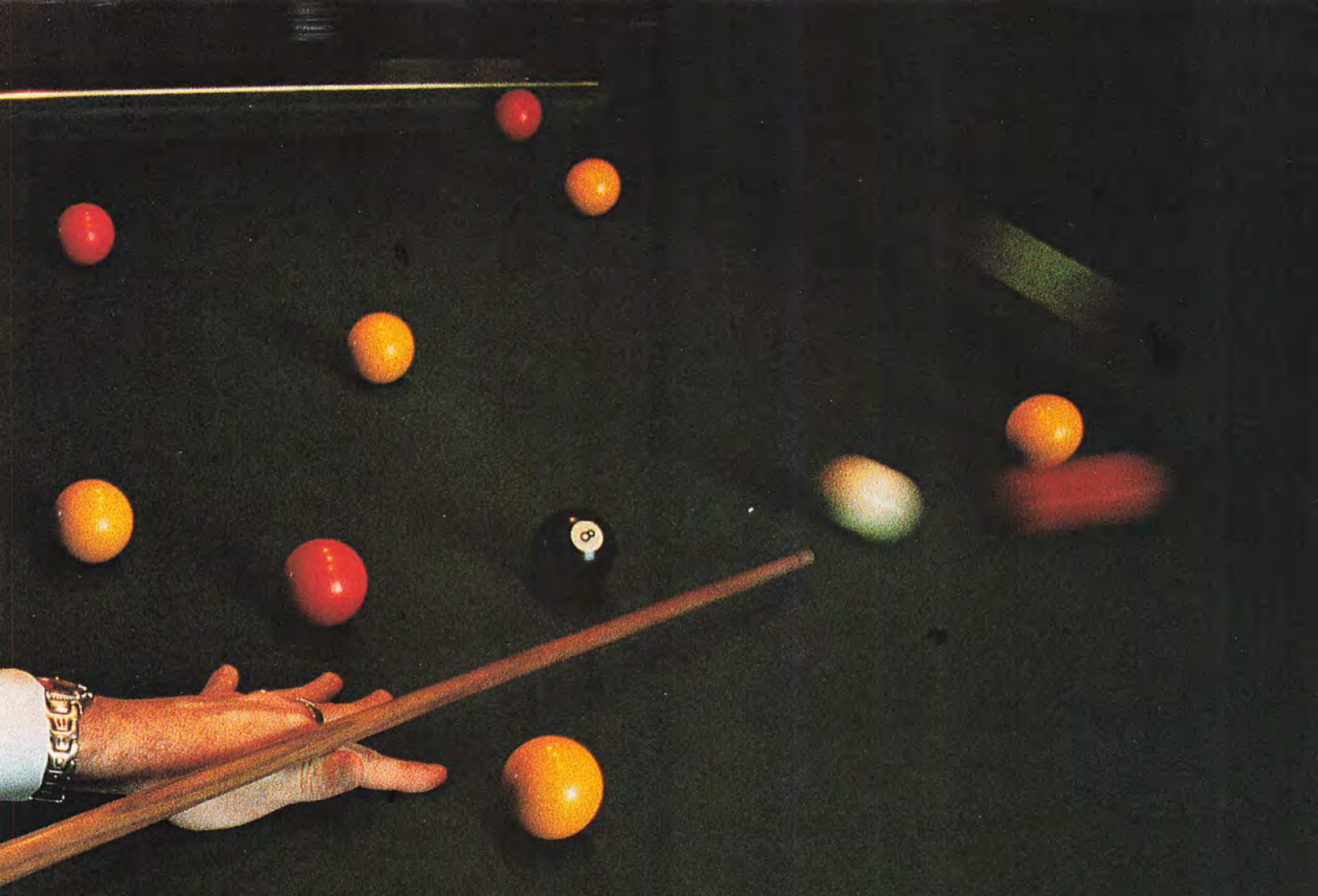
World Eight-Ball Pool Champion Carl 'Golden Bollocks' Morris

It was the pool world's court jester Lee 'Silver Fox' Kendall of Stoke who gave Carl Morris his nickname. A couple of years ago Carl was weighing up a table that all the smart lads agreed had 'nowt on'. Lee set them straight: "Hey, you lot, this is 'Golden Bollocks' and he can pot 'em from anywhere."

Lee led the applause at Blackpool in June when Carl, aged 21, became the youngest ever Embassy World Eight-Ball Pool champion in a style that proved his goolies were as gilded as ever.

Carl's dad Jim, a perfect pool dad (he made his lads cues out of broomsticks) still shakes his head in disbelief. "I knew Carl was pushing it in the first round against Neil Niekirk of South Africa. He was down 6-3 in frames and two shots away from defeat. But an over-hit shot let in Carl and he ground away to win 7-6.

"In the final Carl knew Keith Brewer of Manchester was the best player in the world. In eight-ball Brewer is God. So he took it steady – no kamikaze shots. Or else Keith would have stepped in. And when Carl went 3-0 down in the best of 21, I tried to humour him. I told him



he had got further than me and his mum thought he would so he should enjoy himself. So, he relaxed, went for his pots bravely and won 11-5. In eight-ball a total attacking strategy often gets you the rub of the green."

Lady Luck was in a really bitchy mood when Carl Morris was three years old. He was admitted to hospital with meningitis. He was unconscious for four days and became completely deaf. I found Carl easy to understand. He has a mild defect that comes over as if he's talking through a yawn. But he is fluent and does not stammer.

From the beginning his dad offered his son no illusions. "There was not a lot of money in pool then. We said he could leave college and give pool a go, but it had to be treated as a real job – nine to five like. No getting up at noon and popping out for a quick game. He had to do an apprenticeship." It worked.

Watching Golden Bollocks play, certain things stick out. He handles the 13 ounce cue (very light) like Tinkerbell with her wand. He has a long bridge and cues up as elegantly as Parrott or Hendry (no sock it and see for Twinklepants). But what does Jim – who is also the England team manager – isolate as the key factors?

"Carl is one of the best defensive players in the game. Under the new rules, the days of tapping the break and fudging (playing safe) are over. Once you had to stay with, say, reds if you potted reds off the break – now you can pot to change to yellows if they are lying better. Rules like this force you to attack. Carl did not like the new rules 'cos he was a monster fudger. He thought his potting was not up to par with the very best – but he's adapted. If a pocket is covered and you want to get rid of the ball by a deliberate foul, make sure he's not got an easy shot to step up to. Carl's clever at this. Also, how he gets power into his break with such a light cue, I'll never know.

"I can concentrate totally on my game. Nothing puts me off, 'cos I can't hear"

"It may be a cliche, but Carl never knows when he is beat. He is a devil at coming from behind," he adds.

Carl himself rides what he admits is a lot of luck: "When I decide to go on all-out attack, I remember all the luck I've had in the past. I forget bad shots in a tick and concentrate on making my own luck. Because I am completely deaf, I can concentrate totally on my game. Nothing puts me off, 'cos I can't hear."

Though the Embassy world title was only worth £7,000, Carl is doing pretty good for 21. "I'll probably never make as much money as Hendry," says Carl, "but I can get a good living from a sport I enjoy."

Despite the professionalism, Carl likes the fun of the England pool team. "Once it was Houdini, now it's Golden Bollocks. I don't mind," says Carl. "Lee Kendall will not play ahead of me 'cos he reckons I take all the luck off the table. If he plays bad he blames me. He even gets me to chalk his cue. Next thing he'll be touching me for luck!" But where, Carl? Where?

SID WADDELL

You can see Golden Bollocks perform magic at the British Professional Eight Ball Tour at the Stakis Hotel, North Promemade, Blackpool, 24-26 July.

PHOTOS: ALEX MURPHY

Flying low

Zipwiring. It's fun, it's fast, it's dangerous and it's very, very stupid

Your first kiss, Platty's goal against Belgium in Italia '90... Ah, happy memories. These are some of the thoughts that may flash before your eyes as you step off the side a mountain and hurtle through the airspace of Superman. You're flying through the air at 50mph at an altitude of 200ft staring down at jagged rocks, suspended only by a stretch of wire that appears to have the breaking strain of two-amp fusewire.

This is zipwiring, a new 'sport' to entertain those unbalanced individuals who purport to remain unsatisfied after half an hour of pool, two pints of bitter and 20 B&H. It was originally utilised by special forces units to get across rivers and ravines quickly in times of emergency. It's now used by Wildside Adventure to scare the pants off its thrill seeking visitors.

They locate the highest, most dangerous cliff they can find, attach one end of a long wire to the top and the other as far as possible to a lower point down below, then they put you into a sliding harness and let you go. Only then does it occurs to you that even the saner members of the SAS only do this type of thing for very important reasons. To do it just because you and your mates have nothing better to do with themselves on the weekend? Well, you may like to ask yourself what kind of neurotic disorder was afflicting you when you signed up for this shit.

Not that you'll have the time, because before it's occurred to you that you're doing a stupidly dangerous thing, you'll be flying down the side of a mountain begging a remarkably comprehensive list of world deities for divine intervention.

As you head down the wire, reaching terminal velocity with your voice box cracking, you might notice a weird thing happening: despite your high-speed decent, everything around you begins moving in slow motion. Your vision becomes abnormally acute and you can see things with great clarity. Like big spiky skin piercing rocks and giant bone shattering boulders at the bottom of the ravine or your mates wetting themselves laughing on the other side...

Whether this phenomenon is the first stage of spiritual enlightenment or just nature's way of saying: "That'll teach you, pratt!", you'll never know because the 'landing area' is now approaching at a speed that suggests you're about to be physically modified.

Just as you expect the great ref in the sky to blow full-time, though, the breaking mechanism kicks in, delivering you safely into the hands of the waiting first-aiders. As adrenaline courses through your veins and just enough feeling returns in your rubbery legs to aim a swift Bruce Lee to the nads of who ever talked you into this stupid idea, the true pleasure of zipwiring will reveal itself with the cry: "Look, Chubby Lewis is up next! That wire will never hold him!"

Blimey! It's got nothing to do with being big and clever. It's just the sadistic rush you get from watching your mates shit themselves as they follow you over the edge and into oblivion. So if you've got a head for heights and want to play action man in the Lake District, then by all means give it a go. But if just you want a different angle on the Cumbrian landscape, join the ramblers.

STEVE ENGLAND

If you want to pay someone to strap you to a piece of wire and push you off a cliff for £45, then call Steve Mason of Wildside Adventure (0181-366 1766) – he'll gladly oblige. He can also arrange a variety of other equally stupid pastimes including bridgeswinging, but that's another story.

PHOTOS: NEALE HAYNES

Zipwiring – a pastime that even bald men can enjoy

"pull up to my bumper, baby."

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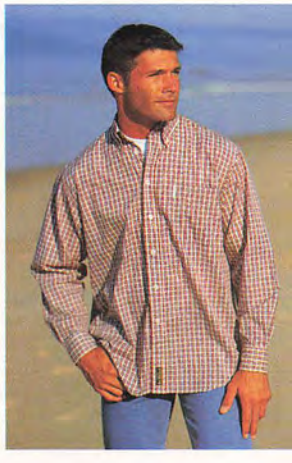

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Book of the month

Morticia and Thing contemplate the future of goth

De basement

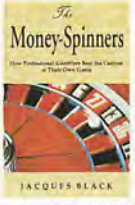
To cellar and back with a sad, spooky goth

The Long Hard Road Out Of Hell, Marilyn Manson with Neil Strauss, Plexus, £12.99
Whilst I'd rather hear the people I love pressed slowly to death under anvils in the medieval style than listen to *any* Marilyn Manson record, he appears to have come up with a hell of a book. "Hell," he recalls, "was my grandfather's cellar." In that cellar, the young Manson discovers all manner of grotesque early 20th-Century sex paraphernalia used by his Grandad. This causes him to wear make up and talk about Satan and get paid for doing it. Well illustrated with pictures of surgical instruments, anatomical diagrams and some helpful checklist to find out if you're a drug addict or a homosexual. Liking the Smiths, he contends, makes you gay and knowing any Dr Hook lyrics makes you a drug addict. I never learnt so much about myself so quickly.
Random quote: "Earlier that day we collected a wide variety of meats."

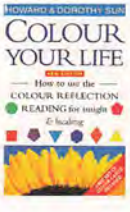
Fangs Of Fate by Tony C Booth, New Millennium, £7.95
The great thing about this book, and the reason it's succeeded in crawling its way between the margins of this page – the books page that makes all other books pages look like they were written by posh children in tears – is because the author PHONED US UP AND ASKED US TO DO IT! See, the usual process involves me or some other unfortunate receiving a book in the post. These go into a pile and this leaves us with, as you may have noticed, no idea which ones to write about and no intention of reading them. Tony literally blew the system apart with his audacious author plea, and this is the result. Tony's book features some ridiculous sex scenes, and is prefaced by an apology for all the swearing in it. Random quote: "Shaun suddenly loses his cool and flings the pervert over the three-foot parapet wall to a bone-crushing death." Huzzah!

Serge Gainsbourg – View From The Exterior by Alan Clayson, Sanctuary, £12.99
A hearty tribute to the greatest Frenchman of all time, Serge is an example to us all, dead though he is. The singer/songwriter not only made some fantastic music but also had unspeakable French sex with great-looking woman of all ages. He was wholly anti-establishment and absolutely a fool for love. Whether burning money on chat shows or smoking cigarettes in the Rolls Royce he couldn't drive and kept in his garage for a decade, Serge was his own man, committed to "the search for the truth by injection of perversity" as he put it. Well worth reading. Random quote: "That woman has flattened me like a hot iron!"

Fanatics! Power, Identity & Fandom In Football, edited by Adam Brown, Routledge, £14.99
Highly learned, well-researched study of football fandom that nevertheless appears to stoop to the usual intellectual's conclusion that the English football supporter is, by and large, a racist vegetable of a man. All fuelled, one chapter argues, by the Nazi power symphony that is er, 'Three Lions'. And **loaded** too is responsible for the sexist demonification of England! I don't know – these academics, they come over here, buy up all the season tickets then criticise the people that used to sit there for being stupid. Now they want £15 for you to read about it. It's a funny old world. Random quote: "Violence monopoly."



The Money Spinners – How Professional Gamblers Beat Casinos At Their Own Game by Jacques Black, Oldcastle, £7.99
Looking at this book the answer to the question, "how do professional gamblers beat the casinos?" is that they're really clever, meticulous and wealthy, spend all their time doing it and did it years ago. It's a bit like asking how did all those really promiscuous people have all that sex in the '70s? Or how come all the people with all the money have got it all? Aimless, in other words. This book asks the question," Can baccarat be beaten?" I ask, "Does anyone even know what the fuck it is?" Random quote: "Dealer."



Colour Your Life by Howard & Dorothy Sun, Piatkus, £9.99
Although the pages of this book are in black and white, there are some coloured shapes that you can cut out at the front. I spent about 15 minutes doing just that, then another hour running a series of tests on myself using the book and the 'special life' shapes. The book told me that I had nothing in common with myself, but that everything would probably be alright. Whatever the truth in all this, it made the day fly by, and if that isn't the mark of a good book then what is? Random quote: "The immediate need for Beverly was the colour magenta."

Jeremy Clarkson's Hot 100, Virgin, £9.99
At last, here it is in paperback. Just in case you couldn't afford the hardback, in which case the chances of you affording any of these cars are minimal. Or perhaps you're a 'car lover', and just can't help yourself looking at pictures of things you'll probably never own. Why these people should be deemed alright by society and those who enjoy more or less the same preoccupation with women are not is a mystery. But enough sociology.
This book contains cold proof that the man Clarkson has a low contempt for his public and wrote it in about a minute. Jeremy says, "If you've never seen Michael Caine in a British film from 1971 called *Get Carter*, then I suggest you do. He drives to Newcastle in a 3.4 Jaguar Mark 2, and in the process gets the closest a British film has ever managed to making the A1 and surrounding roads as romantic as America looks." As anyone who's seen *Get Carter* will tell you, Michael Caine travels from London to Newcastle by train, a fact emphasised by the train noises audible on Roy Budd's legendary soundtrack for the film. Secondly, it's the men trying to kill Caine that have the Jag, not poor Michael, who has to borrow cars off of women.
Ultimately you're much better off saving the money you could spend on this book and put it towards a copy of *Get Carter*. This would at least show you the true nature of style rather than Jeremy Clarkson and his huge face sat in a Ferrari.

Spread Betting To Win by Jacques Black, Oldcastle, £6.99
It's Jacques Black again. Who is this guy? And if he's so very clever then why the books? It can only be vanity. Random quote: "Vietnam war."
MICHAEL HOLDEN

"I can drive with my knob!"
CALIFORNIA
PCU 967
"Fuck me! Did you see that hairy bloke in the flash motor?"
This man hasn't got a car
Nice chassis, fantastic bumpers etc

Auto erotic

Driving a flash car around LA like a movie star

When someone offers you a 1965 Mustang GT to cruise around LA in for two days, it's difficult not to turn into a total ponce. It's like showing off to a new bird. You spend hours ironing the suitcase wrinkles out of clothes and the duty free shades look fantastic in the mirror as you pull out with a screaming skid mark – proper Hollywood.

Until, at the first set of traffic lights, Phil Collins takes over from The Supremes. The wireless knows who we are. Even the sidewalk tramps, directing their traffic with sticks and carrierbags, stand mesmerized by this pearl white shark amongst the sweet Koi looking Japanese rip-offs that the Americans favour.

It takes a while to relax into this muscle-car. It either wants to kerb crawl like a flash old man with a bad grumbling arse, or burn like pure white line fever at a Motorhead gig. Even the bleach-heads Rollerblading their pert Lycra butts around look twice.

As for the petrol, well, $10 burns like Rizla. Handling is like turning the space shuttle on the end of a swingball pole. It's just the kind of animal which makes motorman Clarkson's pumper throb like a reggae man's speaker. A proper big hairy chest man's car.

It's the kind of animal that makes motorman Clarkson's pumper throb

ROWAN CHERNIN

For a Mustang GT it cost $375 a day, $2,100 for a week. They've got loads of other flash wagons here form the latest Porsches and jeeps to other old classics. Available at Beverly Hills Rent-A-Car, 9220 S. Sepulveda Blvd, Los Angeles, CA 90045, USA. Tel: 001 310 337 1400. Web site: www.bhrentacar.com.

PHOTOS: NEALE HAYNES

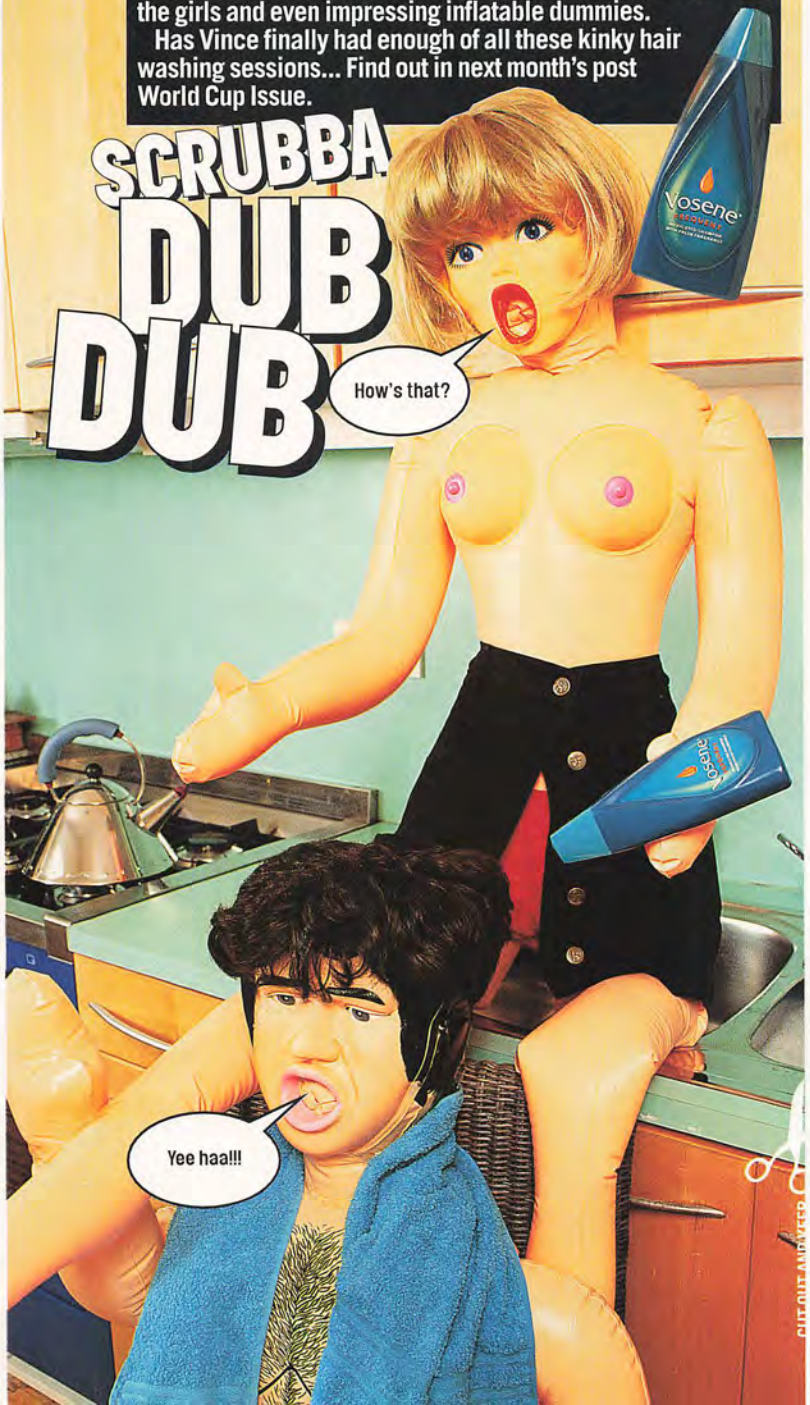
loaded PROMOTION

Position of the month: The Warm Shoulder

Having got down to it in the bathroom in the last issue, Vince and Virginia Vosene are now doing their thing in the Kitchen. They shun the conventional and Vince now wants his daily dose of Vosene Frequent at the kitchen sink. Look out, I think Vince is getting his spatula out!

Virginia enjoys the simple pleasures in life. She loves the summer and a cool drink in the garden, whilst Vince loves the World Cup - the roar of the crowds and the spectacular goal mouth action. There's only one thing Vince likes more than a summer of football and that's getting his England kit off for a hair washing session with the love of his life. He insists Virginia uses Vosene Frequent as it's the no nonsense shampoo that gives him healthy hair and scalp. Vince knows that because Vosene Frequent is so mild, it can be used every day - which is perfect for cooking up a bit of hot kitchen action. As Vosene Frequent gives him all the protection he needs against dandruff, Vince feels confident about attracting the girls and even impressing inflatable dummies.

Has Vince finally had enough of all these kinky hair washing sessions... Find out in next month's post World Cup Issue.



English born and bred
Manchester United and England's Neville brothers wear Diadora
diadora

Before...

"Could I have a bit off the top please"

After...

Driller thriller

The world needs this like a hole in the head

There's a way to get high without pharmaceuticals that you may have overlooked. It involves a drill, your head and balls the size of melons. It's called trepanning. Cast your eye over this:

"The drill-head went at least an inch deep through my skull. A great gush of blood followed my withdrawal of the drill. There was an ominous-sounding schlurp and the sound of bubbling. In the mirror I could see the blood in the hole rising and falling with the pulsation of the brain."

A lovely description of DIY trepanation; the drilling and removal of a piece of the skull to open up the brain cavity. The aim? To get into a permanently higher state of consciousness, and it beats the shit out of dropping an E for devotion to a cause.

Trepanning has a long history. A recent Ukrainian excavation found a trepanned skull over 8,000-years old. Examples turn up in parts of Asia, Africa and Europe from a time when humans sported a lot of body hair and believed headaches were due to evil demons that needed to be set free. In the 1800s this pseudo-lobotomy was an almost fashionable cure for nervousness, depression and migraines. Hand trepanning saws have turned up dating from 300BC and the Greek quack Hippocrates was fond of writing out trepanation prescriptions for head wounds. Some African tribes are still doing it as part of their ritual shamanic shenanigans.

It was reintroduced to society by a Dutch doctor, Bart Hughes, in the 1960s. His theory was that, since man had started to walk on two legs, blood flow to the brain had become restricted by gravity and our mental faculties reduced. Hughes pointed out that babies are born with unsealed skulls, and they learn pretty quickly. He fails to mention that they also shit themselves and can't eat solids.

So he dropped some acid and cut a hole in his head with an electric drill. Finding himself still alive, he was impressed with the results. The authorities reasoned he was a chop short of a mixed grill and rewarded him with a stint in a psychiatric hospital.

It all basically boils down to brain blood volume; the cause of all sorts of stress, neurosis, and a lack of general wellbeing. The results are supposed to be nothing short of divine. All the beneficial effects of being good at *Mastermind* with added Prozac.

Two, erm, open-minded followers of Dr Hughes are Amanda Feilding and Joey Mellen. It's Mr Mellen's description of bathroom surgery that you've just read. His article about the whole gruesome proceedings, *Bore Hole*, is more descriptive. Horribly, he only succeeded after the third attempt, several broken anaesthetic needles, a half-open head wound and a lot of blood. Finally, "he applied the drill to his forehead, but after half an hour's work the electric cable burnt out". Amanda had to help drive the spike into his scalp so that the saw teeth could catch on bone.

"He put the drill to his head, but after half an hour the cable burnt out"

Not to be outdone by the boys, Feilding went one stage further in 1970, and made a video called *Heartbeat In The Brain*. She used a Black & Decker instead of the traditional 19th Century circular saw. The drill was suspended from the ceiling to make it easier. It took about 30 minutes of work and the loss of a mere one and a half pints of blood.

Amanda claims her 7mm hole has changed her life: "It was like the tide coming in and lifting the floor a bit. It cushions everyday life and gets more brain cells functioning."

This may sound stupid, but didn't it smart a bit?

"Not really, I used anaesthetic. After it was done I went out for a steak and then on to a party."

And your two sons, do they think you're a nutter?

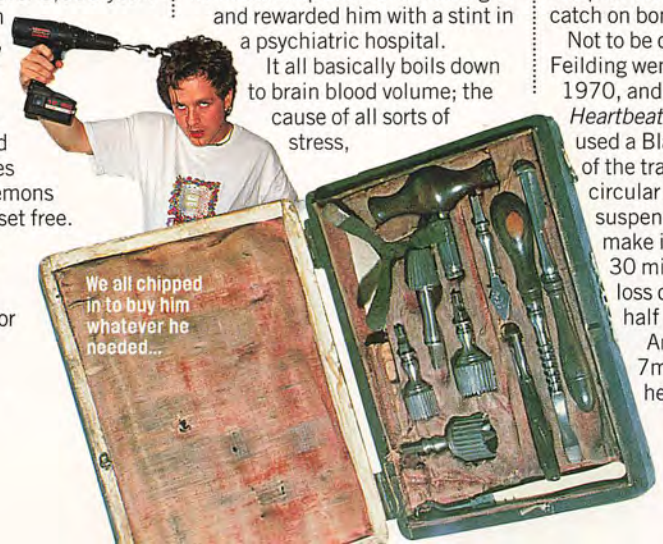
"They've grown up with it, so for them it's normal."

Not surprisingly, if you want to do this you'll have to do it alone; no doctor will risk his certificates. When Mellen was rushed to hospital after fainting on his second attempt, he was told that, had he uncorked himself, he'd only have had a 50/50 chance of survival. They invited him to chat to a psychiatrist. He's still alive and now has a ventilated cranium.

There's even an organisation devoted to this; the American-based International Trepanation Advocacy Group (ITAG) set up by Pete Halvorson, himself a 'hole-y'. He wants the world to go for it. Amanda just wants the operation to be available free on the NHS, as she doesn't advocate it DIY. These people want their heads seeing to.

By the way, don't try this at home. A bubbling brain is a sound you're not likely to forget easily.

PIERS TOWNLEY


We all chipped in to buy him whatever he needed...

PHOTOS: RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE

Simpler ways to achieve a higher state (or die trying):

Halt fluid intake
Take drugs
Lock yourself in a walk-in freezer
Contract amoebic dysentery
Bang head repeatedly against table

Mick's Grill

Bee here now

Hymenopterous insects – they're a right buzz

Bees. Just small irritating honey squeezers? Not so. These dudes are into violent sex, booze, insect raves and murdering their way into power. And they never sleep. Party animals the lot of 'em. Yet they still find time to harvest a tasty toast-topper.

To an expert, honey inspires comments like, "I'm getting heather, earth, the taste of daffs, and something that reminds me of Surrey on a sunny day." For the rest of us, it's just sweet, tasty bee shit.

Then there's the bees themselves – clever little buggers with only one sting each. Not like wasps who get to sting loads and give us sod all but summertime grief.

So are bees just in it for a laugh? Is honey more than just bee juice? These and other pressing questions were put to John Hamer, our resident apiarist, one sunny afternoon at his hives.

It turns out there's more to these little critters than meets the eye. Wearing the full kit of white space suit and mesh, we set out to expand our brains.

The honey bee is the one we've come to see. Bumblebees are just fat bastards that hang round your garden, while the former are the business end of the insect chain during the warm months.

What you have is an average of 35,000 bees in one hive made up mostly of female worker bees, some male drones (lazy, fat, absentee fathers, basically) and one queen. She's the top girl who's killed other queens at birth and sits around keeping all and sundry in check with her pheromones. So, hive law and order is based on smell. Mad.

All in all there's about half-a-million potential stings lurking around John's patch – an area not much bigger than a tennis court. And we've come to nick their food.

Armed with nothing more than a smoking bellows, John proceeds to open up hive after hive like he's merely rummaging through his sock drawer. Despite being smoked to distract them (apparently smoke makes them think 'fire!' so they all start scoffing honey in case they need a quick exit), the air is filled with them. You can hear nothing else above the buzz. An image of Michael Caine in *The Swarm* springs to mind. "Christ, shouldn't we be worried? Bees killed children in that film!"

John reassures us that they'll only sting if they feel threatened – oh, right, so half-inching the food from their larder is alright then, is it?

There's dozens of 'em zeroing in around John's head, making a point about the ripping apart of their house thing. They're also performing a crude figure-of-eight flight. It's the bee jive, we're told. A dance designed to calibrate the direction and distance of the best pollen and nectar. We're impressed.

"They make about two to three times as much honey as they need to feed the hive," explains John, "so we can harvest it no problem. Their aim is survival and they're incredibly good at it. Every member works for the whole. There's no individuality really."

He holds up a honeycomb dripping with the stuff and, at a nervous guess, about 400 bees furiously eating away. We're invited to take a closer look.

"Calm them! Calm them! Is this suit zipped up?"

"It's an amazing society." He's lost in honey heaven. "But not for the males. About 10 of the drones will mate with the queen. The male reproductive organs are on the inside though, so the force of the actual, erm, process, tears him inside out." Still, I expect it's worth it. Bloke bees are only there to have sex with the queen, and the ones that don't are shoved out during the autumn to die. A cruel mistress is Nature.

"Here's what we're after. New honeycomb!" He pulls out a mass of hexagons glistening with fresh honey. "Just slice it, put it on a bit of bread. Bob's your uncle." You could even wash it down with a glass of homemade mead (booze made with honey), and it's great for sore throats. All thanks to bees, the smart arse of the insect species.

PIERS TOWNLEY

For an afternoon of nicking honey, contact The Activity Superstore on 01799 526526. It's cheap and it stops you nicking food from supermarkets.

First you hypnotise 'em...

...then you dress up like a twat...

...then you tickle their tummies...

and hey presto... ouch, ouch, oh fuck

PHOTOS: PIERS TOWNLEY / ARDEA

There's half a million potential stings lurking

A bee story

There was this spiritually disturbed wally at school called James who used to catch bees, place them in jam jars (with airholes) and put them in the fridge. Knowing bees slow to a stop at approximately 3°C, James would wait until each bee was comatose then remove them from the fridge and tie a two-metre thread of cotton around them. On awakening, the bees would flap their little wings and soar towards imagined freedom, only to find themselves orbiting around Jimbo's sick little world. You are not advised to attempt this at home.

ROWAN CHERNIN

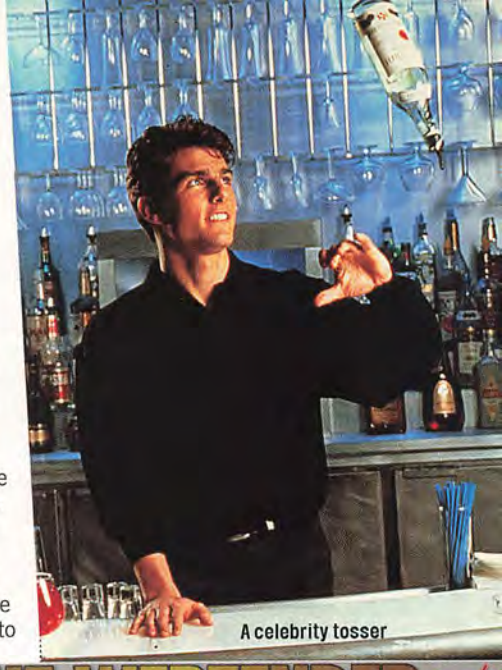
Booze engine

A website that tells you how to use up your leftover liquor. Like drink it

If you're sick of staring at the sad contents of the top kitchen shelf that serves as your bar then help is at hand. An on-line service, www.webtender.com, will take all the crap liqueurs you got as Christmas presents, the can of Kestrel lager and the illegible miniature of something foreign and strong-smelling and create a marvel of a cocktail creation. Just select, from a list of all the booze under God's heaven, the ones that most resemble your dust-covered detritus and hey presto! Drinks with ridiculous names will soak up your liquor leftovers. Needless to say when the contents of our fridge, and the ones still lurking from last issue's Booze World Cup, were entered, the system crashed. It couldn't cope with the pleasant mix of off milk, Pernod, Plum Brandy, Mountain Dew, lager, Blue Nun, some yeast we found growing on the carpet and a drop of honey. Obviously the service needs working on. Got your own ideas for cocktails? Then you can add those as well. If you've managed to successfully blend and keep from sicking up the intricate mixture of eggnog, Jägermeister, maple syrup and Scotch, Internet fame and perhaps a career change could be yours. You can get a list of all the cocktails known to man or beast that use a certain booze – Kahlua has 241 for your information. The delicately titled 'Puerto Rican Monkey Fuck' is just one. Here's how to enjoy this tipple: Mix Kahlua and Creme de Banane in a shaker with some ice. Strain the creamy mess into a shot glass and float Bacardi 151 rum (75.5 per cent vol) on top. Drink while holding firmly onto something solid. Go in search of a monkey. Or perhaps you'd prefer a 'Modified Duck Fart'. The list, unfortunately, is almost endless.

PIERS TOWNLEY

If you want to make yourself sick contact www.webtender.com



A celebrity tosser

THE WEBTENDER

What 's eating us

1 Octopus Soup – gave us the craps
2 Fuse bars from the June edition
3 Fat and grease
4 Bread and crumbs
5 Red Snapper
6 Pan fried calves liver with fennel
7 Potted shrimps
8 Coriandered cat
9 Garlic sausage sandwiches
10 Shrinking bangers and mash
11 Scotch eggs
12 Maggots

PUNTER'S PUB

Elsted Inn

Almost an anagram of Les Dennis. But not

Where is your pub ?
Deep in the South Downs.

What are the bar staff like?
The gaff is run by Tweazle and her fella. A name like that has got to be noted. Both famous chefs apparently. Teenagers trying to save up enough cash to escape the area make up the rest.

Swanky decor?
More like a country coffee house than a regular boozer. Turn a corner of one of the snug bars too quickly and you might be skewered on moose antlers (stuffed, not part of the menu). Lots of wood, old photographs and remnants of country pursuits like fishing, hunting and other ways of killing nature's little animals.

Any celebrity regulars?
Only past and present winners of Ferret Fanciers of The Month.

What about the punters?
Strange mix of farming locals and diners from miles around. Blokes with flatbed trucks and spurs. Generally of a rugged outdoor nature if that's your thing.

What's on the jukebox?
The only musical notes here are the ones that come out of the knackered dogs loafing round the place.

Food?
Posh scran is the pub's speciality as the awards on the wall testify. On offer is the full range from smoked salmon to faggots and peas. Our choice: New Zealand green mussels with cheese, then rabbit stew made from local bunnies, washed down with a variety of head-mushing ales. Two courses will cost you about £12 but it's well worth it. Too much beer? There are rooms available in the converted brewery just a stagger away (£45 per night double room).

Best story?
"We don't take kindly to strangers here and we don't tell them stories, now piss off." Probably not true but the ale had got to us by that stage.

SUSANNA TAGGART

The Elsted Inn, Elsted Marsh, Midhurst, West Sussex. Tel: 01730 813662.

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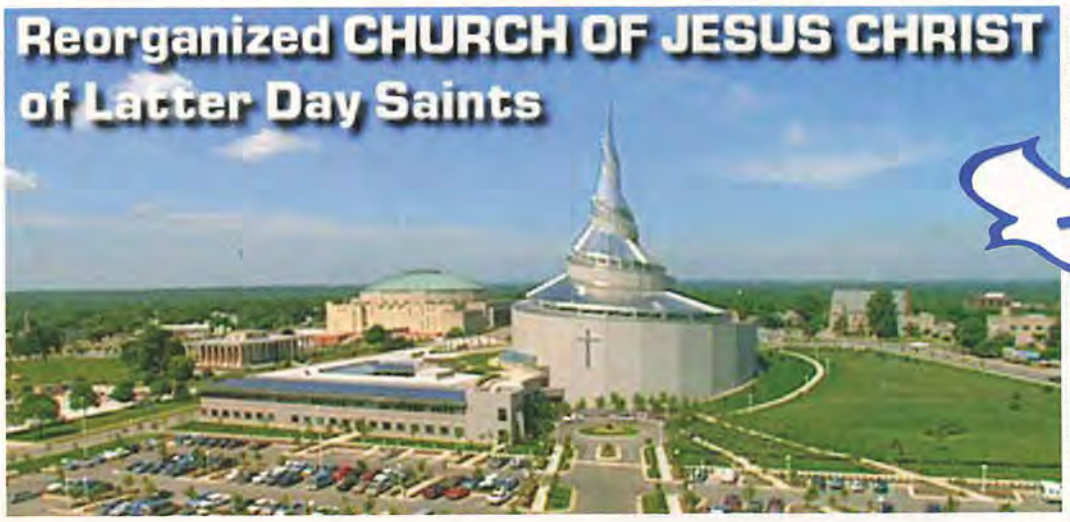


Uplorded.com

The eternal search for God, this time on the net

Just exactly who is this God bloke? Where can we find Him when we need Him? What does He look like? Questions that trouble us all as the millennium approaches. Some religions have lots of gods. Some won't even sacrifice a virgin unless it's to an animal god. The Egyptians, famous for their animal husbandry saviours, had one god who was a cat. Why is it all so complicated? Could the real God please stand up? Or e-mail us at adam_porter@ipc.co.uk

Have you forgotten who this God geezer is? You'd better do some extra homework on the bloke.
http://www.tims.net/bri/ – A computer form of the *Bible* that will let you cheat by selecting which passages the head honcho is mentioned in. The standard book of all books that contains all sorts of nasty things that will happen to you if you don't do what God says. There's 10 things He doesn't like, apparently.
http://www.koan.com/religi.html – From here you can have a butcher's at most of the world's major religions and see what they have to say on the matter. It'll take a while, there's lots of "thee and thou" type stuff to wade through. No photo of the bloke himself, though.

Of course this is the Western version of God. If you want to know what other people who live a lot further away think, check these out.
http://rbhatnagar.csm.uc.edu:8080/hindu_universe.html
http://www.nauticom.net/users/rafie/judaica-world.html
http://www.usc.edu/dept/MSA/ – An Islamic version.
http://www.maui.com/~lesslie/ – Will get you on line to the Engaged Buddhist Dharma Page. Lots of reincarnation stuff and why you shouldn't pull the wings off flies. God is omnipresent, which is a worrying thought for the more private moments of your life. If He's up there, He's having a right laugh; no one can agree about him.

Engaged Buddhist ~ Dharma

If you wander into the ancient religions it all gets a bit complicated. Mention Satanism and most people will whip you with birch twigs, call you Heathen scum and excommunicate you or something. But maybe this lot can shed some light on God.
http://www.wicca.org/ – Their God is a bit like that basket dummy in the film with Edward Woodward.
http://www.vmedia.com/shannon/voodoo/voodoo.html – Voodoo! Right out of field there! Probably best sticking to the more Westernised bell, book and candle lot.

http://www.webcom.com/~nlnet/xianres.html will point you in the direction of Christian links all over the world. In your quest for God it will also give you daily guidance via e-mail. The wonder of science.
http://petersnet.net/ – The search engine for God! Did we find him? Did we bollocks.

Religion and insanity go hand in hand if you look through history. War and general strife all come down to various groups of people arguing about who God is. Don't look to us. We're just as much in the dark by now as you are.
http://www.inme.com/godw.html – will show you just how mad this quest for God is. This bloke's composed a song which declares "God wears hospital blue underwear". Hopefully God has a sense of humour if He ever gets to meet him. Plenty of others seem to be able to mix religion with a good laugh. (Though we, of course, take this thing deadly seriously.)
http://www.searchlight.com/$webmsg.read.JOKES.1348.read – Golfing God jokes.
http://www.searchlight.com/$WEBMSG.Read.JOKES.368.read – Christ, you could get into hot water with some of these.

JESUS PEOPLE - LOVING PEOPLE
Welcome to the Jesus Army

http://hope-in-action.com/godjoke.htm – A page where you can read and submit your own, though don't be surprised if all hell breaks loose in the fire and brimstone department.

Plenty of others don't see the funny side of this. In fact, if you ask most God botherers they'll frown at the God/no underpants number. Check out these for deadly serious attempts to pin the big fella down.
http://www.salvationarmy.org/enviro.htm – Hardcore God botherers.
http://www.jesus.org.uk/index.html – Even more hardcore. The Jesus Army. Salvation Army in camouflage jackets – there's got to be a mixed message in there somewhere. This site will let you buy CDs full of songs about God. Proof He can cut a move on the lino if asked.

Is God a woman? Now that would put the wind up some people.
http://www.summerland.org/index.html – This site suggests God may be a woman, but then descends into sub-Lindisfarne hippy shit. Thought we'd get something like Felicity Kendall. Shame.

It's all too much! Everyone knows a bit about God but no bugger can show us a photo. If He does exist He probably wants to be

Summerland Grove

left alone. He's behind most of the scraps in the world, nearly all of the societies, civilisation as a whole and, in one shape, image or form, He's more common than head hair. And still no one knows what He looks like. You could go mad with all this religion stuff. Some already have. Take the Pigeon Kickers Of America:
http://www.pitt.edu/~haast2/Pigeon/ – This lot find their salvation in kicking wild birds. Good luck to them. They'll have more tangible success than the rest of us.

Game of the month

'Copter load of this

Wield your fiery chopper over virgin territory with new-improved Comanche Gold. Hey, come fly the friendly skies...

Comanche Gold PC-CD ROM £ 39.99

Over a year after *Comanche 3* was first launched and myself, Pete 'Stinger' Stanton, Michael 'Hellfire' Holden and Tom 'stop fucking crashing into me' Stubbs were still having nightly showdowns in the **loaded** office, but rapidly tiring of the same old missions and scenarios. Enter Comanche Gold, with a total of over 80 missions (all the old ones are included so you won't have to buy both if you've never owned a copy) and, most importantly, four new head-to-head scenarios.

All the elements that made the original game so absorbing are here and some nice new touches have been added. You can now play multiplayer (it's free) over the Internet on Novalogic's super-fast games server Novaworld.Net (you can find this at their web site www.novalogic.com); there's also a design tool included that enables you to create and play your own missions, and a new weapons loadout option so you can choose which weapons to carry according to the type of mission. One thing to watch out for is the

sometimes brutal new weather effects, which caught us out a few times, with people getting blown into each other or the sides of mountains. Utterly compelling – if you only buy one game this summer, make it this one.

Verdict: 9.772/10 **MIKE KARIN**

Mechcommander, PC-CD ROM, £34.99

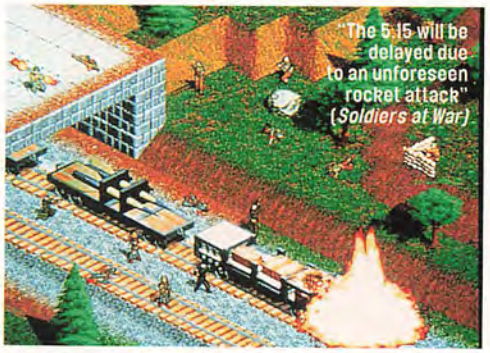
Ever fancied being 200ft high, made of steel and armed to the teeth with lots of very ugly weapons? Well, now you can, sort of. *Mechcommander* is a real-time tactical strategy game, where you take control of these huge futuristic metal fellas and battle some even bigger futuristic metal fellas, who go by the somewhat ridiculous name of the Smoke Jaguar Clan. These boys have basically nicked your homeland and it's up to you and your band of metal mates to regain control by being clever with your resources and building your BattleMechs into a force capable of smashing these misguided metallic fools. There are 30 missions to get through, with lots of talk of 'isometric battlefield views', but the interface is basically the same old top-down one that you'll find in *Red Alert*-type games. One weakness is the lack of internet capability. There's only network or modem play for up to six, but we have an early version of the game and they may well get this sorted for the full release . Otherwise this is pretty much the business, with great graphics, plenty of action and fast game play.

Verdict: 8.629/10 **MK**

Soldiers At War, PC-CD ROM, £29.99

After last month's excitement over *Commandos – Behind Enemy Lines* we had high hopes for this one, but were quickly disappointed. Like most turn-based games the action is too slow and overly complex. Half an hour into it and our dreams of D-Day, the assault on Monte Cassino and commando raids on V2 rocket sites were rapidly dissolving with the realisation that we had neither the patience nor the inclination to plough through the whole manual in order to even get our men out of the first building. In fairness, if turn-based games are your thing, this probably has quite a lot to offer: it's rich in features, with 18 scenarios, accurate historical weaponry and impressive 3-D effects. We thought it was pants, but then most of us have the attention span of a dead sea monkey. Cheers.

Verdict: 6.13/10 **MK**



Quake II Mission Pack: The Reckoning, PC-CD ROM, £19.99

There's not a huge amount to say about this one since – unless you've had your head buried in a huge pile of pants for the past six months – you'll already know all about *Quake II* being the best thing since, er, *Quake*. This is an add-on pack that requires you to have *Quake II* already installed and gives access to 18 new levels and some new weapons. (We especially like The Trap, which sucks your enemies inside it and turns them into food cubes for players to eat). It's set in an alien city with the traditional *Quake* landscape of stinking sewers and rancid waterways, all full of vicious mutants ready to jump out, rip your head off and spit in your soul. Nice. **Verdict:** 9.027/10 **MK**

World League Soccer '98, PC-CD ROM, £34.99

A pretty solid footy game where you can play in a league with virtually any half-decent team in the world. For once, the commentary (by Ray Wilkins and Peter Brackley) doesn't drive you round the bend after five minutes, and they've paid a great deal of attention to stuff like the detail on the stadiums and the performance of the various teams. The motion capture has been completely based on one player –

Who needs shoot-'em-up games when you can landscape garden (*Sentinel Returns*)

Les Ferdinand – which sometimes gives rise to the surreal and disturbing effect of watching 22 Les Ferdinands running around on the pitch. The graphics can also be a bit disappointing – the pitch during Santander v Valencia looked more like an ice-hockey pitch, but the excellent playability more than makes up for it.
Verdict 8.274/10 **MK**

Viper, Playstation, £39.99
Helicopter shoot-em-up. Expecting *Airwolf* with Jean Michel Vincent? You'll be disappointed. Best rent the film out on video without your mates seeing. If they don't have it you could probably order it but was *Blue Thunder* better? Hmmm. Viper-aliens, 3-D cities, powerups, weapons, missions. Very good indeed.
Verdict: 7.5/10 **PT**

Inter-galactic genital scab attack (*Viper*)

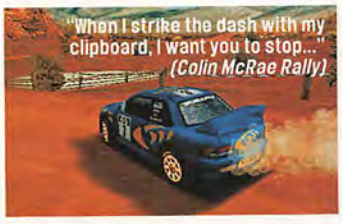
Circuit Breakers, Playstation, £34.99
Annoyingly addictive miniaturised-vehicle fun. Smaller than Minis. Really, really small so they can race in multiplayer mode round a load of small courses. A game for small people really or those who enjoyed *Micro Machines*. It's an update of that but with added smallness.
Verdict: 7/10 **PT**

"I must get that exhaust seen to" (*Circuit Breakers*)

Sentinel Returns, Playstation, £39.99
Simple idea, great game. Get as near to and higher than the Sentinel robot thing on each level and you can zap its energy. Move into its line of sight over the 650 terrains and it'll zap yours. Vicious shit isn't it? You might remember the title; it did the rounds on the Commodore 64. The sort of console that split you into two camps; Spectrums and 64s. Ataris and BBCs? Well, they weren't down with the program. Fights would break out but let's face it with *Jetset Willy* and *Manic Miner* it's obvious who remained victorious. (The soundtrack's by John Carpenter so expect *Halloween* flashbacks.)
Verdict: 8.2/10 **PT**

Spice World (Geri included), Playstation, £19.99
Maybe the last time you'll get to see the fat ginger one before she goes out naked, strapped to five pounds of semtex, with a picture of the other four tattooed on her arse. You can access interviews (hear them talk!), see videos (watch them dance!) and create your own mixes of their award-winning lyrical ensembles. There's also some naff animation sequences but for £20 you can't complain. I mean you can't even buy a decent bag of glue for that price. Zig a zig, ah sod off!
Verdict: 3/10 **PT**

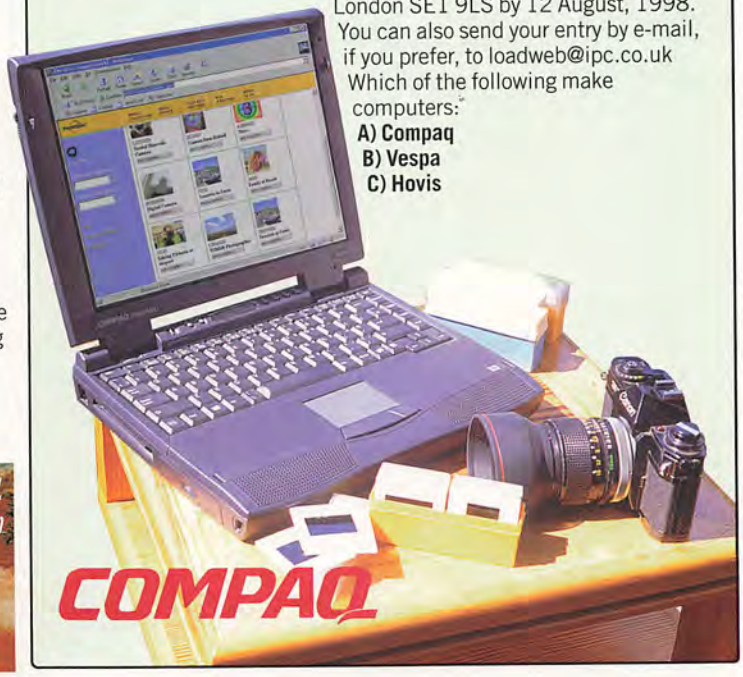
Colin McRae Rally, Playstation & PC, £44.99 & £34.99
Long easy right. Know what we mean? Voiceovers going on about square lefts and water splashes herald the latest and best rally game around. Fancy yourself as a Scottish bloke who's a bit swift with the old handbrake? Then this is for you. The perfect opportunity to practise those expert driving skills you've learnt on the hazardous drive to and from the chip shop. Pretend you know what you're doing and wrap it round a tree in New Zealand. Or take the Greece stage and carve out a few locals. Chuck some gravel and mud around your living room and you might as well be driving the real thing.
Verdict: 8.5/10
PIERS TOWNLEY


"When I strike the dash with my clipboard, I want you to stop..." (*Colin McRae Rally*)

COMPETITIONS

Compaq Competition
Mmmmmm laptops. Just look at them. All black and sleek and new and shiny. They know we love them. They're calling to you. Can't you hear them? Listen! You know you want them. But they're pricey, right? Well, fear not. The mighty Compaq, who are the number-one suppliers of PCs, have just launched a whole new range of groovy gear, including this fantastic Presario 1635 notebook. It incorporates a 233 MHz AMD-K6 MMX enhanced processor, which is basically the same thing that most nerds have inside their brains, allowing them to think very quickly about chess moves, learn the entire Klingon alphabet backwards and write books about black holes, all at the same time. Great. Also, like most computers, there's a hard drive, but this one is a massive 3.2 GB, which means you can fill it up with all sorts of crap without having to worry about running out of disk space. Lovely. You can play CDs through the JBL speakers without even opening or starting the machine up and, for people who run and hide themselves under the stairs after trying to connect to the Internet, there's something called the Instant Internet key that does it all for you. Good or what? This sort of kit would set you back at least two grand in the shops, but could be yours courtesy of our life-long trouser buddies at Compaq.

Just send the answer to the following question on a postcard to the 'Compaq computers make my underpants warm competition' at **loaded**, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS by 12 August, 1998. You can also send your entry by e-mail, if you prefer, to loadweb@ipc.co.uk
Which of the following make computers:
A) Compaq
B) Vespa
C) Hovis



next month in

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Natasha Henstridge is in it, no really, she is, and the footie season preview, the sheep shearing championship of the world, Frank Warren, and this lot in the photos. Confused? Not half as much as us

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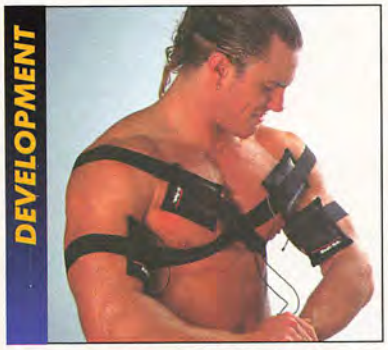

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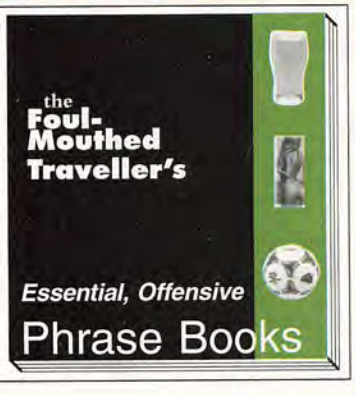

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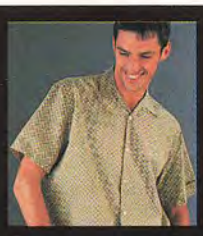

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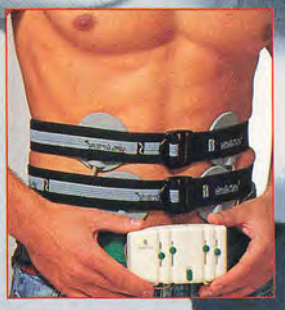

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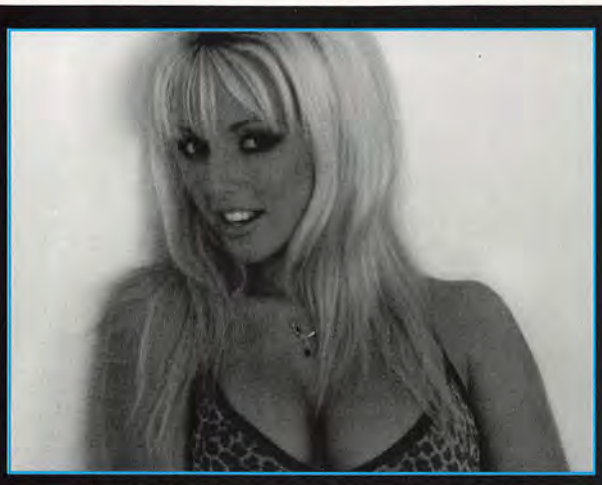

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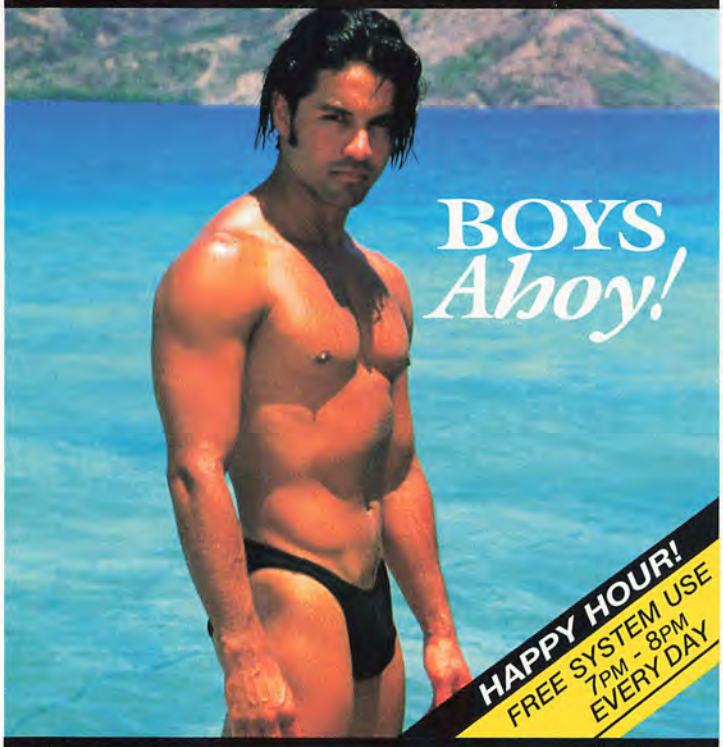

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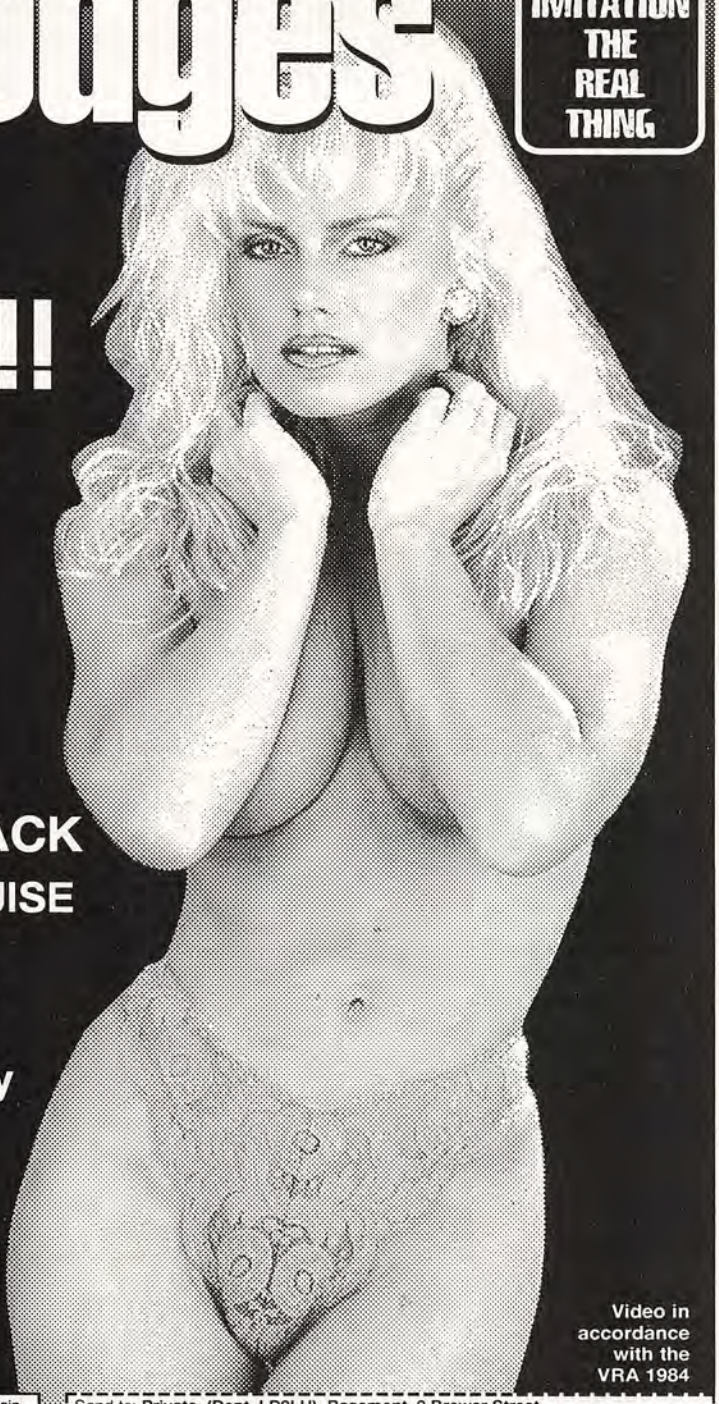

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Dr Mick

Dear Dr Mick
If the Ancient Eygptians were so civilized how come they drew all over their walls?
Alan Woman, Hackney
It's the bloody Romans I can't stand. Cheers though, Alan.

Dear Dr Mick
Tell that Prince Charles to shut it for gawdsakes! He's giving me a Royal earache! Genetically modified foods, I'm all for 'em. I can't wait till the day we can have a conversation with a packet of crisps. Vegetables

that can drive buses, sandwiches that can breed. Excellent! Dancing tomatoes? Yes please!
Sir Ronald Playfair, Bucks
Hmmn. Sounds good, doesn't it? I like sprouts myself. Any chance of getting a team of them to put up some shelves in my spare room? Mind you I wouldn't let anything foreign loose on the premises. Kebabs ? Bunch of bloody layabout cowboys. Hang on… when's all this happening then? I've just eaten a Caesar salad. If its relatives get wind of that I'm well in the shit.

Dear Dr Mick
Summer lovin' happened so fast. Sorry, my fault.
Aris Coustophallus, Greece
Ooof! Tell me about it. I'm always first out the traps.

Dear Dr Mick
I've just read this book *Men Are From Mars Women Are From Venus.* Load of rubbish. No attempt made at all to explain how either parties entered the earth's atmosphere without burning up. Were they using modified heat shields or what? All very sketchily dealt with, I must say. Do I smell another government cover-up? Who's zooming who, man? Yeah, cheers. I'm outta here!
Tam O'Sheath, Cornwall
Fine point Sheathy, though that Sigourney Weaver had a fine old pair on her in *Alien*, eh?! Let's hope to Christ there's not some ropey old lizard hiding under that bodywork.

Dear Dr Mick
Am I right in thinking that a cow's arse is made out of furl-turned sheet steel with a cantilevered sub-structure capable of withstanding pressures of up to four million kilobytes per square inch, or is that something else?
Lisa Tuttle, USA
Yes.

Dear Dr Mick
Imagine my surprise when I was shot in the face by a child of four.
Ken, Mancs
Excellent, Ken.

Dear Dr Mick
What's all this I hear about a new pill to enhance your sex drive? Aren't our roads dangerous enough as it is?
Brenda Watts
Fair point, Brenda.

Dear Dr Mick
"You're going home in a fucking ambulance," said the irate doctor. How embarrassing, as I'd just spent 45 minutes telling the nurse how I was to be collected from the hospital by Bruce Forsyth in a beautiful golden carriage following a partially successful operation to delay the onset of senile dementia.
Mrs E Clarke, Dorset
PS: I would have walked it but I'm the Queen of England
Hmnn.

Dear Dr Mick
I'm totally against capital punishment. It's people who live in the country I can't stand. String 'em up with burnished knacker straps.
Jack 'Bear' Wolf, Newquay
At last someone's talking sense, Jack.

Dear Dr Mick
Oi Blair! What you got in the oven? A big granite pie?
Ken Whitely, Yorks
?

Dear Dr Mick
I am the risen Christ! Believe me or get some of that!
Colin Reith. Leith
What?

Dear Dr Mick
Why oh why must we listen to people, especially those in the media, banging on and on about the Black Death which ravaged our land in medieval times? What's done is done. Let's put the putrid stench of death behind us, bury our dead and move on. In the words of John Lennon: Let it be! Peace!
Peter Hemlock, Institute for Black Death Studies, Lincs
Cheers, Pete.

Dear Dr Mick
Does anyone out there share my concern for the popularity of these new so-called fly-drive holidays? Aren't our roads dangerous enough as it is without letting insects operate motor vehicles. What next!? Duck vans?!
Brenda Watts
Fair Point, grandma.

Dear Dr Mick
The Devil lives in the hearts of us all. (Ford Fiesta 25 quid. After six please. Slight lump on bonnet.)
Mrs P Roberts, Hull
I'll have it.

Dear Dr Mick
Does anyone out there share my interest in the Black Death which ravaged our land in medieval times? Hmm, how soon we forget, eh?
Peter Hemlock, Institute for Black Death Studies, Lincs
Indeed, Pete.

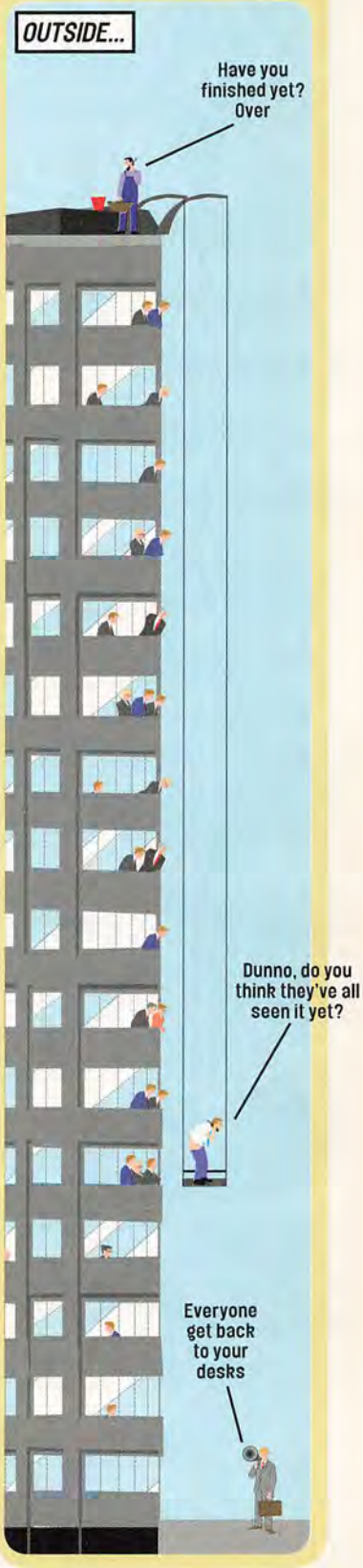
Dear Dr Mick
Scorpio with Taurus rising. Bunk up. Manchester area. Nissan Micra. No gypsies. Well?
Ken, Mancs
?

Dear Dr Mick
What's all this about driving on the left-hand-side of the road?!! Has everyone gone mad?? Aren't our roads dangerous enough as it is?!
Brenda Watts
Another fair point, I suspect.

Dear Dr Mick
My head: your spanner. Want it?
Apache Boy
Oh go on then.

Dear Dr Mick
I'm having a great deal of trouble maintining an erection. These old church spires won't look after themselves, you know. Cheers.
Rev Maurice Sweets, Diddle.
Ooof! Is it your belltower, your reverence?

OFFICE PEST


OUTSIDE...
Have you finished yet? Over
Dunno, do you think they've all seen it yet?
Everyone get back to your desks
STORY BY JON & MICK

ACHTUNG HIMMEL, IT'S HELL PATROL

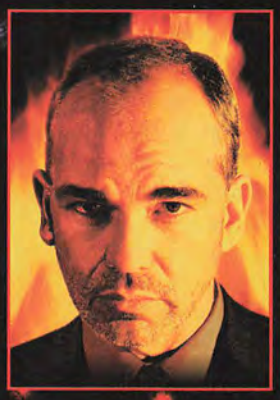
Six forgotten criminal conscripts are marooned behind enemy lines. A price is fixed on their heads by Mr Hitler himself. Is Fritz ready for this bloody onslaught? Experience the cartoon adventure of your life right here, right now!

NAZI HIGH COMMAND, NOVEMBER, 1942...
WE HAVE EIN PROBLEM.
WHO ARE THESE HEROES THAT REFUSE TO BE BROKEN ?
HELGA, GET THE FILES!
"THIS IS THE FIRST..."
CAPTAIN BLACK.
A RENEGADE BRITISH OFFICER, TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL !
DOGFACE.
EIN ABOMINATION, ONE OF OUR GENETIC EXPERIMENTS. LITERALLY EIN ANIMAL.
BRUCE AND JOHNNY AZTEC.
A DRUNKEN, PUNCHY AUSTRALIAN AND A SOUTH AMERICAN PAGAN WHO WEARS A LOT OF GOLD.
I HEF EIN IDEA ! PUT THEM ALL IN ONE CELL !
IT WAS THE WORST IDEA IN THE HISTORY OF THE THIRD REICH !
NEXT MONTH: BREAKOUT!

FOR 18 DAYS THE PLAN
WHILE A GROUP OF ORDINARY

B R U C E

BRUCE WILLIS



BILLY BOB THORNTON

LIV TYLER

B
AFF

A JERRY BRUCKHE

ARMAG

A MICHAE

MANKIND AWA

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BILLY BOB THORNTON LIV TYLER BEN AFFLECK WILL PATTON PETER STORMA

FILM EDITORS MARK GOLDBLATT, A.C.E. CHRIS LEBENZON GLEN SCANTLEBURY PRODUCTION DESIGNER MICHAEL WHI

STORY BY ROBERT ROY POOL AND JONATHAN HENSLEIGH ADAPTATION BY TONY GILR

PRODUCED BY JERRY BRUCKHEIMER GALE ANN

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ET HOLDS ITS BREATH.
PEOPLE SET OUT TO SAVE IT.

W I L L I S

WILL PATTON

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STEVE BUSCEMI

CK

MER PRODUCTION

EDDON

AY FILM

TS 7 AUG 98

OTION PICTURES A MICHAEL BAY FILM BRUCE WILLIS "ARMAGEDDON"
EITH DAVID AND STEVE BUSCEMI MUSIC BY TREVOR RABIN COSTUME DESIGNER MICHAEL KAPLAN
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY JOHN SCHWARTZMAN EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JONATHAN HENSLEIGH JIM VAN WYCK CHAD OMAN
SHANE SALERNO SCREENPLAY BY JONATHAN HENSLEIGH AND J.J. ABRAMS
URD MICHAEL BAY DIRECTED BY MICHAEL BAY

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Irish descent.

Strong words, Softly Spoken

SINCE 1897

CAFFREY'S

IRISH ALE